AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A

FAMILY HISTORY.

BY

Seth Curtis Beach

Wayland, Mass.

1907.

Wayland. Dec. 14. 1903.

My dear Sylvester -

I wrote last week to an expert Antiquarian in Pittsfield Mass, Rollin H. Cooke. to ask if he could give any account of my Grandfather, Archelaus Beach.

I have a letter to day in which he incloses most of the mysteries.

Your family tree, briefly, is as follows beginning at the top:

E. J. B.; E. C. B.; Luther Markham Beach son of Archelaus Beach, son of Caleb Beach born in Goshen Ct. son of Caleb Beach born in Wallingford, Ct, son of Dea. John Beach, born in New Haven, 1645, son of Thomas Beach born in England, married Sarah Platt, of Milford Ct. 1652. died at Milford Ct. 1670.

This supplies the missing link. You can now look in the town histories of Wallingford, Torrington, and New Haven, and find your relationship to all the Beaches.

I have the family of this Thomas Beach all written out once. He was brother to Richard and [illegible] the first of the name in this country - Richard one of the signers of the original compact of the New Haven Colony.

The date of my grandfather's birth is not discovered. His brothers Jotham, b. Goshen ct. Aug. 26. 1757, was the oldest of the family and there were besides, Eunice, "Mandy", Tyler, "Arabella", Lois, Ruth. Putting two years between the children Arabella would have been born in 1765. He was Married. in New Ashford in 1793. then according to this reckoning, he was 28.

He died in 1805. Presumably at the age of 40.

I feel quite happy to have discovered so much about this mysterious ancestor - and to have connected them with the rest of the Beech family - You will be interested to read the letter of Mr. Cooke when you come home.

I should say that neither Archelaus nor his father could have been in the Revolution. In 1775 Archelaus would have been about 15, and Caleb, his father 43. He might have been in the army, to the last - I shall ask Mr. Cooke -

Affectionately -

S-C-B-

I had already recorded my opinion that Caleb must have been father of Archelaus, but it was on circumstantial evidence - now on the records -

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Wayland, Dec. 4. 1906.

Twenty-four years ago, in Dedham, I wrote some auto biographical notes which I thought might be of interest to my children. I have added to them from time to time, and may add to them as I copy, but mainly I shall let them stand as originally written. S. C. Beach.

Dedham, Mass. Aug. 14, 1882.

Last Tuesday, Aug. 8, I was 45 years old. The personal history of those years would not be wholly without interest. My first memories are of a strip of cleared land about a mile, or perhaps a mile and a half in length by half a mile in width, surrounded by a broad belt of of original forest, a kind of island of civilization in the wilderness. The island was divided across its breadth into three small farms, the middle section being my father's. It was a mile in any direction through the surrounding belt of woods to the nearest settlement.

One of my most vivid memories is to have seen fifty

acres of woodland burned over in a grand conflagration- to clear the ground of brush- and then "logged", the timber piled into heaps- "log-heaps"- by men and oxen, and burned over again. It was a grand sight to see a hundred fires scattered over the tract, lighting up the darkness at night.

Our house was of logs- 20 by 26 feet I believe- and all in one room. The family regularly consisted of my father and mother, my two sisters and myself. In one corner of the house was my father's and mother's bed and under it was mine- a "trundle-bed", on wheels. My sisters slept in the chamber, close against the roof. On the main floor there was often another bed in the corner opposite father's and mother's on the same side, a "spare bed" for company. The beds were separated from each other and from the rest of the house by "valances". The remaining corners were occupied, one with a ladder to the chamber,- I remember when the ladder gave way to a pair of stairs of unplained boards without backs to the steps,- and the other by a cupboard which served as pantry and china closet. The ladder to the chamber, in cold weather was curtained off by a bed-quilt suspended upon nails. Between the ladder and the cupboard was a huge open fire-place and between the cupboard and the bed was the kitchen table. Overhead, was a swing-shelf crowded with pans of milk. You had to carry a steady hand in setting up the milk, or the pan lost its balance and went splash upon the floor.

Outside the house was a framed barn of very respectable appearance, with half dozen cows, a pair of horses and, to me, innumerable sheep, hogs, hens and geese. There was also a bee-house with, at one time I believe, 17 swarms or hives of bees. Of apples we were beginning to have a few. Of peaches I do not remember when we did not have unlimited quantities.

Of neighbors, there was a "poor" family- (Lorey) they were even poorer than we- with half a dozen girls, within a distance of 20 or 30 rods. With these girls I was very intimate during the first 8 or 9 years of my life. There was also a family of about the same quality, (Stratton) with boys and girls, at a distance of three-quarters of a mile. These I did not see so often, but in that wilderness these two families furnished my youthful companions so far as I had any until I began to go to school.

The school-house of the district to which we belonged was two miles away. It was a stone building in something of a neighborhood and ought to have been, perhaps was, something of a school. It was too distant however for our use.

The earliest school I attended was one kept in my father's house, where or how I cannot imagine. Here I learned the alphabet I suppose. I have no recollection of it. My next was a private or neighborhood school; kept about a mile distant, in an old vacant log house,- a summer school. I just remember it. The nearest school-house where a regular school was kept was at a distance of about a mile and a quarter, in

an adjoining district. It was a log building with a tier of high desks and high benches- benches of hemlock slabs- running around three sides of the room, with a tier of low benches without backs, for the small children, inside and a great stove in the centre. Here I read Saunder's Second and Third Readers and studied Olney's Geography.

II.

My Father.

My father, Luther Markham Beach- born Mar.11, 1801- died Nov.20,1845, when I was in my ninth year. His disease was typhoid fever, complicated with erysipelas. He had been troubled many years by catarrh and I remember seeing him with a clay pipe in one hand and a pair of tongs holding a live coal in the other, smoking hemlock gum for catarrh. He was troubled in winter by a cough and during his last years could not go out of the house in cold weather. He had been, as I understand it, a very tough, strong man for his size- medium size- but had early used himself up by hard work and exposure. It is said that he could get the edge of ~~a barrel~~ one end of a barrel of cider on his hip and his hand on the other end and lift the barrel.

He was born in the town of New Ashford, Berkshire Co. Mass., between Pittsfield and Williamstown, in 1801. His father's name was ~~Archelaus~~ Archelaus, in the vernacular, "Arche-

lus",-so also in the Probate Records kept I believe in Springfield. His mother's name was Rhoda Moore. What other Moores there were or where they came from I do not know. There was a Tyler Beach, my father's uncle, who settled in Cataraugus Co. N.Y. Where the Beaches came from and how they got to New Ashford, I do not know. In 1859, I visited New Ashford, but could find no one who knew anything about the family traditions, to say nothing about its history.

Ancestry.

(1906). So I had to write in 1882. At this date(1906), it is possible to say that Archelaus Beach was the son of Caleb, born in Wallingford, Ct. 1732, married Lois Preston, in Goshen, Ct. in 1756, removed to New Ashford, about 1761. and that Caleb was descended fron Thomas, one of the original settlers of New Haven, Ct.

The original Beaches of New Haven were named Richard, John, and Thomas, supposed to be brothers and to have migrated from Derbyshire, England, about 1640. According to tradition, they were sons of a Clergyman of the established church. Richard was one of the signers of the original "compact" of New Haven in 1639. The "Genealogical Register" gives a Richard Beach in Watertown, Mass. in 1635 (first Cambridge, Mass.) He seems to have been a different Richard. He later lived in Newton, where he left descendants.

John Beach (see "American Ancestry", vol. 7, Art. Joseph Perkins Beach), appears in New Haven, Ct. in 1643. He had con-

He removed to Wallingford in 1670. Wallingford became a kind of gathering place for the Beach clans. (See History of Wallingford,Ct.) Thomas,son of John is mentioned as "very prominent". Moses Sperry Beach,of Wallingford, born 1776, was County surveyor and Deputy Sheriff. He was fourth generation from John and married Lucretia Yale, daughter of Elihu Yale, 1796. His son, Moses Yale Beach, born Wallingford,1800,was a cabinet-maker in Springfield,Mass.,a paper manufacturer at Saugerites,N.Y., a promoter and owner of "Safety Banks", and in 1835, became proprietor of the New York Sun. His son, Joseph Perkins Beach, was one of the California "Forty-niners", edited the New York Sun during the Civil War,retired in 1867, and, in 1896, when I had some correspondence with him, was living in Cheshire,Ct. John Beach and his descendents seem to have been the prosperous line of the Beach family.

My ancestor,Thomas Beach, ~~signed the Compact of~~ appears in New Haven, ~~with Richard,~~ Conn. in ~~1639~~ 1647. He ~~had~~ married Sarah Platt of Milford and had five children, Sarah, John, Mary, Samuel and Zopher. John was born in 1655, was one of the original members of the church in Wallingford and a deacon of the same, an office of great resectability in that age. Name of wife not given in the History of Goshen,Ct.,which is very full for the descendants of Thomas. The children of Dea.John were Lettice, Mary, Thomas, John, Samuel, and Caleb.

Caleb was my ancestor. Thomas,born 1686, married Hannah Atwater. In1792, my father's eldest brother was named Atwater.

The Beaches have been strong on perpetuating family names, but I do not find any other Atwaters in the genealogies. John (2nd) was a deacon in Wallingford, married Sarah Tyler and for second wife, Sarah Royce. Among his children were Adna and Dea. Edmund, of Goshen. Adna had five chidren one of whom was Col. Miles Beach. Dea. Edmund lived in Goshen, had a son Dea. Wait Beach, born Oct. 25, 1767, prominent in church and town, married Huldah Loomis. Had a son Miles, who also had a son Miles. My father's sister, Anna, married Miles Beach, prsumably son of Miles, son of Dea. Wait Beach, of Goshen. The Goshen, Ct. and New Ashford, Mass. Beaches must have kept in close touch. "Uncle Wait" and "Uncle Miles" were familiar to me as a child, though I remember no incidents that go with the names, except that Uncle Miles married Aunt Anna and lived in "the Black River Country", St. Lawrence Co., N.Y. where my father and mother visited them about 1844. Samuel, son of Dea. John (1st) married Phebe Tyler. i.e. Three brothers, John (2nd), Samuel, and Caleb married Tyler girls.

Caleb Beach, my ancestor (son of Dea. John, son of Thomas) was born in Wallingford, Ct. 1699, died in Goshen, 1760. He had three wives, Eunice Tyler, married May 26, 1726, died Jan. 10, 1733, Margaret Preston, married Oct. 4, 1733, and Hannah- last-name not given. His first wife had two children, born in Wallingford, Sarah and Caleb(2d). The second wife had Hezakiah, born 1738. There were Joel and Margaret, also presumably ~~her~~ her children.

From the reappearance of Goshen names in the families of New Ashford Beaches, e.g. Caleb, Hezekiah, Jotham, Aaron,

and especially "Preston",my father's brother,and "Tyler",his uncle,and "Miles" Beach,husband of his sister,Anna, I had long been convinced that the New Ashford Beaches were from Goshen,Ct.,fondly remembered their old home and,separated by about fifty miles,perhaps kept in touch with it. There lived "Uncle Wait Beach", a great man in Goshen, (Torrington ?) whose name seems familiar to me, a tradition of childhood; and thence came Uncle Miles to New Ashford to woo his cousin Anna.

Further, I had become convinced that the two Calebs of Goshen were my ancestors. The first Caleb married Eunice Tyler and then Margaret Preston. Eunice Tyler was the mother of Caleb 2d. My inference was that Caleb 2d named a son "Tyler", for Caleb's mother. That would account for the mysterious "Uncle Tyler". Moreover Caleb 2d, in the History of Goshen, marries Lois Preston and moves to New Ashford, Mass. and there,in 1799, Archelaus Beach names a son "Preston." My inference was that Archelaus, who was my grandfather, was naming this child for Lois Preston and that Lois Preston was Archelaus' mother.

These inferences were all correct, but it was not till 1903, that I was able to verify them by official Probate Records. I then wrote to Rev.Nathaniel Seaver of Pittsfield, asking him to send me the name of some antiquarian in Pittsfield. He gave me the name of Rollin H. Cooke. "He has over twenty copies- some original town records of this region-

and is our best posted antiquarian. I think it is his business and that he will expect a fee for examinations. I recently heard him give an address in which New Ashford figured. I presume the data are in his own library. He can find you an ancestor if anybody can". I have since seen an announcement of the death of Rollin H. Cooke. He was the husband of Rose Terry Cooke, a poet and novelist of some note. See the Century Dict. of "Names".

In a letter under date of Dec.19,1903, Mr.Cooke wrote me concerning the first Caleb. "He had a right in the Township of Winchester,Conn. by deed of May 21 1750, and he built the first house in the town, but returned to Goshen, where he died. In his will he names his 'present beloved wife Hannah', and gives to his sons Caleb and Hezekiah his 'plough-irons and drag teeth and plough chains', two-thirds to his eldest son Caleb and one-third to Hezekiah."

Mr. Cooke does not say that this was his entire estate, which would make the record very pathetic. A man with no more to dispose of would hardly take the trouble to make a will. The plough irons and chains imply a team, presumably oxen, and he either had a farm in Winchester, or had sold it, or had traded for one in Goshen. He died at the age of sixty-one.

His son, Caleb, was born in Wallingford,Ct. March 10, 1732, married Lois Preston in Goshen,Ct.Nov.19,1756, and died in New Ashford,Mass. in 1781. at the age of forty-nine. According to Mr.Cooke,Mrs.Caleb died in New Ashford Feb.4,1794.

in her fifty-sixth year. "It is quite probable",he says, "that Lois is the one born Feb.3,1737-8,daughter of Eliasaph and Hannah (Mott) Preston, according to the History of Wallingford,Ct."

Caleb's widow,Lois was administratrix on his estate,Sept. 4,1781, and guardian,Nov.5,1782,to children,Archelus, Manda, Lois,and Ruth, the two first choosing her. Distribution was made April 14,1783 to the widow,Lois, and the heirs,Jotham Beach,Eunice Baxter,Mandy Beach,~~Archelus~~ Tyler Beach,Archelus Beach,Lois Beach,Ruth Beach. "Of the above", says Mr. Cooke,"Jotham was born in Goshen,Ct.Aug.26,1757, and died in New Ashford, Mass. Aug.8 1797, in his thirty ninth year, and had a wife,Mary". P.6

The Goshen records do not show any other children born to Caleb and Lois, nor, I believe, do the New Ashford records. Some of the Goshen records are said to have been destroyed by fire, and in New Ashford,at that time,presumably Children were just born and allowed to grow up. New Ashford records show Caleb and Hezekiah there from 1762 onwards. It is very probable that Eunice was born in Goshen in 1759,Mandy in 1761,Tyler in New Ashford in 1763, Archelus in 1765, Lois in 1767, and Ruth in 1769. It is a fair guess that these dates are within a year of the nativity of these children. Mandy would then have been twenty when she chose Lois for guardian and Archelus sixteen. Lois and Ruth, of whom the mother was appointed guardian, were twelve and fourteen respectively.

See P.9

I have been glad to find the name of Tyler, older brother of Archelaus, in this family. The name of "uncle Tyler" was one of my earliest family traditions. According to mother, father used often to speak of an "uncle Tyler" with whom, father, a young man, left New Ashford and migrated to Cattaraugus Co.,N.Y. Even this information was a little obscured by a dim remembrance of mother that, according to father, "uncle Tyler" was really a cousin. It is therefore a comfort to find that there was an uncle Tyler, although, as will appear, there was also a cousin.

In 1896, I received from Warren Baxter copies of entries of births in several early families of Beaches, among them in the family of "Moses.T. Beach". His children are given as follows: Rhoda Brown Beach, b. June 26,1785; Lucy Brown Beach (both step-daughters) July 4, 1791; Augustus, b. b. Jan.15, 1788; Harry b. April 28,1793; Polly,b.July 15, 1795; Tyler,b. April 14,1798; Lois (apparently written Louis) March 17,1800. Lois is written Louis in the following entry, given me by Rollin H. Cooke,letter dated Dec.19,1903:"Tyler Beach and Louis Brown published Aug.1, 1790."

At this stage arose the question concerning the identity of Tyler Beach and Moses T. Beach. "I should be inclined to think they were not the same", said Mr. Cooke, in the letter just quoted. If not, then who was Moses T. and what became of him? Tyler as we know went to Cattaraugus Co. and my father with him. Here we rested, until, in 1901, John R. Hall met in California a lady, Mrs.Yaw, maiden name Mary

Jane Beach,born in Cattaraugus Co., New York, daughter of Tyler Moses Beach, and granddaughter of Moses Tyler Beach. Under date of Dec.1,1901, John Hall sent me ,from Mrs.Yaw, the following statement: "My father's name was Tyler Moses Beach, born April 14,1798. His father's name was also Moses. There were three brothers,Henry, Augustus, and my father. Henry was a farmer, as also my father, while Augustus was a Baptist minister". Under date of Dec.25, 1906, Mrs.Yaw wrote me:"Grandfather Beach (Moses Tyler) gave my father his choice to go through college or take a farm; he chose the latter, and came west with an ox-team into the wilderness".

A letter from Charles Tyler Beach, East Otto, N.Y., son of Augustus, under date of Jan. 24, 1907, gives a brief account of Moses T.Beach, Tyler M. Beach, and Rev.Augustus Beach, taken from the History of Cattaraugus Co.

What we expected to find in Cattaraugus Co. is Tyler Beach, "uncle Tyler", what we find is Moses Tyler Beach, with his sons,Harry, Augustus, and Tyler, or, as above, Tyler M. It is probable that Moses Tyler is the "uncle Tyler" desired. Charles T.Beach, above quoted, says under date Mar. 4, 1907,that Moses T. Beach married Lois Brown, his first marriage, her second. She was undoubtedly the Lois Brown published with "Tyler Beach" in 1790. Notice also that "Tyler Beach" has sisters, Eunice and Ruth. So, according to Charles T. Beach and Mrs Yaw, had Moses Tyler Beach a sister Eunice

and a sister Ruth. Finally, on page ten, above, I made the probable date of the birth of Tyler 1763. Charles T. Beach, in a letter of March 4,1907, gives the death of his grandfathr ,Moses T., as Jan.11, 1851, at the age of 87 years and five months. He was born then in 1763, as he should have been, if he were "Tyler", son of Caleb.

As quoted by Charles T. Beach, the history of Cattaraugus Co. says that the migration of Moses Tyler Beach took place in October 1821. Tyler M. was then twenty-three, Lois was twenty-one, and my father, who went through with the party but did not remain, was twenty. Let us hope these three youngsters had some sport on the tedious journey.

Charles T. says of his grandfather:"Yes, Moses T. was successful, and his descendants own and rent out much of the land of East Otto". His most distinguished descendent is Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the "California Nightingale", now, April 19, 1907, Mrs. Vere Goldthwaite. (note).

Let us return to Caleb and his descendents in New Ashford. P.9

(Note. In a letter of Jan. 20,1907, Mrs.Yaw says her father "always went by the name of T.M.Beach, and I well remember that he always regretted not keeping track of his ~~cousin~~-nephew who came west with him but stopped off at Westfield". She erases cousin and writes nephew. Should be cousin).

Note to p. 13

I infer that, before he left the region Tyler had his family ~~married~~, writing his own name in his own way. It is singular that none of his children have a middle name, except the first, the more so as pretty evidently the third was also Moses Tyler. I have a letter written to John R.Hall, for me, by Mrs. Mary Jane Beach Yaw, mother of Ellen Beach Yaw, the "California Nightengale". It is dated Dec.21,1901,Paris,France,where Mrs.Yaw then was with her daughter. Mrs.Yaw writes:"My father's name was Tyler Moses Beach born April 14,1798. His father's name was also Moses. There were three brothers Henry, Augustus,and my father. Henry was a farmer, as also my father, while Augustus was a Baptist minister. They were all from Pitsfield,Mass. I often heard my father speak of New Ashford and of the cousin Ash...Beach—I forget the given name". The forgotten name would have been Atwater. Tyler may have had a farm in the limits of Pittsfield, without going far from New Ashford. The Augustus of Mrs.Yaw's letter is presumably the cousin Augustus whom I called upon with my mother, though the latter was a farmer,and I never heard that in younger days,he had been a minister.

Seeing that Miss Yaw was to sing in Boston last night, (Dec.17,1906), and finding she was at the Bellevue, I called her up on the telephone, and she kindly invited me to call in the afternoon,adding that she would give me tickets to the concert. So tempted,Frances and I called and met a very charming lady, who did not forget the tickets. She is surely a

Note to p. 13 continued. ~~13~~

very wonderful singer, and Frances observed that "we had got the worth of our money".

~~It is more than time to return to Caleb, father of Tyler and Archelaus.~~

TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS



MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW

THE CELEBRATED

"California Nightingale"



THE ROYAL WELSH MALE CHOIR OF TREORCHY, WALES

Choir

An attempt to revive a "Lyceum cour of concerts and lectures of the sort tha used to flourish in Boston and New England began auspiciously in Tremont Temple last evening. Evidently there is a public for such a venture, sufficient to fill the hall and testify its pleasure by applause that brought many repetitions and extra pieces. Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the coloratura singer, and the Royal Welsh Choir gave the entertainment and the programme ranged from Händel, Donizetti, Délibes and Ambroise Thomas to the writers of English part-songs and of Viennese operetta. The choir is one of those excellent bodies of what old programmes used to call "men singers" that flourish abundantly in the British Isles. The choristers have agreeable, natural voices and a singularly true and stable sense of pitch. They have been trained to the utmost precision of attack and phrasing and yet they sing with an admirable spontaneity. Before they are done, the listener is ready to believe that the British climate is as favorable to their voices as it is to alto, and it is seldom in an American chorus that the ear feels the tenors as a distinctive part of a choir. Miss Yaw is no longer, and wisely, exploited as a singer of high notes, but her voice is still of exceptional range. It is an agreeable voice for coloratua singing, clear, pliant, sparkling and flutelike, and controlled with effortless skill. It is an instrumental voice as the saying is, but the "bell song" from Délibes's "Lakmé" and the "mad scene" from Donizetti's "Lucia" ask no more than that the singer's tones shall be the perfect instrument of the song. Or at the least, singers and audiences long since agreed that they asked no more, and of course, the composer who may have had dreams of expressing emotion in such music does n't matter.

Bost. Herald Dec. 14 '96

Note to p.13. continued (2).

This cutting is from the Boston Post of April 18,1907, and the marriage took place as stated, except that the date was March 21, 1907.

ELLEN BEACH YAW IS MARRIED TO PIANIST.

CALIFORNIA'S FAMOUS SINGER AND FRANKLIN CANNON WEDDED YESTERDAY.

Sept 23 1920

Ellen Beach Yaw, California's famous Lark Ellen, was married last evening by moonlight to Franklin Cannon, a concert pianist of national renown who has studios in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Unconventional in its simplicity was the ceremony performed by Rev. L. M. Idleman, rector of Holy Trinity Church in Covina, at the home of Mrs. B. F. Thorpe, sister of Miss Yaw. Mr. Cannon himself played the "Lohengrin Wedding March" for his bride who appeared in the silvery light on the flower encircled terrace where she has sung in the moonlight fetes every fall for the last ten years for the benefit of the Lark Ellen Newsboys' Home in Los Angeles.

Before the strains of the march were heard by the guests seated in the pergola above the terrace there came softly at first, then nearer and louder, the notes and then the famous echo tones of "The Skylark," the song composed by the singer four years ago and arranged by Mr. Cannon. Lark Ellen sang the song as Mr. Cannon played it. Then Miss Georgella Loy took the place at the piano and the two were united by the rector with lines briefly read in accordance with the sincere desire of the bride. Mrs. Mary Newman then played the "Mendelssohn Wedding March."

On the garden terrace, after the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom were showered with flower petals by four flower girls—the Misses Ellen and Violet Andrews of Los Angeles, Miss Lucile Andrews of Cleveland and Miss Ruth Hayward of San Jose.

The wedding gown was of the sheerest crepe de chine embroidered from bodice to hem with thousands of brilliants which sparkled in the soft light from beneath a tulle veil which completely enveloped the bride's figure. The veil was caught at intervals with blossoms from the orange trees near which the bride stood.

There were present fifty close friends of the bride, who were asked informally during the last week, after Mr. Cannon had arrived from New York Thursday when the news of the engagement was made known. Though they had been betrothed for two years and had known each other for seven years, the coming of this union of musical talent was unknown to Miss Yaw's wide circle of friends.

After a brief honeymoon in Southern California Mr. and Mrs. Cannon will tour together in concert through the larger cities of the East and Middle West.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, whose secret marriage a few weeks ago to Vere Goldthwaite, the well-known Boston lawyer, litterateur and ex-cowboy, has astounded society and brought to light a very pretty romance, is known as the singer with the most wonderful throat and voice in the world.

For years, on account of its extraordinary range, she has been called the "vocal freak," a name which she has tried hard, by consistent and steady study, to live down.

She was born in a little town near Buffalo in 1871, but when a tiny tot of a few years was taken to California by her parents. In Los Angeles, as a girl, she was called the highest soprano in the world, and her voice attracted much attention.

In 1898, after some study, she went abroad, where she worked hard under Marchesi and Vergine. In time she appeared in grand opera, adopting the name of "Elena Elvanna."

MARRIED AT SOMERSET

The wedding of the handsome lawyer and the wonderful songstress took place in one of the large drawing rooms of the Hotel Somerset, on March 31. The Rev. Seth C. Beach of Wayland officiated, and the only other person present was W. J. Adams, a law partner of Mr. Goldthwaite, who acted as best man.

The utmost secrecy was preserved and the marriage license was only returned to City Hall yesterday. Directly after the marriage the couple left for New York, where they remained a week. Returning to this city on April 1, they spent two quiet weeks at the home of the groom's father, Dr. S. V. Goldthwaite, of 4 Concord square. Dr. Goldthwaite is well known in the South End, having practised in that district for the last 28 years.

Last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Goldthwaite left this city for an extended honeymoon in the West, where Mrs. Goldthwaite is to give a series of concerts. It is understood that the couple will make their permanent home in this city.

Mr. Goldthwaite is 28 years of age and his bride is 28.

The marriage was the culmination of a romance which was started nine years ago on a voyage abroad.

Met on Steamer

Fate threw the two together on the same steamer and the young lawyer fell in love with the pretty singer at first sight. He secured an introduction to her and during the voyage they were inseparable. It is said they plighted their troth before the steamer reached Liverpool.

But Mr. Goldthwaite was a poor young lawyer and Miss Yaw was on the threshold of a promising career. Promising to be true to one another they decided to postpone their marriage until a more opportune time.

Thus the lovers parted at Liverpool, Miss Yaw to go to Naples and Mr. Goldthwaite to tour Ireland.

G BEACH PRESS: MONDAY,

Societ

GARDEN SCENE OF WEDDING OF RARE BEAUTY

Noted for the brilliance and beauty of social events, the Italian sunken garden of the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Thorpe at Covina, formed the setting for a nuptial ceremony of perfect appointments last evening, when Ellen Beach Yaw became the bride of Franklin Delaney Cannon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Jackson and Miss Laura Cadmus were Long Beach members of the guest group of forty.

Preceding the ceremony, Mr. Cannon, who is a well-known concert pianist, played Liszt's "Dream of Love." Immediately following this selection, the beautiful, clear, birdlike notes of Madame Yaw's voice were heard floating up from the rose garden like the song of the nightingale in answer to its mate. When her last liquid trill had died away, the strains of the Lohengrin wedding march, played by Miss Georgiella Lay, announced the approach of the bride, who had been hidden by the orange trees during her song.

Walking the entire distance of the long terrace alone, Mme. Yaw made a strikingly beautiful picture in her bridal dress of cream faille silk and her long bridal veil with its wreath of orange blossoms. Her gown was embroidered in pearls and brilliants, with a bertha of point d' Alen-con lace. She carried a shower bouquet of Lady Ophelia roses. When she reached the farther end of the terrace she stood, a picture of loveliness, waiting for the groom, who also walked unattended, to meet her. After the ceremony Mrs. Mary Newman played the Mendelssohn wedding march as the bride and groom walked through a shower of rose petals scattered by the Misses Ellen, Violet and Lucile Andrews and Miss Ruth Heywood. Miss Winifred Adams carried the bridal bouquet.

* * *

It is noticeable that Tyler, between Mandy and Archelus, does not have a guardian. Presumably, he was not at home; he had "gone for himself".

P.12

"Caleb Beach", says Mr. Cooke, "did not serve in the army in the Revolution, but he was one of the committee of correspondence chosen at a town meeting June 7,1775, at which the first vote passed was 'to abide by the doings of the Continental and provincial Congresses'. That would entitle you to membership in the Sons of the American Revolution just as much as army service. Jotham Beach, the oldest son of Caleb, served as a soldier".

In "Mass. Soldiers and Sailors in the Revolution" I find that Jotham enlisted June 30,1775, had several short terms of service, and was finally discharged July 31,1780. Tyler also enlisted Oct. 16,1779, and served one month and ten days. Other New Ashford Beaches in the Revolution for short terms were Aaron, Ira, Silas and Hezekiah. Hezekiah enlisted July 9,1777 and served twenty days. He was drafted later, and "failed to join regiment". What was done with him is not said. Apparently he did not like soldiering, or, more charitably, he may have been ill.

Caleb was forty three in 1775, not too old for service but he had had a hard life, civilizing two farms in the wilderness, his father's in Winchester, Ct. and his own in New Ashford, and he was presumably "used up". He died six yea[illegible]

later,in 1781.It speaks for his intelligence that he was appointed on a committee of "correspondence", but his opportunities for education must have been limited,pioneering in two wildernesses. Lois Preston,whom he married,was I fancy a ~~nie~~ niece of Margaret Preston, Caleb's step-mother. She was presumably visiting her aunt Margaret when Caleb met her, a very charming girl of eighteen, he being twenty-four. It was love at first sight and on Nov.19,1756, they hitched the oxen to the farm wagon and drove to the parson's and were married. Of course, she may have been living with her aunt and there may have been a slowly maturing affection. However this may have been, Lois Preston has always interested me more than any other of my unknown ancestresses, and I have woven about her a good deal of romance. I have a decided admiration for Lois Preston.

Archelaus, son of Caleb and Lois, married Rhoda Moore said, probably correctly, to have been born in Ct. The intentions of marriage were published in New Ashford,Aug.2,1788. and Archelaus is given as Archibald. However that is an error as is shown by Probate records which give Rhoda as the widow of Archelaus, as does Rhoda's tombstone, and as was our family tradition. Mr.Cooke gives Rhoda's death at the age of eighty-seven,from her tombstone. He does not give the date. It was in 1858 however. Her estate was distributed in 1859, when I visited New Ashford and received $60 as the portion

falling to our family. It is easy then to fix the year of her birth as 1770. She was eighteen at the time of her marriage in 1788 and Archelaus was presumably twenty-~~fourx~~ three.

New Ashford records give the children of Archelaus and Rhoda: Amanda born July 28, 1789, Anna b. Aug. 27, 1790; Atwater born April 7 1792; Clarissa born Oct. 7 1793; Sheldon born Jun 27, 1795; Aaron born June 3, 17 97; Preston born March 12, ~~17~~ 1799; Luther born March 11, 1801; Jotham born April 26, 1803. Harriet born Feb. 26, 1805. Of these I have seen Atwater, Sheldon, Aaron, Luther my father, Jotham and Harriet. Harriet married ~~James~~ Joseph Comstalk who died of small pox. She was a widow in my time, lived near us and owned a farm. Sheldon and Aaron were supposed to be prosperous farmers in Michigan. I remember their visiting us in my boyhood. Atwater and Jotham were living when I visited New Ashford in 1859. Atwater was sixty-seven, seemed an old man, but had married a new wife and was living at South Williamstown. The old farm on "Beach Hill" which came upon him in 1811, on the death of his father, had passed to his son, Hosea and after fifty years of hard work, he seemed to be enjoying well-earned ease. Uncle Jotham had no children, was living comfortably with his wife, and had innumerable acres, cattle and sheep. Altogether New Ashford at that date seemed a fairly thrifty, prosperous community. When, in 1894, with my wife and my sister Julia, I visited New Ashford again, it had become a region of abandoned farms. Railroads, migration, and deaths had left it in a state of

evident delapidation and poverty. New Ashford is twelve miles from Pittsfield and eight or ten from Williamstown, the nearest railroad stations, and decay is the fate of New England hill towns so situated, until wealthy city people buy up the farms for scenery, as well they might my grandfather's homestead which has Greylock, Sugar Loaf, and Bald mountains in perpetual view from the door-step.

The very small village of New Ashford lies in a narrow valley through which runs the road from Pittsfield to Williamstown. From the main road, a by-road runs diagonally up the slope of the mountain, with an easy ascent, for nearly two miles, past three or four farms, vacant houses, or perhaps now only cellars, when you come to the end of the road, above which, on the left, stands, not the house in which my father was born, but the successor to it. The farm, as I saw it in 1859, ran back of the house up the mountain by a gradual ascent for a mile, faced the ~~south~~ east I think, and was good for pasturage. It was doubtless covered with heavy timber when in September or October, 1788, Archlaus Beach took his young wife Rhoda and began to make a home on that mountain side where in the next ~~sixteen~~ twenty-three years ten children were born to them.

How much of a farm Archelaus had hewn out of the wilderness, how much of the forest he had cleared, is not told, but it appears that the woods came dangerously near the house

PITTSFIELD, Mass, Nov 7—New Ashford, the smallest town in the State, had the distinction of being the first to make its election returns today. The polls closed at 10 a m, and the count showed: Hughes, 16; Wilson, 7.

In 1912 New Ashford gave Wilson 7 votes, Taft 7 and Roosevelt 6.

REPORTERS AIDED TOWN TO BREAK ALL RECORDS

NEW ASHFORD, Nov 7—New Ashford, the smallest town in Massachusetts, believes that it is the first town in the United States to report the Presidential election returns. It will be a bitter disappointment to the town officials if any other town beats it in the race for publicity, for by being the first town in the whole Nation to report the biggest news of the day, New Ashford hopes to take its place in the sun.

New Ashford lies cuddled down under the brow of Greylock, to the west, the plainest sort of a New England hamlet. In 1915 it had a population of 92, and its registered voters number 25. It is the most isolated town in Northern Berkshire, without a State highway, a trolley line, with no railroad or telegraph, and with a single telephone, and that in a closed country house.

This effort of the town to achieve fame was conceived when the Pittsfield press sought ways and means of getting the vote of New Ashford in season. It has been necessary for the press associations and correspondents to send messengers to New Ashford to carry the vote to Pittsfield, often getting the returns into Pittsfield at a late hour.

Automobiles for Voters

The newspapers agreed to assist in getting out the voters of New Ashford by automobile, providing the Selectmen of the town would open the polls at 6 a m and close them at 10. The town officials, Town Clerk Charles S. Baker, Selectmen Elmer P. Beach, Emory Baker and Henry M. White, consented, and for the past week New Ashford's attempt to break into print has been the sole topic of the day in the smallest town in the State.

Besides the town officers mentioned the registered voters are William Baker, Henry B. Baxter, Warren H. Baxter, Alfred S. Beach, Darius Goodell, Walter Goodell, Almon D. Ingraham, ed Ingraham, Bernard Mackey, Harry Phelps, Wanton Pettit, Asa Packard, alter P. Smith, Charles Sherman, ank Thompson, Guy Wade, Joseph A. ide and Bliss Young. Almon D. de, 85 years, is the oldest voter, and Republican.

1912 the vote of New Ashford was: son, 4; Taft, 7; Roosevelt, 6; in 1915 vote was for Governor: McCall, 15; sh, 1.

e newspapers in making the arrangements for the record-breaking vote of New Ashford sent to each of the voters in the town Oct 24 the following letter:

"We Ask Cooperation"

"Mr ——,

"Voter in New Ashford, Mass:

"Dear Sir—We ask for your cooperation in getting out the vote of your town at the earliest possible moment Election Day, Tuesday, Nov 7. As a request the Selectmen have kindly consented to open the poll at 6 a m, and it will remain open in accordance with the law, four hours, until 1:10 a m. We, however, urge you to vote just as early as possible, so the counters can start tabulating before the poll closes, the same as they do in some of the Pittsfield wards. By doing so the result can be announced shortly after 10.

"Our sole object in rounding up the vote of New Ashford so early is simply to make an effort to have the smallest town in Massachusetts, a Berkshire town, send in the first report of election results, of any town in the United States. The press associations, which we represent, will send the news by telegraph and telephone to Tuesday papers, so it will go to practically every city and town in the country. By the time you are closed and the result known they will be just about opening the polls in California.

"So then try and get to the polling place as early as possible. To accommodate those who cannot reach there early we will have an automobile to help out. With your cooperation New Ashford can make an Election Day record for the Nation."

Previously the Latest Town

The Selectmen did as requested, opening the polls at 6 a m, four hours earlier than at previous elections. So far back as the oldest inhabitants can remember the polls have always been opened at 10 and closed at 2. New Ashford always has been the hardest of all Berkshire towns from which to get the results. Its only telephone subscriber is Mrs August Belmont, formerly Miss Eleanor Robson, wife of the New York banker and traction magnate. A special line was run down from Williamstown for her use two years ago.

By the official census of 1910 and again in 1915, New Ashford had a population of 92. Its population never was large, 411 being the high-water mark, reached in 1810. The shrinkage as in the past 116 years as shown by the census figures follows: 1800, 390; 1810, 411; 1820, 385; 1830, 285; 1840, 227; 1850, 186; 1860, 239; 1870, 208; 1880, 263; 1890, 125; 1900, 107; 1905, 100; 1910, 92; 1915, 92.

Forty years ago the assessed valuation of New Ashford was $100,000; this year it is a little over $50,000. In 1810, when the population was largest, the town was turning out white and blue marble gravestones for shipment to the Hudson River, whence they were taken by boat to New York. The quarries were worked night and day for a while. They now are unworked, because of the long haul to the railroads.

Farmers and Carers for Children

At the present time agriculture is the principal means of livelihood and Pittsfield is the principal market. The care of State children is another branch of industry, the State charges being scattered quite extensively among the kindly and hospitable folks of this quiet and healthful town, in which never a doctor nor a lawyer has settled. Of late years the town has become quite a Summer resort, although the tavern, a relic of the stage coach days, long since passed.

The automobilists hasten through the town, for there is no place to stop except a farmhouse. One farmer hung out a sign last Summer, "Cold buttermilk." A can was placed in the spring house, and the hot and dusty travelers tarried for a few minutes by the wayside and made a beaten track to that can. This Fall the farmer painted his house and added a porch.

If the town were compelled to pay for all the repairs on the county highway, which is a part of the route between Pittsfield and Manchester, Vt, not a cent would be left for other appropriations, but with a large supply of gravel near and the aid received through "the Small Town act," the main road is kept in good condition. Under a special appropriation during the past two years it has been in the best shape in its history and very popular with the tourists.

Town Is Truly Rural

Here the tourists find many rural scenes. They see ox teams drawing hay and cordwood; they see houses a century old with colonial porches and doorways; they see the ruins of one of the oldest mills in Berkshire County—a mill that was built and operated before the Revolutionary War. In various years this mill has been used as a shoddy mill or for the production of yarn, grain and lumber. In one part of the town is a remarkable cave, 130 feet deep, with arches 20 feet high from which hung beautiful stalactites of limestone.

One of the recent town reports shows that the town has 50 horses, 98 cows, 314 sheep, 21 cattle, six swine and 34 dwellings.

Emory Baker, member of the Board of Selectmen, who owns two farms, comprising 272 acres, is the largest resident taxpayer. Mrs August Belmont is the chief nonresident taxpayer.

The Methodists have the only church in New Ashford, organized by its pastor, Rev Martin Ruter, in 1799. The church building was erected in 1828 by subscription of $1273. It now is really a union church, Lanesboro and South Williamstown supplying the ministers.

The town is bounded on the north by Williamstown, east by Adams and Cheshire, south by Cheshire, Lanesboro and a part of Hancock, and west by Hancock. It was originally incorporated as a district, Feb 26, 1781. Quite early other towns began carving out sections from this district, and when they were through New Ashford had 4821 acres left. Of this total a thousand or more acres were taken several years ago by the Greylock commissioners, and now are included in the Greylock Reservation.

in the summer of 1811, in clearing a field for wheat, fire got into the timber and threatened his buildings. His efforts to check the fire were apparently successful but, the tradition is that the struggle cost him his life.

Mr. Cooke says the estate was declared "insolvent", i.e. could not pay its debts, but it seems to have settled up better than expected: "there was a distribution in 1811 of the real estate to Rhoda, the widow, and to the children. In the distribution of personal estate each child received a dollar and fifty-two cents". As Rhoda lived thereafter forty-seven years, to the age of eighty-seven, it would appear that she was left with good health, a farm free from debt, a roof over her head, and ten children to provide for as best she could.

It is edifying to consider what conditions Archelaus and his father, Caleb, were up against. Caleb was married in the second year of "the French and Indian War", a struggle which taxed the resources of Massachusetts to exhaustion. He died in 1781, the last year of the Revolution, when Continental Money, worth $20 to $1, in specie, in 1779, had dropped to ~~$1~~ $1,000 for $1, in specie. Surely that was a time to try a poor man's soul.

Conditions were hardly better for Archelaus. He was married in 1788. In 1793, Great Britain and France, each ordered the seizure of neutral vessels bound for the other's ports.

To better the situation, our own government laid an "Embargo", i.e. prohibited our people engaging in foreign commerce, in 1794. These retaliatory measures were kept up at frequent intervals during the Napoleonic wars, until American commerce was driven from the sea. In 1811, when Archlaus died, Great Britain had a war vessel stationed before each of the principal ports of the United States, to intercept American merchantmen. Massachusetts, the chief commercial State, was the greatest sufferer by these proceedings. The history of the Emersons show how the times pinched others besides farmers in New Ashford. Rev. William Emerson died in this same 1811 and Mrs. Emerson turned to keeping a boarding-house. Ralph Waldo and his brothers had to be content with one overcoat between them, and to be jollied by their school fellows with the question, "Whose turn is it to wear the coat to-day?" P14

Archelaus did very well to leave his family with a farm to their name, a roof over their heads, and out of debt. Two generations of Beaches succeeded him on that spot, Atwater and Hosea. They gave their name to the hill, so that when, in 1894, I was trying to explain to a Hotel clerk in Williamstown, where I wanted to go, he said, "You want to go to Beach Hill". I said I thought I did. It would be interesting to know if Caleb also lived on that hill, over one of the old house cellars we passed.

I visited N. Ashford, on way to Selinsgrove, in June 1913. Asked Warren Baxter where Caleb Beach lived. He said, "he thought on Beach Hill. He had never heard of Beaches any where else in New Ashford."

III

More of My Father.

The eighth child of Archelaus and Rhoda Beach was Luther, born March 11,1801, and ten years old in 1811, at his father's death. None of the children have middle names in the New Ashford records, as they have been given me, but according to my mother, father had a middle name- Markham,which I think she wrote "Marcum". That I assume was simplified spelling. If one were to look up the Connecticut Moores, he might find a Markham. It may have been the maiden name of Rhoda's mother. Here I resume the narrative of my father, related to me by my mother from his own account of himself, and written down in 1882 (see p. 5 above).

My father remembered going up the mountain, a little fellow, with his mother, in mid winter, when the wood pile was low, and gathering sticks and broken limbs for fuel. They would lay two poles side by side, pile a load of sticks across them, and then the mother take one end of the poles and the boy the other and bring home the load. The widow's reliance to support her family was the farm worked by a boy of 16 ,Atwater, and her loom.

My father, not old enough to be very useful at home,was indentured, or "bound out", to a farmer in Hancock,on the other side of the mountain. The name of this worthy has gone

to oblivion, but he seems to have taken the boy for his own purposes. That apprenticeship was one of my father's bitter memories. My mother has heard him tell many times that his supper of bread and milk would be sour when it was first set on, and that if he did not eat it, it was set on again sourer than before. He was dressed in the cast-off clothes of his master. One day when he had inherited a pair of his master's boots, worn out at the toes, he was left alone to take care of the house while master and misress drove away, When they had gone, homesick and heart-broken, the boy withdrew to the rear of the house, sat down upon the rain-trough, and cried. After crying it out, he looked at his old boots and they were out at the toes as before. Crying had done no good. He resolved not to cry any more, and he never did. My mother ~~se~~ says that she never saw him shed a tear.

He ran away from his master and returned home. He did not go back. He was next "bound out" to his brother, to stay till he was twenty-one. He stayed till he was sixteen, and then "bought his time",agreeing to pay, and afterward paying $100 for his time, until twenty-one. He went west, that is, to New York state,- according to Charles Tyler Beach, October, 1821 ~~it must have been about 1817~~,- first to Cataraugus Co. ~~where he had~~ with an uncle,- Tyler Beach,- of whom he used to speak fondly, and then to Wayne Co. He worked by the month for various farmers, some good, some bad,- one Mc Clure, a very hard man, one Homer Adams, a very kind man. At the age of twenty six,when he was married, besides paying $100 to his brother, he had saved ~~$~~

$600. In such a history there is no place for an education. I have heard my mother say my father went to school but two weeks in his life. He could read, how well I do not know, and write his name in a fair hand. I remember a copy of Morse's Geography which was his; where he used it I do not know. He knew nothing of written Arithmetic, but was very acurate in making his business reckonings in his head, and was fond of arithmetical puzzles and generally found a way to solve the problems that were given him. He left a good name behind him. He made it to be said that "Beach" was another name for honesty. I have been told time and again when a boy, that if I made half as honest a man as my father I would be a very good man.

IV

My Mother.

March 25, 1827, my father married Angelina Elizabeth Curtis, born July 11, 1806, in Marion,- then Williamson,- Wayne Co., N.Y. She was the daughter of Seth Curtis, for whom I was named. I remember him as a hard-headed, close-fisted, exacting, unsympathetic, impatient, passionate old man, of whom I was always a good deal afraid. He was by trade a carpenter and owned a farm. In politics, he was a vehement Whig and an "Anti-Mason." He once subscribed to a missionary fund with the condition inserted that the money was not to be appropriated to the support of any minister who was a member of any secret society. In religion he was a regular atten-

ant at the "Christian" church,- by the wicked called "Christ-ian", long i as in Christ, for distinction,- but he was not a church-member or a "professor of religion". He was always, in later years as I have been told a little troubled about his soul, lest he might have committed the unpardonable sin, having once flung away the Bible in a moment of moral indignation when reading the massacres of the Canaanites undertaken at the command of God. He declared he did not believe that God commanded them, but afterward he gathered up his Bible again and was a sadder if not a wiser man. He was born in New Canaan, Ct. Nov. 24, 1778, married Mary Anne Case Jan. 24, 1802, died May 31, 1861,- age 83 years. He was the son of Daniel Curtis born in New Canaan Ct. May 15, 1735, who married Abiel Hanchett Jan 17, 1762. He died July 18, 1817,- age 72 . This Daniel was son of Caleb of New Canaan, Ct. born Oct. 6, 1703: died, Nov. 25, 1771,- age 68 years.

Mary Anne Case, my grandmother, born Jan. 23, 1780, was daughter of Pardon Case,- sadler and school-teacher,- and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Peter and Elizabeth (Milk) Corbin, the latter lady of Irish extraction I have always understood. The early family traditions, rather obscure with me, run through New Canaan, Ct, New Canaan, N.Y., Chatham, N.Y., Charlestown Four Corners, Sohodock, "Nine Pardners" (Partners), Painted Post, Pen Yan, and finally, about 1804, settle in Marion, then part of Williamson, Wayne Co. N. Y.

I do not know at which of these rests in the migration the Curtises and Cases came together. Pardon Case, my great-grandfather, born Aug.5,1752, died Nov.19,1824, was the son of Job and Mary, maiden name Gifford. Pardon, as above said, married Elizabeth Corbin, daughter of Peter and Elizabeth, the Irish lady whose maiden name was Milk. The Corbins are supposed to be the black sheep of the genealogy. The tradition is that Pardon Case fell in love with Elizabeth Corbin at a "ball" and married her next day, or the day after, to the scandal of all his relatives. Evidently Elizabeth must have been fascinating and perhaps a little "fast". Pardon too was a grain reckless. You could not imagine a Curtis giving way in this manner. The Cases were a prolific, generally large-proportioned, social, good natured, and witty tribe. Whatever humor there is in the family I should suppose came in with the Cases. They were inclined to be Bohemian,- rolling-stones who gathered no moss, though some of them have been money-getters. Abner and Morgan Case, cousins of my mother, were rich, and Harmon Potter (his mother Nancy Case, also a cosin of my mother) is the rich man of Marion, N.Y. The secret of Harmon is that he has known how to do business. He inherited nothing; the Potters were poor enough in my boyhood. Harmon learned shoemaking, kept a she-store, lent money to the needy at twelve per cent., and is now a banker with a mortgage on fifty farms in Marion.

There are one or two traditions of the Case family that ought not to perish. There was an "Uncle John Case", son of Pardon. He was six feet some inches in height, and was a preacher of some sort,- a kind of evangelist I fancy. His wife, "Aunt Mary", apparently did not sympathize with his religious activities and led him a hard life. The most unexpected things happened to him, or to his harness or to his horse. She was more than suspected of "witchcraft". He believed it of her; mother believed it;and I very well remember that I believed it, though I never saw the lady.

There was also a "Katy Shaw", cousin of my mother on the Case side, whom I should like to have known. She seems to have anticipated the "Fox Sisters" by nearly half a century. I am sorry to say there are few of her exploits that I remember, but it is certain that once when some one had crossed her path, the offending lady had hardly reached her home when every dish on the cupboard shelves sailed out into the room and dashed themselves in broken fragments on the floor, no visible hand touching them. Hardly less wonderful,Katie had been seen to run entirely around a room on the narrow chair-rail above the wainscotting. Of course, no mortal could do that without help from the Evil One. These things were told me, under her breath, by my mother who had not a doubt that they happened; nor had I. No body doubted anything he was asked to believe, in those days; not if it was supernatural.

More About my Mother.

Angelina Elizabeth was the second child of Seth and Mary Anne (Case) Curtis. By her own account, she was an untamed creature in her youth, her only companions being boys, her brother, and cousins on the Case side. She would ride any horse a boy could ride or climb any tree. Her nearest school was two miles away, school not very good and pupil presumably not attentive. She never passed beyond the art of plain reading and writing. In her later years,- at the age of fifty or sixty,- she curiously took up a fancy for making rhymes, and sometimes sent her friends short letters in simple verse. I have, or had, several of them. (Note) As a girl, she seems to have been "large of her age",- the Case blood,- and as her mother was an invalid, she was early put to hard service at home. There was a "housekeeper" for the kitchen but mother's department seems to have been the spinning and weaving, at that time a large home industry. She was ambitious and spirited,- extremely so, traits which she never got over,- and at the age of seventeen she contracted a "female trouble" which made her an invalid for life. I believe she has never walked half a mile since; she could not sit up all day when, at the age of twenty, she was married. I believe the folly of marriage under such circumstances was my father's, who had confidence that marriage would make a well woman of her.

Note to p.26

One of mother's letters:

I am sitting in my room alone,
My thoughts run fast and free;
I am thinking of my darling son,
That's gone so far from me.

Sometimes I fancy that I hear
Those old, familiar foot-steps clear;
But then, alas, they prove to be
Nothing substantial here for me.

I look ahead and long to see
When my dear child shall with me be;
I then will clasp him to my heart,-
But then I sigh that we must part.

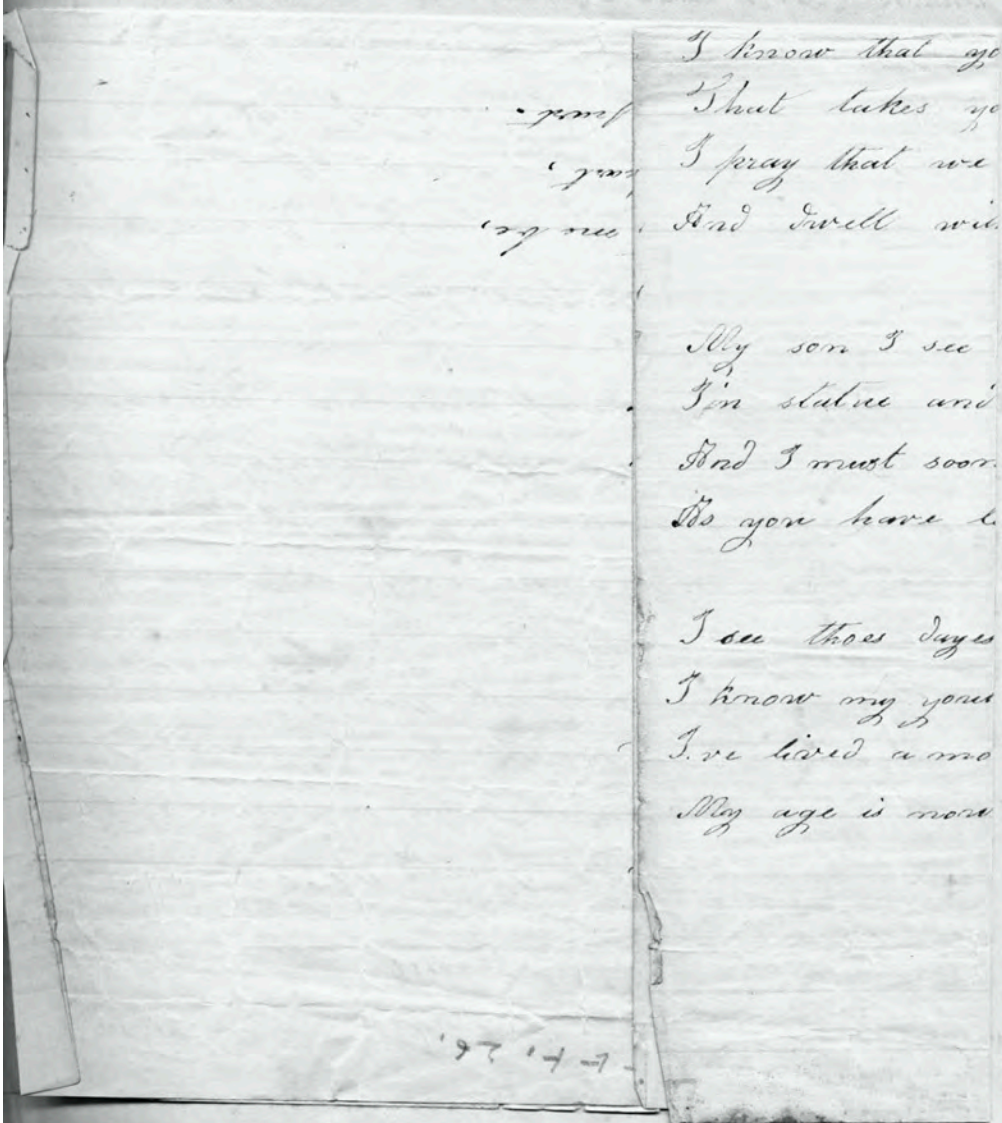
I know that you must fill a place
That takes you from my warm embrace;
I pray that we may faithful be,
And dwell with God eternally.

My son, I see a man you be
In stature and in mind,
And I must soon lean on your arm,
As you have leaned on mine.

Note to p. 20, continued.

End of mother's letter:

I see those days are hastening on;
I know my youthful days are gone,-
I've lived almost man's lotted time:
My age is now 'most fifty-nine.


I know that age
That takes ye
I pray that we
And dwell wi

My son I see
I'm stature and
And I must soon
As you have s

I see those days
I know my youn
I've lived a mo
My age is now

By Mother
S.C.B.

To my Granddaughter

(Mary Adela Skinner)

1 My advice I will give to a grandchild of mine,
To be virtuous and modest allwayes be enclined,
Allwayes be ready good advice to receive,
My child it will you from many dangers relieve.

2 And now you have grown to a woman we see,
Oh may you be happy as happy can be,
And I hope you will never regret the first move,
You made in token of woman's true love.

3 And now your thinking of leaving your home,
'Tis true with a stranger your going to roame,
O may he prove true and faithfull to you,
I know it is for him you bid parents adieu.

4 The time is fast coming when you will be gone,
Oh the days will seems to us how long,
We will enter your room and find you not there,
And then we may see how empty your chair,

5 And now my child when this you see,
Then place your mind a while on me,
And when you lay theese lines a side,
Remember that you are a bride.

Grandma

Her older brother, Albert Root Curtis, was a physician at So. Sodus N.Y. with a large country practice, and a good local reputation. He was a favorite brother and a favorite with all who knew him. He died in 1845. Two brothers, Daniel and Charles are still (1882) living in Marion N.Y., as is also a sister, Julia Anne (Curtis) Hopkins. The youngest child of the family, William Barlow, was scalded to death at the age of three years. He has always been a very tender memory in the family.

The First Home.

At the time of my father's marriage, his savings as before mentioned, amounted to $600. With this he bought a farm partly cleared, about a mile from my grandfather's in Marion in the "Simmons" neighborhood, known as the "Park's Place" (now Corcoran's), though neither a Parks nor a Simmons lives in the region now. Unhappily his means were not sufficient to quite pay for the farm, and still more unhappily, his wife was an invalid. At the end of three years, he was compelled to sell as best he could, and was able to save from the wreck of his small fortunes only $300.

The second home: There is a beautiful spot about a mile south of the village of Marion, on the road to Palmyra, now (1882) owned by Mr. Chester Sweezey, which was then in the market,- about 1830,- and which as I have been told my father

yearned for with longing eyes. He seems to have tried to persuade himself that he could buy it and pay for it, but it is easy to see that his last three years experience with an invalid wife and the almost unexampled accompaniment of "hired girls" was not encouraging. This was a dream. The reality was different. He struck into the woods and bought fifty acres of uncleared forest, five miles from the village, three from my grandfather's, and one from the nearest neighbor's. Here I was born. See description, above on p.1.

The first years of my father and mother in this pioneer home must have been very hard. Their only team was a pair of oxen, their only vehicle an ox sled- summer and winter alike- their only road a winding path through the woods. The farm such as it was was not wholy paid for, and $100 were borrowed of my grandfather to make the last payment. The debt ran until it amounted to $140 and was finally paid by my mother after my father's death.

When my memories begin there were three children of us, two sisters older than myself. Three had died in infancy, ~~nam~~ named Charles, Harriet, and Samuel. Julia still living (Aug. 11,1883), was born Jan. 26,1828, nine years older than myself, and Mary born Feb. 26,1832; died May 4,1858. Mary, nearer my own age, was a kind of play-fellow and, later, a school-fellow. When in 1853, we moved to Palmyra, N.Y.. for me to attend school Mary at the age of 22 entered school with me and hoped to prepare to pursue a course at Antioch College, if

not the same as mine, at least at the same time. She had great ambition and enthusiasm, but delicate health and at the end of a little more than a year quite broke down. She lived for three years after, but never was well again. (Antioch) The year after her death, I went to Antioch alone. Julia was my little faithful nurse,- a kind of sister-mother. I called her "my Ju-Ann" (Julia Anne). Very distinctly do I remember sitting in her lap while she fed me my milk and hasty-pudding- my staple diet. I remember trotting at her heels as she went, and later as she and Mary went, to milk the cows and, in their season, to pick berries, and then to school.

It was to Julia that in my boyhood I seemed to owe pretty much everything except being born. She bought me the first history- Robbins', ancient and modern- I ever read, and it had a great deal to do with giving me a taste for reading. She paid my tuition at a singing school- money thrown away to be sure- when she had to earn the money by a fortnight or more of hard, steady work with her needle in the shop of a dress-maker and, more than all, she was a constant and steady stimulus to me in intellectual endeavor. I have perhaps paid it back to her and to her children, but do what I will or can, I continue to feel in debt to her.

Now at the age of fifty-five, poor thing, she looks haggard and worn, but I remember her at seventeen, with her clear complexion and rosy cheeks,- a little too rosy perhaps

Note to p. 29.

I have little left of her to show my sister Mary's quality, She was a brunette, with very black eyes and hair, had a very bright mind, was studying French and Rhetoric with eagerness and delight, had a very warm heart and was as conscentious as a Puritan maiden.

She wrote the following lines in a moment of evident anxiety for my soul:

Rouse! brother, rouse! thyself awake,
From this dire, inactive state,
Before it overwhelms thee,
Or sinks thee to dread misery.
Rouse! brother rouse!

Rouse! brother rouse! thy promise keep!
No longer let thy conscience sleep;
To-day the Savior's willing voice
Is calling thee to make thy choice.
Rouse! brother rouse!

Rouse! brother rouse, while yet there's room;
List while the Savior's calling come.
His voice forever may be hushed,
Thy soul to ruin ever crushed.
Rouse! brother, rouse!

Note to p. 39, continued.

Rouse, brother, rouse! Oh cease to stand
Unconscious of the Savior's hand,
That's stretching out thy soul to save,
In realms of bliss beyond the grave.
Rouse,brother,rouse!

Rouse,brother,rouse! I plead again;
Let not thy lips again profane
The name of God or his dear Son,
If you no hazzard wish to run.
Rouse, brother, rouse!

Rouse, brother, rouse! for Jesus' sake;
Oh, unregenerate soul forsake
The paths of sin you long have tread
And turn to Christ the "living head".
Rouse, brother, rouse!

In third line from the end, there is a mark over ea in tread as if something were not quite satisfactory, but the idea was all right according to the theology in which we were both instructed.

With note L. F. 29.

Mary J. Beach

"Rouse! Brother, Rouse!

Rouse! brother, rouse! thyself awake,
From this dire inactive state,
Before it overwhelms thee,
Or sinks thee to dread misery.
Rouse! brother, rouse!

Rouse! brother, rouse! thy promise keep,
No longer let thy conscience sleep
Today the Saviors willing voice,
Is calling thee to make thy choice,
Rouse! brother, rouse!

Rouse! brother, rouse while yet there's room
List while the Saviors calling come,
His voice forever may be hushed
Thy soul to ruin ever crushed
Rouse! brother, rouse!

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for health- when she came very near to beauty. She certainly proved a dangerous attraction to a certain young school-teacher of that period with whom she contracted an engagement which for circumstances which neither she nor perhaps he could control, was broken off, and led to her first great tragedy. The story is long and need not be told here. Both my sisters had tragedies of this sort,- broken hearts.

It must have been about 1847 that Julia took one term at the Marion Academy, her only schooling out of a log schoolhouse. I remember her enthusiasm for Longfellow, whom she then probably first heard of. It prepared her to welcome Hiawatha when it appeared in 1855, and to inspire me to read it with her enthusiasm. With this term's instruction, she taught school the next summer, and, always with success, she continued to teach each succeeding summer for at least eight years,- with possibly one or two exceptions. In 1849 or 1850, a young man by the name of Boise had been engaged for the winter at the "Wallace School" in Sodus where as children we had all attended. He proved a failure in point of government, and the big boys turned him out. Julia was engaged to finish the school-term, which she did to the satisfaction of parents and pupils alike. I was a pupil in the school of the age of twelve or thirteen, not the best boy in the world I fear, but I remember we had a well ordered school.

Memories.

My earliest distinct memory is of the Harrison and Tyler campaign. I remember the "Tipecanoe and Tyler too", but whether it was merely an echo of the great campaign I cannot say. The inauguration of Harrison took place in 1840 when I was in my third year.

Perhaps my next memory is of my mother taking me with her when she was accustomed to go by herself, and reading from the New Testament, when we would both kneel together while she prayed.

Possibly my next memory is a whipping from my father,— the only one he ever gave me. Mother had purchased some pewter spoons, very bright they were and nice. She had doubtless knit socks for them- a steady home industry with her and my sisters. There was an ingenious boy in school who knew how to run "cannon" out of lead. But he must have the lead, or pewter. There were those new spoons. I took them of course. But they must be broken to avoid suspicion. So I broke them and then traded them for a "cannon", for which I had no powder, as I had no earthly use. The other boy went home and proceeded to melt them up at the kitchen stove, when the newness attracted the attention of his parents who inquired into the matter. "Where did he get them?" "Of Seth Beach". They took

the trouble to inform my parents about it. I.was put to the rack. Father asked me to explain. I knew nothing and stuck to it that I knew nothing. But the case was too plain. The spoons were missing and the story came direct. If I had confessed I should beyond doubt have been let off, but I had chosen to lie. My father took me with him down the road, beyond a hill, at the side of a piece of wood, as solitary as a place of prayer, half a mile or more from the house, cut a small branch from a tree and administered the sacrament. I do not remember a word that he said, but I remember everything else as if it were yesterday. He did not hurt me a particle; evidently I got off with the least that was possible, and undoubtedly he suffered vastly more than I.

I have in my head a swarm of memories belonging to the period before the death of my father which occurred when I was ~~eight~~ nine years old.

Youth,- 8 to 15.

(Dated,Augusta, Maine,Oct.11,1883. We are here,wife and child,at Mrs.Judl's,spending October in beautiful drives and the like).

My father died (see p. 4) Nov.20, 1846, with typhoid fever. Both mother and I had typhoid fever after him, of which I remember very little except a comfortable convalescence. The following spring mother made an auction of farming stock

and tools, "let" the farm and moved to her father's, where we lived three years with much privation and harship. Grandfather seemed to be afraid he should soften his heart and be too indulgent and kind to any of us. We paid for everything we had and did not get paid for much of anything we did, and mother did her own work and his,- two families in one house, going up a flight of stairs to do his, her room being a "cellar kitchen". Meanwhile mother had paid off all outstanding debts and saved something, $300 I believe, to build a house. That paid for the carpenter's and mason's work. The lumber she had got together by letting timber trees be cut "on shares". It must have been in 1849 that we returned, bag and baggage, into mother's new house. I was twelve years old, not old enough to work the farm which still had to be "let" except the orchard, which gave us fruit to use and to dry for the market, that being the only way then to market it. I had two cows to milk and a horse to take care of, went toschool when there was school, and played at work when I did not go to school. It was much more to my taste to read a newspaper when I could get hold of one, than to pull weeds, pick stones, or hoe corn, especially alone.

The "Christian Messenger," printed at Albany, was my weekly resource. My sister Julia, who taught school summers, bought me Robbin's ~~(Rolland's)~~ Ancient and Modern History, one vol. 8vo., out of which I got most of the history I know. I also had a small volume of Locke on the Conduct of the

Understanding, with Bacon's Essays, which I fear I may be said to have stolen from the School Library in the "Simmon's" District. It probably was not felt as a loss to the Library and why it should have attracted me at that age I cannot say but I read it and read it, Locke especially, until I could tell next time where I left off last. Since then ordinary metaphysics has been easy reading. It gave me a mastery of the dialect of philosophy which has been of great service. I could read my Logic and Mental Science in College with more ease and understanding than any of my classmates, all due as I suppose to my persistent reading of Locke's minor essay when a boy.

After three years on the farm, when I was ~~fifteen~~ sixteen, in 1853, it began to seem hopeless to make a farmer of me, and the circumstances were not favorable surely, besides that my tastes were already turned another way. I had an ambition to be an orator like the orators whose speeches I had been accustomed to declaim. Listening senates seem to have been my dream. Whether I thought of studying law at that time is doubtful, but it came to that afterward, and that was of course the natural path. I said I should get an education when I became of age and was my own man, and my mother wisely concluded that, if it were coming to that, I might as well begin. To this view my sisters advised and mother made another auction, selling off the few things she had gathered, and moved to Palmyra to put me at school.


RA, N. Y.

I fear I have never appreciated the disappointment it must have been to my mother to give up her home, the house she had built, and the dream she had cherished to live and die on the farm. I have often heard her say it had been her dream to pay off the claims of my sisters and leave the farm to me.

Palmyra- 1853-4.

At Palmyra I began the study of Algebra, Latin, and Greek. (The Palmyra "Union School", i.e. village public school.) My most distinct remembrance is that in Latin I began with an advanced class and that the boys gave me a very unwelcome reception into the class, and that it was not long before I fairly held my own with them. But it was a misfortune to begin in an advanced class, as I had to run hastily over the rudiments and never got them fixed so they would stay. With Greek it was different. It is mostly forgotten now but I knew something of it and liked the study. Here I took my first lessons in English Composition which I remember about as distinctly as the first steps in learning to walk. This not very eventful period lasted two years. I remember only that it was said another year ("six months" says a statement in my "journal" for 1857) would fit me for college, and that I had improved faster than any other pupil in the school. (that)

It was five years before circumstances would permit me to go to college. Two causes hindered. My sister Mary, who had been with me at school, was taken ill with a disease- Consumption of the bowels it was said,- which prostrated her

Note to p.35.

I have found a note book in which are copied twenty-nine school compositions written at Palmyra. The first is minus a page; the second is dated Nov. 2, 1853, when my age was sixteen; and the last, Jan. 28, 1855. It appears from the dates that compositions were required once in two weeks. The subjects of the first six are: Our Country, Columbus, Power of Conscience, Mental Culture, American Progress, Refinement in the East. Among other surprises there are several attepts at poetry, which are "as good as a play". A poem of twenty stanzas, was written in 1854, is entitled The Dark Ages, and begins thus:

Europe, sweet birth-place of the arts,
The far-famed site of learning's marts,
The home of statesmen, heroes, dead,
Where conquerors on the heroes led
To victory or death!

Then comes papal Rome and the very bad Catholic Church, and after them, Martin Luther, with whom the poem ends:

He like a guardian angel comes
To lead the wanderers to their homes,-
To draw men from their erring ways,
And teach them to bestow their praise
On Deity alone.

Note to p.35, continued.

The following, of the same year, 1854, has originality as witness, "flowery pinions":

The Road to Eminence.

Man ne'er to eminence was borne
On flowery pinions tinged with ease,
Without one effort of his own
To reach the bright and shining leas.

He never plucks the tinted rose
Except the shrub the thorn reveals;
'Tis but mere fancy to suppose
Without the woes to grasp the weal.

The pinnacle if ever reached,
Must be with persevering toil;
From 'neath the mould the gold is fetched,
Far, far below the mellow soil.

Then let us ever onward move
In a sure pathway to the height,
And harbor not a thought to rove
From this great origin of light.

for five years and finally ended her life. The doctor was more expensive than the school-master and besides it is probable the family resources were nearly spent. I came very near apprenticing myself to the printer's trade. I probably should if the printer with whom I was negotiating, had not presented the conditions of the "printer's devil" in too uninviting a form. I had not quite the nerve required and escaped that destiny to be reserved for another fate.

Marion- 1855-6.

In the spring of 1855, my mother returned to Marion renting an unoccupied house about two miles east of the village. She soon bought a house in the same neighborhood, and soon after when my sister Julia married, sold and moved into part of Julia's house. During this period I went to school and worked out on the neighboring farms by turns. I read six books of the Aeneid and two of the Anabasis, studied Algebra, Geometry, Physiology, Zoology, and wrote compositions for myself and other boys as well. In English, I read some of the "standard poets": Pollock's Course of Time, Cowper's Task, Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, Percival, and Willis. Young's Night Thoughts and Milton's Paradise Lost I remember taking from the Library in Palmyra, bound in one volume.

I also tried my hand at poetry in the heroic measure, (vol. I) the ill-success of which, I judge, was the means of introduc-

Note to p. 36.

A manuscript book of "literary remains", written while I was a pupil at Marion "Collegiate Institute", in 1856-7, opens with what evidently was intended to be a humorous poem of 124 lines about the school, and culminates, not quite at the end but near it, with a poem of 166 lines upon Inspiration. Between these two achievements, there are a dozen metrical pieces of more or less merit, some of which, like an "Elegy on the lamented Mother Goose", and "The disappointed Lover", are not perhaps so funny as ~~some~~ others intended to be serious.

There is an elegiac poem on the death of O.B.Osborn M.D who, as I recall, left many friends in Marion. The last stanza is as follows:

Now o'er his silent grave
An emblem pure is spread,
A carpet of snow o'er his quiet tomb,
To cover the mouldering dead;
But his spirit lies not in the earth;
It has flown to the arms of his Lord,-
The house of the blest in heaven,-
The God whom he adored.

This follows three stanzas of equal demerit. There is next a

2d, continuing Note to p.36.

patriotic poem: "The eagle of Freedom". The bird, it appears, began her evolutions in Greece,- "In realms of endless spring",- then hovered over Rome for a season, and finally, piloted the Pilgrim Fathers to these shores, where she will find her eternal resting-place, as will be seen by the last stanza:

There let her dwell in endless peace,
The emblem of the free;
Expelled from plains of Rome and Greece,
And chased o'er land and sea.

There are several precious Album "mottoes", which I have no doubt have already begun to descend, as treasured heir-looms to the children of my feminine school friends. Here is one of them:

When the silence of evening
Gathers round with its gloom,
And the dim mists of twilight
Rise like shades from the tomb,-
When the mute charms of nature
From life's toils disengage,
To muse on past pleasures
Stamped on memory's page,

3d, continuing Note to p.36.

Let these sweet gems of friendship
Their bright influence lend
To rouse in thy memory
Sweet thoughts of a friend.

Here is a "sentiment", written in a "hair-book" of one of my girl pupils. A hair-book was a kind of album in which was a lock of your hair, made into a circle, tied with a white ribbon, and the whole thing attached to the page by sealing-wax or a wafer, under which you wrote your "sentiment":

While memory lenient shall be,
Keep this in memory of me;
But when she look with critic eye,
Wait not to clip the silken tie.

The following trifle was written to Miss M.W. (I wish I had written her name in full), in acknowledgment of the gift of a neck-tie:

Old time, oft erring necks
Received the stern official's axe,
But now, more mild the seasons growing
And none are reaping meet for sowing,-
That now those necks most worthy of a hanging,
Did justice only have a hand in planning,
Are passed to gentler hands to try

5th,continuing Note to p.36.

That whispers through the trees.

'Tis in the heats of summer
When Ceres brings her train;
'Tis in the world of science,-
Perhaps the world of gain.

'Tis in the frosts of autumn
That gild the rising dawn,-
That haste the coming harvest,
And bid the flowers be gone.

Where then's the world of beauty?
'Tis in the viewless air;
'Tis found in Nature's sanctum,-
'Tis present everywhere.

Life's Similes.

Life is but a single foot-step
That divides eternity;
But a brief and narrow portal
To the realms beyond the sky.

6th, continuing Note to p. 36.

Life is like the fleeting seasons,
With their budding,blooming spring,
With their chilling frosts of autumn,
That the fruitful harvests bring.

Life is like the hidden diamond,
That the hand of art can grace,
Or the ruder hand profaning,
E'en its choicest charms deface.

Life is like the dreary ocean,
Life is like the desert waste:—
Here and there a few oases,
Where the weary voyagers rest.

Oft the dismal night clouds gather;
Oft they thicken in the sky,
And the shadows of misfortune
Fill the azure vault on high.

ing me to Tennyson as a precocious classmate- Conway Young, whose sister had been at Boarding-School and learned Tennyson,- lent me a volume of his poems, saying that if I were going to write Poetry he wanted to improve my taste. I eagerly accepted the loan of the book and, before I returned it, had committed to memory Locksley Hall, The Farewell, and some other poems.

Conway Young,- now Rev.,- went to Hamilton College in 1856, graduated with honors, took a prize in oratory, studied law, left law for theology, made a failure of the ministry, and retired to a farm. His brother, Thomas, graduated with him and retired directly to a farm. These were my classmates in Marion ~~from~~ in 1855 ~~to~~ and 1856. Another was James S. Galloway, a lawyer of Hillsdale Mich, who graduated at Antioch in 1860. When these left for College in 1856, I was quite as well prepared as they. A sick sister needing all the resources of an empty purse kept me at home.

School Teaching.

The winters of 1856-7, 1857-8, 1858-9, I taught school, the first two in Marion, the last in Alton in the town of Sodus. Alton was a little country village, famous as being the site of one of the Fourierite socialistic experiments, the ruins of the "Palanstery" being visible in 1858. Quite independent of this, the village had a certain notoriety, such as attaches to Sodom and Gomorrah. In the winter of

Of my first school teaching I have no memoranda and my recollections are vague. It was in my home district; there was a larger attendance than usual; and I received $20 a month for my services, boarding myself. My age was nineteen. Of my second experience, 1857-8, I have a daily record, including some weeks before and after, Nov. 1 to May 12. A striking feature of the said journal is its "simplified spelling." When the journal begins I am a pupil at the Marion Collegiate Institute. It appears that I was appointed, Nov.2,1857, to debate the question whether "Disunion is preferable to Union with Slavery". and that I chose the negative. My marks for that term were in Greek 95, in Latin 90, in Geometry 82, in Algebra 80.

An entry, Nov.8, is characteristic of the period: "To-night I have enjoyed the prayer meeting, and how much more intellectual is (are) such exercises and such enjoyments than the trifling and listless pleasures and amusements of the world,- how much more sensible, how much more rational,- how much more worthy and befitting true manhood". I did not know much about the pleasures and amusements of the world, and I never have known.

On Nov. 23, I began my second school, with fourteen pupils, in the "Caldwell District" at $20 a month, "boarding round". The school increased to thirty pupils which were ten more than were promised me. I have an interesting note, Dec. 8: "My hands are quite full,- even my recesses are occupied

in recitations, of which I can number more than a score." Later, I note evening sessions of two hours duration with a class of fourteen, to thresh out Proportion and Cube Root. There are some interesting experiences in "boarding round", such as passing a night with two crying babies in an adjacent room. After two weeks experience, I sum up my impressions: "My general idea of teaching classes it as the pleasantest and the unpleasantest vocation in the world". On March 5, my notes say: "I flatter myself I have earned my $20 per month". On March 12, the school closes, when it appears some tears were shed, and I say, "I shall cherish many pleasant memories of many of those scholars, for I have learned to love them by repeated lessons". On April 14, there follows what I must think a strong evidence of successful teaching. I received an invitation to meet for the evening a half dozen of my class in English Grammar: "We had a very good time in the Parsing Class at Mr. Smith's. It is quite cheering to think the scholars have not entirely forgotten their books and me with them. They have had similar gatherings among themselves before". It was not often in those days that a teacher awakened either enthusiasm or zeal over English Grammar.

This journal has a good deal of dyspepsia and headache in it, which are sufficiently accounted for by the recitations at recess, the evening sessions, and the "boarding round". Every Saturday, there is an account of the condition

of my sister, slowly dying of Consumption, but who, even when she can no longer speak, generally considers herself "better," and of my mother who, as house-keeper and nurse, is wearing herself out. My sister died on May 4. Meanwhile I am assisting at home, alternating with reading Coleridge whom I mention, and Burns whom I quote freely. I am also applying right and left to farmers to engage myself at current wages, $12 per month, but very few apparently were hiring help that season, owing to the "hard times". The journal closes May 12, leaving me in the air, and I do not remember how I passed the summer. There was however nothing for me but to knock about among farmers and get together money enough for my clothes. Light dawned in the fall, when I engaged to teach school in Alton, sixteen miles distant, whither I went with mother to "keep house" in a second floor tenement. (Note)

Alton was a little country village, famous as being the site of one of the Fourierite Socialistic experiments, the ruins of the "Phalansery" being visible in 1858. Quite independent of this, the village had a certain notoriety, such as attaches to Sodom and Gomorrah. In the winter of

Note to p. 40.

The following "To sister Mary", was written in June,1858:

O thou art gone forever,
Never more to smile
Upon us like the sunshine
When lurking storms beguile.

O thou art gone forever
Never more to greet
With those sweet,silent kisses,
Inaudibly sweet.

O thou art gone forever,
Never more are seen
Those eyes of beaming patience,
Calm midst thy sufferings keen.

Yes, thou art gone forever,
Yet forever thou art here;
For though thou art forever gone,
In spirit,thou'lt be near.

Gentle readers will please take the will for the deed.

1856-7, a teacher had been turned out by the rough boys many of whom followed the Eri Canal in summer and persecuted the school-teacher in winter. I was at a Teachers' Institute at Sodus, and the Trustee of the school visited the Institute in pursuit of a teacher. I was recommended and engaged,- at I believe $40 per month, for three months. A few days after the beginning of the school, some of the larger boys began to try to have their own way as usual. I sent one, who had gone to another desk, back to his seat. He refused to go. I dropped the book in my hand on the desk before me and repeated my order. The scene is very vivid before me now. He started. I had no more trouble with the school, but the young gentleman in question and indeed half the school withdrew and an opposition school was started. My trustee stood by me however and I kept my school till spring to the satisfaction of the trustee at least, who gave me a fine testimonial and permitted me to name my successor.

The next topics in my "Autobiographical Notes" narrate at length my experiences with Dyspepsia, Tobacco, Religion, and Phrenology. I was a great dyspeptic in 1858-9; I laid all the blame upon tobacco which I had used freely; as a cure, I broke myself of the tobacco habit and all other habits, bad and good, became an extreme "Grahamite", eating coarse grains and having acid stomach in consequence, "experienced religion" in a great "revival", and was very ascetic and puritanical, ~~and~~

Of all this, the part not likely to be repeated in future generations may be the religious experience. During the winter of 1856- 7, there was in Marion at the Baptist Church, a series of meetings held every evening or afternoon, running through a period of three months, very properly called a "protracted meeting", and as religion was meant, less properly called a "revival". Very little that deserved to be called religion was either generated or revived.

I was early brought under the influence of these meetings. Teams were sent into , or drawn from, all the out-lying neighborhoods, and everybody was invited, persuaded, and almost compelled to attend. It came at a time when, for various reasons, I was easily drawn in. I had become anxious about my health and, with that, about my soul. I had begun to take the regulation of my life in hand and was feeding myself upon Pollock's "Course of Time" and Young's "Night Thoughts". I had had some youthful escapades which had shown me that I needed some regulator and was ready to be persuaded that what, in those meetings, they called "religion" would supply that want, and was the thing to have. With this preparation of heart, more than ready to be "converted", I attended the meetings.

It was not my first experience in religious revivals. Four or five years before when a boy of twelve or thirteen, I had attended a series of similar meetings, held in a school house and conducted by a minister whom my mother called "Bro-

ther Galloway", and whom I, when I could hardly talk, called "Brother Galloway" also, to the great amusement of my elders. This man was a famous singer in those days, and had the rare gift of talking and weeping all together, which made his exercises very effective, especially upon the more susceptible of his audience. I was one of them. He easily brought me to my knees and made me feel for the time as if I were lost or saved, or both together. When I passed from his influence to the open air, the experience vanished. I felt like my natural self, and it seemed as if I had been playing the hypocrite. I would go to the barn, before entering the house, though often near midnight, and on my knees try to recover the feeling I had experienced in the meeting, but the charm had been broken and the experience would not come back. It seemed as if my voice and the darkness were all all there were on the scene, and no God was anywhere to be seen or felt.

It so happened that my first attendance upon the meetings in 1856- 7, was one Saturday afternoon when I had no school to teach. It was a leisure day with all schools and the attendance was large. I sat at the left of the pulpit only one or two seats away. I gave the gospel a fair chance, but never was I less moved by a sermon that did not actually put me asleep. The text I have forgotten, but the subject was "Puseyism". The "Puseyites" took it severely. Why, I did not then know and have never been able to imagine. There was not an Episcopal church within six miles, and there were prob-

ably not half a dozen persons in the house who ever had heard Dr. Pusey's name till that moment.

At the end of the sermon, a hymn was sung, during which a call was made for those to come forward who wanted prayers. I was looking about with the rest to see who the "inquirers" or "anxious", or "candidates" might be. At that moment the old evangelist, "Brother Galloway", with whom I had had experience as a boy, who sat or then stood in the tier of seats behind me, and whom I do not remember to have observed before, threw his arms around me and began to sob. I was shattered in a moment. All the old magic, he had been wont to exercise over me, returned. A crowd gathered about us and we were becoming the centre of interest for the entire congrgation. I had just will of my own sufficient to disengage myself and go out through the crowd of affected, sobbing spectators. Once in the open air, the spell was broken and I felt like myself again.

After this beginning, I attended the meetings with a good deal of regularity and tried to profit by them. I was prayed for often, sometimes separately, till near midnight. I tried hard to give myself away, but I could neither feel as I supposed I ought to feel about my sins, nor experience the sense of a "change" which I was taught to expect. I was at last told that my trouble was, that I was thinking too much about myself and that I ought to try to "save" others, in the

effort to do which, I would come to my own "experience". There was good sense in this doctrine, if only one's efforts were intelligently directed. Acting upon this suggestion, I became quite an efficient worker and brought to the "anxious seat", some half dozen hitherto incorrigible persons who, most of them, found "peace", while I remained still at sea.

I had gone so far as to take life very seriously, and at a meeting where those who had been "converted" were called upon to rise, not being able to range myself with these, I later said I thought it one's duty to serve God, without whom we have nothing and are nothing. I had not sat down before the revivalist was on his feet to say "he would not have brother Beach, or any one else, deceive himself: nobody ever served God from a sense of duty". Notwithstanding this discouragement I continued to attend prayer-meetings, in which I spoke and prayed, and I read religious books in which replies to infidels preponderated,- Watson on Gibbon, Gibson on Atheism, someone against Volney, I remember. I remember also I thought the infidels had the best of it. Hitchcock's Religion of Geology I read with interest and enjoyment.

It was at this time that I carried the abstemiousness begun in obedience to the demands of a dyspeptic stomach into things having no relation to the stomach, until I became a thorough ascetic and puritan with whom making a call or writing a letter on Sunday were things to avoid, if not exactly things forbidden.

It was also the time when my interest was centred, once for all, in theological and religious themes, when I was always ready for a discussion, when my opinions took shape so that a classmate in Union College said of me that I "had the clearest ideas upon religious matters of anyone he had ever known who was not a Christian", and when I received a bias which finally carried me into the pulpit.

To this period of "storm and stress", as the Germans say,


Antioch Notes

the end came, or at least the turn, when in the summer of 1859, I attended the State Teachers' Association at Poughkeepsie with Prof. Clark, my late instructor, smoked a cigar with him and drank a glass of beer on Capitol Hill, Albany, and, by reaction, threw off my asceticism and most of my dyspepsia together. At Pougkeepsie, I heard Susan B. Anthony and became wild over her. I went to New York city with my friends, my purpose being to have my head examined by the phrenologists, Fowler and Wells, to "see if I was worth educating" but I allowed myself to be laughed out of the enterprise by my friends. I then visited West Point, N.Y. and New Ashford, Mass. and returned home quite a different man.

Antioch College.

I owe it to my old friend and classmate, J.S. Galloway, then entering upon his Senior year, that near the end of August 1859, I decided to enter Antioch College. "If you do not go now", he said, and perhaps truly, "you will not go at all". Encouraged and stimulated by his exhortations, I made the decision, and in a week after, was on my way with him to college. A candidate more rusty than I seldom if ever presented himself for examination. I was lucky in the passages assigned me from Virgil and Xenophon. I wrote a long chapter upon Physiology and could have written a book, and I could have done more than was asked in Algebra. Still I always felt that my general maturity was allowed to count for

a good deal. However it was, I was admitted without conditions. In the spring of 1860, I returned to Marion, lost a term at college which I could never fairly make up though I could pass examinations, and in the autumn my mother went back with me and we kept house in a modest way the next two years.

The Civil War.

In April 1861, the Rebellion broke out. Yellow Springs, where the college was located, is only seventy-five miles from the Kentucky line. Rebel raids were always expected by the timid. Mother was in constant tremor of alarm. The college was being depleted by enlistments. She feared a Rebel raid and she feared that I would enlist. At last I was obliged to say that I would not enlist until the necessity was greater. So the first moment of enthusiasm passed and I did not enlist at all. This is the way it came about that I had no hand in the great war. Through it all, I quietly pursued my studies, feeling much more like a girl than like a man, with the unpleasant consciousness that after all I was not a girl, and ought to be a man.

The four books which at this period made an indelible impression upon me were Mill's Logic which I studied as a text-book in my freshman year, De Toqueville's Democracy in America, which I read in preparation for a Society essay, Bunsen's Conduct of Life.

Emerson's Conduct of Life, which made its appearance at this date and with which I made my acquaintance with Emerson, and Theodore Parker's "Discourse Concerning Matters Pertaining to Religion."

In 1862, my literary society, the Adelphian, celebrated Washington's Birthday by a public meeting in the College Chapel. I was chosen for a part and gave a poem entitled, "The Vision of the hour". It purported to be a dream in which Washington appeared with rebukes and promises. It was greatly inspired by Lowell's "The Washer's of the Shroud", and was written in the same measure. It was printed in the Union College Magazine, - after I went to Union, - Vol. III, No. 1. Nov. 1862. It consisted of forty stanzas of which this is the first:-

Who hath not in the tranced repose of night,
When free from care and toil and labored thought,
In soft communings with his spirit's light,
For truths diviner at their fountain sought,
And found a crystal drop more pure and clear
Than when brow knits and eye bedims with tear.

The poem does not deserve much praise as a poem, but it is marvellous to me now that it was as good as it was.

I do not like to dismiss Antioch College without saying that the three years which, minus two terms, I spent there were very happy in pasing and are sweet in memory. I received

Note to p. 44.

Below is the poem referred to on p. 44, as the same was printed, ~~a~~ the same year ~~later~~, in the Union College Magazine, for Nov. 1862.

idence of any poor man in commencing life with no ssion but that of the pen. That is, we fear, a hope- affair. A lesson by which some may possibly profit, ie danger of precocious celebrity—too easily as well as early achieved—inducing afterwards reluctance for or, with at the same time a sore, anxious fretfulness for high and commanding authority, which waits only on ient, strenuous ambition."

A VISION OF THE HOUR.

Who has not in the tranced repose of night,
When free from care and toil and labored thought,
In soft communings with his spirits light,
For truth's diviner, at their fountains sought,
And found a crystal drop more pure and clear,
Than when brow knits and eye bedims with tear.

'Tis only when sleep rocks to rest the sense
That drags the soul its groveling journey through,
That she with wing, emancipate, flies hence,
Builds Jacob's ladders to the heavenly view,
Then goodliest visions doth her sight regale,
And wrestles she with angels to prevail.

'Tis thus with me, for hardly worth to tell
Are all my waking thoughts, but in my hour
Of dream, I've seen and have been told right well,
The secrets of this day, its want and power;
What means this show of ruin, and what work
God means for us to do; which let none shirk.

I had been pondering till my brain was wild,
Upon these themes, too much even for the great,
And 'neath whose shadow stood I like a child,
Of how should end this problem of the state;
And what of all this thickening storm of war,
And who should bring the heaving ship to shore.

3

By J. C. Beach, Spoken at Union College, Ohio. Feb. 23. 1862.
Printed in Union College Magazine, Nov. 1862.

I watched before the silent dial-plate
If time, his cycles back or onwards wheel,
So much of empire yielded I to fate,
So little power the light of faith to feel,
In vain the nation's Sybiline leaves I turned,
This page prophetic hath the Sybil burned.

I drove my thought like wandering Io through
From land to land, from age to other age,
Until my brain reeled drunken with the view,
And mongrel scene of that fast shifting stage.
And lost to sense came where I was, or what,
Or how to know what is, from what is not.

It was as if there came to me a man,
Aged and venerable, with locks of gray
That o'er his temples in light wavelets ran
Like very silver, shining in the ray
Of the pale moon, that playing round his head,
Revealed a look that linked him with the dead.

And yet he seemed not strange, but one I'd known,
Or rather one writ of in ancient tale,
So firmly to my early fancies grown,
Were all his features that not one did fail,
Or stray, or hold an unaccustomed place
In all the generous contour of his face.

But first I marked his genial eye and kind,
And his lit forehead radiant with the trace,
Of every liberal sympathy of mind,
With broad, benevolent outline to embrace,
The scattered members of a common race,
Rent like the fragment of a broken vase.

Most like a Patriarch of the ancient days
He seemed: so much the Father did appear
In all his mien; but fixed in deep amaze
And marveling much, I checked my thought to hea
As from his lips such wondrous meaning ran,
When thus at length, with strange speech he began.

"Great themes are these, my son, ye have in hand,
What fate my children in this trial waits,—
For such are ye, the people of this land,—
Even from my loins are all these mighty states;

Then hear my words, for by them ye may know
What great intent moves in this tide's dark flow.

With watchful eye, I've marked the devious way
These stalwart sons make to their manhood prime,
Since first I left them in the childhood's day,
The steep ascent, by trial taught to climb,
For by the path experience treads we gain
The conscious strength, our foothold to maintain.

Oft has it made the father's heart to swell
With grateful joy, to trace your onward course,
With such majestic marches ye compel
All forms and things to bend beneath the force
Of God-like will, — in matter, time, or space,
Or what in earth, or air, or sea find place.

I've seen you grow to be the crowned of men,
Stirring the pulses of the world with hope,
Till nations gray in time and dark in sin,
And tyrannies untutored to the scope
Of your new life, have looked with such amaze,
As if there rose some spell before their gaze.

And I have seen the people borne to earth
And crushed by despots to the rank of slaves,
Waked by your voice to a regenerate birth,
And called to manhood from their living graves,
Anthems to him who saves, in every tongue,
I've heard in raptures by earth's millions sung.

And I have heard the angelic choir proclaim,
With harps and voices of celestial tone,
The glorious promise of your rising name,
In seraphim around the eternal throne;
Till earth and heaven harmonious numbers raise,
A common choir to celebrate your praise.

But I have seen you when ye strayed afar,
Lost in adulterous intercourse with sin,
Prostrate before Sidonia's lurid star,
Lusting Sidonia's craven gold to win;
Till kings and fiends light up with ghastly grin
That your proud steps the walks of death begin.

Note to p. 44.

Below is the poem referred to on p. 44, as the same was printed, the same ~~a year later~~, in the Union College Magazine, for

Till nations trodden 'neath the iron heel,
Whose hope ye'd borne and nourished into life,
A dark despair and consternation feel
Creeping o'er every sense, that in the strife
Ye too betrayed the feeble to the strong,
And bartered justice for the gains of wrong.

But while I wept, I trusted your strong hearts;
For well I knew the substance of their mould,
And that diviner light of God imparts
A fire that will not always be controlled;
But it shall burn until it fuse in one
Your every purpose, and the right be done.

For ye are chosen men, elect of God,
Like Israel, to keep in holiest trust
The gathered hopes of man, called from the sod
That hides the graves of empires, and the dust
Of shattered crowns and wrecks of thrones; and ye
May not, to earth and heaven base recreants be.

For ye are born to promises of power,
Such as ne'er rose on Adriatic's coast,
Or smiled o'er Albion's wave; ye stand a tower
Of undeveloped strength; a countless host
March in the retinue of coming time,
And ceaseless move to your unclouded clime.

To you, the covenant is given to stand
Chiefest among the nations of the earth,
And ne'er departs the scepter from your hand,
Till ye shall forfeit by the loss of worth
The gifts ye be no longer fit to hold,
When ye a birthright have for pottage sold.

This is the hour ye choose; the present keeps
The keys of life and death; here stand two fates;
One, points where Rome, Assyria, Egypt sleeps,
But ill conceals their shame, and loudly prates
Of glory and imperial domain,
To cheat your eyes, with their polluting stain.

But ye must keep to higher walks than these,
And take the rougher and untrodden way,
And climb by certain, if by slow degrees,
The steeps that lead to a new destiny.

Ye have your course to shape, and do not deem
It may meander like a meadow's stream.

But ye must struggle, and your day of birth
Leave but a fore gleam, but the dawn of light.
God sends his clear unmeasured truth to earth,
But men compute it by their strength of sight.
Then turn on heaven your unwavering eye,
New dispensations in its radiance lie.

Go forth! be fearless! ever keep the right,
No fate is fearful but from doing wrong,
But truth shall mail you with a Titan's might,
And justice make one as a thousand strong;
And if ye will your boundless promise fill,
Look to your own stout hearts and God! — farewell!

I had been fixed with such intense desire,
Upon the living torrent of his speech,
The meaning of his eye, now lit with fire,
That gave a thrilling emphasis to each
Slow spoken word, that not till now I saw
Whither, he my unconscious steps would draw.

But now I found me in a wondrous world,
Such as I never heard described in song,
Or saw on history's page. There lay unfurled
A most unusual scene, that did belong
To other spheres or times; — I turned to seek
Discourse of him who seemed all truth to speak.

But he was gone, the superhuman man,
And I remained alone amid a realm
Of pregnant life. Huge mountains proudly ran
Their Alpine spires to heaven, and vales of palm,
And tropic shade, a gorgeous fringe between,
Filled to desire the supernatural scene.

There was a murmur as of running streams,
The play of breezes in the branching trees,
The song of birds, all harmony that seems
In nature or in fancy formed to please,
And high above in an aeriel play,
Gay mountain mists in sun-lit glory lay.

Note to p. 44.

Below is the poem referred to on p. 44, as the same was printed, the same ~~a~~ year ~~later~~, in the Union College Magazine, for

Fountains and rocks and each material form,
Seemed here infused with a mysterious sense,
The genial earth seemed animate and warm
With life, and something like intelligence
Smiled in my path, responsive to the tread,
And joy unknown upon my spirit shed.

The mountains spread asunder, and the plain
Stretched out between an over-burdened field
Of pasturage and meadow, fruit and grain,
And still beyond the opening view revealed
A populous town along a river's side,
Where myriad sails did at their anchor ride.

A sense of wild amazement 'gan to creep
Over my brain. "To what strange world, or why
Or how, was I transported, and what deep
Intent could clothed in such adventure lie?"
At length I saw approach me in the way,
A wand'rer in these perfumed fields astray.

"Hail, stranger!" cried I, with impatient air,
"What land is this, in which ye dwell, and what
Has laid this charm which all its features wear?
Is it in Paradise ye've cast your lot?"
"Have ye not heard, — *it is the 'Land of Peace!'*
Ye call it charm, it is the sword's surcease."

"And yonder town, that doth so proudly rise?"
"There peaceful arts by skillful hands are plied,
There trade hangs out her wares, there commerce flies
Her sail, there love of science and of God abide."
"And is this land" I asked "an ample home
For all who in the world of strife now roam?"

"Untrodden areas of hill and plain,
Forest and field, in unplucked fruitage lie,
Inviting to unlimited domain!"
"How can my brothers to this refuge fly?"
"That is the way ye take if ye would know,"
He spake, and pointed whither I should go.

I went, and found the way beset with foes,
Ambush and treachery and basest wiles,
The serpent's hiss, the dire repose
Of foul miasmas in the dark defiles,

Disease and death clothed in incarnate forms,
And troops of crimes, led by the fiend of storms.

The road was paved and horrible with slain;
Bodies and souls in one vast ruin lay,
And here and there rank vegetation seen,
Like landmarks set along the desperate way,
Show sacred spots, where Liberty has shed
Tears rich with blood, over her holy dead.

Of such, my brothers, is our Promised Land,
The Canaan of the ancient Covenants!
And such the banded foes ye must withstand!
The battle is the watchman's vigilance!
The horoscopes unbounded promise show,
Then come, my brothers, thither let us go.

Continuing Note to p. 44.

"A Vision of the Hour":

When the poem was finished, I carried it to a fellow-member of the Adelphian Society, M.H Doolittle. He was a man of perhaps thirty five, had been Professor of Rhetoric in a New Jersey Normal School, entered Senior at Antioch, and afterward, served many years in the Nautical Almanac office in Cambridge. He was awfully hard-headed. I know I was pleased with my poem, and doubtless expected some praise from him. But, sad to say, after I had read it to him, he took the manuscript and went through it line by line and criticised every one of them without mercy. At the end of five minutes I was in a drenching perspiration, a fact which seemed to sharpen his critical vision. The worst of it was that I could see that many of his points were well-taken. When he had finished scarifying me, he poured oil into my wounds as follows: "It is not perfect, but probably as good as the average occasional poem. If James Russell Lowell had written it, it probably would not have injured his reputation,- and it would not have added to it." That quite made me whole again.

More amusing to others than to myself was the fact that when the printed programs arrived, the printers had announced my poem as "A Vision of the Horn". Correction had to be made with a pen.

21, continuing Note to p. 44.

under date of Feb. 6, 1860. There is statement that I had been ~~requesting to a note written at the time~~, "~~The Vision of~~ invited to give an "oration" on Washington's birthday, i.e. for Literary Society, ~~the Hour" was created in nineteen days of a busy term. It was~~ Feb. 21, ~~I presented~~ a statement that the "oration" is finished. ~~in my junior year.~~ ~~Prof. [illegible] Commencement to the Antioch~~ only mention of the kind I remember, was the "poem" above, and I find ~~date - [illegible]~~ - These references must be to that. But apparently there was an "oration" and a "poem".

Other Antioch poems.

The following was written from Marion to a feminine~~x~~ classmate, who filled more of my dreams, perhaps, than any other "flame" during my three years at Antioch. The last thing I did, before leaving Yellow Springs for Marion in 1860, was to drive eighteen miles to call for an hour upon her, where she was teaching a summer school. The drive, it may be conjectured was with Miss Theresa Byington, another classmate. The poem was writeen in my Freshman year and is dated May 1,1860. The name of the lady was J.(Julia?) May Church.

'Tis the glorious birthday of May
And the sun with his sheet of gold
Is ushering in the day,
Wrapped in many a glittering fold.

Young Spring has paid tribute,alas!
In the March and April days,
For Winter seized many a pass
Where the king had marched by with his rays.

With his forces of snow-flake and frost,
He disputed the throne of the Spring;
~~But his April There~~

31, continuing Note to p. 44.

But his April Thermopylae's lost
And he's ceased his chill war-song to sing.

And the king of the golden year,
Whose cheek in the Autumn paled,
And we mourned him with many a tear
As the strength of his manhood failed;-

He has come with a glow on his face,
With his courtiers in front and in rear,
And he wields with chivalric grace
His weapons of lance and of spear.

For he's dipped in the waters of youth,
He has drunk Arethusa's fount,
He is rejuvinated, forsooth!
As he rides the empyrean mount.

And he brings a fresh bridal train,
This old man, with youth in his eye,
And a coronal wreath for his queen,
A wreath of bright flowers for May.

And his marital pledge is a ring
About earth, of gold and of green,
And the carol the gay warblers sing
Is a chant for his merry May Queen.

4th, continuing Note to p. 44.

But this sun-lit May so sleek,
So beautiful, gorgeous and bright,
With roses of red on her cheek,
On her bosom, roses of white,
Will breathe many a chilling breath,
And frown many a cruel frown,-
Will mingle the bloom with death,
When she,s fickle and freakish grown.

But my memory tells of a May
That reigned queen of a winter's night,
Whose vermillion blush could vie
With the Borealis' light.

A perennial May is this,
Like two beautiful stars are her eyes;
In my faith, they're the bright stars of bliss,
And I'll trust their astrologies.

And I'll gaze in diviner mood,
For they're set in a nearer heaven,
Beaming influence down of good,
In the light of the Father given.

5th, continuing Note to p.44.

Miss Church married a physician, Dr. Dakin, lived in Iowa, has a son in medicine, and is now (1907) travelling in Europe with a daughter. I have always kept up an intermittant correspondence with her. She has abundant reason to be grateful that my admiration for her led to no more serious consequences than a poem.

With the last ought to go a Valentine addressed to "Miss B". Date, Feb. 14, 1861. I very well remember writing the jingle to Miss Church, but had quite forgotten the existence of the Valentine. Quite well however I recognize the bright creature to whom the lines were written, and there was a lot of truth spoken to her under the special privileges of a Valentine. Miss B. stands for Fanny Bellows, from Walpole N.H. Her father was Judge Bellows of N.H., and a cousin of Rev. Henry W. Bellows of N.Y. city. She was younger than most of us, probably about sixteen, petite, wore her hair short and flying at its pleasure, and she was as frank, simple, and natural as a kitten,- and as full of surprises. I remember her as she came out of a recitation in Algebra, where she had gone to pieces in a demonstration. When the door of the lecture-room was behind her, she flung her slate across the hall and did not stop to gather up the fragments. ---- She married a lawyer of fine promise and, I suppose of good family but, unhappily, the chief distinction he achieved, as I have been

informed, was that he could drink more than most of his legal brethren, and could not stand up under it better. I saw her twenty years later, when she looked as if she had been through the wars of two centuries, the lively, sparkling, frolicsome Fanny Bellows.

The Valentine quoted four lines from Tennyson's Locksley Hall, "Cursed be the social wants, &c", and proceeded:

SANBORN.--Frances Bellows Sanborn, daughter of Judge Henry A. Bellows, and wife of Charles P. Sanborn, born in Littleton, N. H., Nov. 10, 1841; died Jan. 30, 1917.

Oh, that I dared my heart reveal
And tell thee all the love I bear!
Oh, that I could before thee kneel
And pour the out my passionate prayer!

I love thee for thy own true worth,-
An open, free, and guileless way,-
A woman's heart, a girl's light mirth,-
A deep sky lit by summer's ray.

I love thee that thy lips are true
To dictates from an earnest soul:
Untainted by the world's false show,
Unsubject to its base control.

'Tis not that fortune makes thy bed,
Or spreads a carpet 'neath thy feet;
That comfort pillows soft thy head,

9th, continuing Note to p. 44.

And scarcely less
His lauriate meed
Who wears the muses' crown to-day,
And scarcely less his power to lead
The captive heart that turns to read
The numbers of his matchless lay:
Scarce less omnipotent his sway.

We love the spell
Of the chisel's touch,
Creative in the hand of Art;
We love great Angelo's wizard key,
Setting the marble-prisoned free;
From shapeless stone and pulseless heart
Bidding new life to being start.

Glory of Greece!
Italia's pride !
Whom yet embodied gods adorn,
Where in each wonted grace they stand,
Immortal guardians of the land,-
Each hero-king and son Jove-born,
In dusky time's bright, golden morn.

10th, continuing Note to p. 44.

We love the sway
Of Apelles'wand,
Waking the vacant canvass scroll
To catch the flame of Beauty's eye,
A landscape's grace, an evening sky,-
By tiny sketch or wondrous whole,
Stirring the fibre of the soul.

O wondrous power,
Delusive charm!
That swells a surface full with life,
Each feature stern, or look more sweet
Revealing in delightful cheat,
Pointing what morbid moods are rife,
Or loves or hates, in passion's strife.

Organs of Art,
Of genius, slaves,-
The pencil, chisel, and the lyre!
And Art herself is Nature's child,
And Genius self, divorced, is wild;
Impure the shrine, impure the fire,
Till Nature's perfect forms inspire.

11th, continuing Note to p. 44.

False to the types
Of Nature's hand,
If less,- imperfect, base, and maimed;
If more, by grace unchastened warmed,-
Art sinks by rising, worse deformed;
Nature unlearned, dull art is shamed,
Or oft, by want of lights inflamed.

She sinks too low,
On vulgar wing,
That follows with unstudious eye,
Unheeding the symmetric grace
Which Nature's finished outlines trace,-
Too far beneath the star-set sky
To catch the heavenly harmony.

Too far she dares,
Presumptuous Art!
That seeks beyond to fix her seal,
Unmindful that her hand untaught
Naught but distorted forms hath wrought,-
Unmindful the divine Ideal
God's hand hath set upon the Real.

12th, continuing Note to p. 44.

See Nature mid ~~her~~
Her peerless forms,-
The beautiful, the gay, the grand,
Valley and hill outstretching wide,
And field and mead in verdurous pride,-
Old ocean with his wave-worn strand,
Crag-cut and fashioned by her hand.
~~Crag-cut and fashioned by her hand.~~

This plain to reach,
Art strives in vain,
In painting, soulpture, or in song,
For who can paint the sun in heaven,
Or hath a soul to marble given;
Or who, in accents clear and strong,
Hath sung what depths to life belong.

The great man's thought,
The good man's deed!
O who can match this epic strain,
That binds the broken hearts that bleed,
Meets nakedness and hunger's need,-
That soothes the stricken, care-worn brain,
And heals humanity its pain.

13th, continuing Note to p. 44.

Genius is kin
To God,- a child!
Strong if its weakness first it know.
Nature outspreads an open page,
And Genius' place is pupilage;
Or, at the founts of life knelt low,
Deep drinking of its vital flow.

14th, continuing Note to p. 44.

I have found an old journal of the Antioch period, irregularly kept, from Sept. 10, 1859, to Aug. 22, 1861. There are not many events recorded, I regret to say, but some interesting cash accounts, from wich it appears that my first College year at Antioch, including two terms at college, one term in Marion, out of college, fares to and from Yellow Springs, Ohio ($13,43 each), and summer expenses in Marion, were $240. There is a curious entry of "Board $60". That was in a private family, for two terms of, prsumably, twelve weeks each, which would make the board $2,50 per week. This was immeliately before the Civil War, and represents ante-bellum prices. I certainly expectel to do a vast amount of study during the summer of 1860, when I was absent from college, but I fear I did not. I have an account of a drive of forty miles from Marion to Naples, N.Y, at the head of Canandaigua Lake, and remeniscences of trips, the year before, to Dansville, Corning, and Elmira, N.Y., and to New York city, the Hudson River, and New Ashford, Mass.

I returned to college in September, and the first entry is Dec. 2. 1860, at the end of the Fall term of my Sophomore year. I had, it appears, made up a term's work in French: Fasquelle's Grammar at the rate of three lessons a day, and Mme. de Stael's l'Allimagne at the rate of five and six pages a day, "before I could tell a participle frm a verb in the third

15th, continuing Note to p. 44.

person plural". In the French of the previous term, my mark was 8 plus, and 9, maximum being 10; in the French of the term, mark 8.5. Besides French, the work of the term consisted of Horace and Analytical Geometry. Little is said of Horace, except that the examination gave me no trouble, as it certainly would do now. But there are pages given to the examination in Analytical Geometry. I know nothing about the science now, and I should have said that I never knew any more, but evidently I thought otherwise at the time.

As an exercise in English, I had written a facetious essay upon Analytical Geometry and, as the custom was, had read it in the chapel, to the amusement of those who had been over the subject. I have the paper still as it came from the professor of Rhetoric, who pencilled on it the comment, that wit directed against the mathematics, loses much of its point when the commonest words are misspelled. "Simplified spelling" would have been a comfort to me all my life.

I say: Never did examinations seem so formidable to me as those of French and Analytical Geometry. They were both to be oral and especially had Analytical Geometry gained such noteriety that we were likely to be thronged. It appears to have been one of the college sports for the Juniors to attend the oral examinations of the Sophomores, and enjoy their exquisite sufferings. It appears also that the hour of sacrifice was postponed by the intervention of Thanksgiving day, on

16th, continuing Note to p.44.

which, I say, I reviewed carefully (?) the entire Geometry, with a view to separating the conglomerated mass of equations of points, lines, planes, cylinders, cones,&c. into their proper individualities. This, I proudly say, "seemed to me about all that I needed, as I had during the term, devoted myself to the mastery of the principles with no little assiduity and with some success." It appears the Juniors were present as expected, "but we were fortunate enought to disappoint them, and to draw from them the acknowledgement that we did better than they did,- appeared not to have committed it, but to have understood it,- and most of us did the most part of it". There is much more to the same purpose, and it gives me pleasure to see how happy I was about an examination upon a subject concerning which I certainly know nothing now.

The work of two terms in one would not seem to have left much time for reading, but I appear to have "read The Lady of the Lake, for the third or fourth time, Tennyson's Princess, some of Emerson, Carlyle, Burns, Hood, and the Semi-Weekly Tribune as a matter of duty". It will be remembered that we were on the threshold of Civil War, and one must read his newspaper. I also seem to have written an oration for my literary society on "The Conservative and Radical Elements in Reform". It was a busy life.

17th, continuing Note to p. 44.

Abraham Lincoln, President elect: It was one of the privileges of Antioch students to see Mr. Lincoln on his way to Washinton for his first inauguration, "one of the most remarkable moments of my whole life", I call the event. The announcement was that he would pass through Xenia, nine miles from Yellow Springs, on Feb 14, and "would remain half an hour, make a show of himself, and give us a speech". Permission to meet Mr. Lincoln at Xenia was asked by the entire body of students,- heart-rending appeals made by the lady members. Pres. Hill was obdurate as to the lady students, but granted permission to the sterner sex. I say: Never was there so much enthusiasm. —— He did not remain but about five minutes, but came out on the platform of the rear car and made a litle speech, "just to greet us and bid us good-by", but he spoke even that little with energy, gesticulating as if he were at his old employment, making rails. This energy was the first thing I noticed. He is better looking than the papers have made him. ——— After he had done speaking, the crowd rushed up and a decidedly amusing scene occurred. Everybody wanted to shake hands, but it was evident that everybody could not. He attempted to gratify the first few and shook hands with might and main, but seeing the hands thicker than ever, he broke off, and motioned with his hand to them as if to cry quarters, or as if to satisfy them in that way, but by this time, a score of hands were up and he went at it again, and

18th, continuing ~~Note~~ Note to p. 44.

and only escaped by being taken back by his friends, when the train moved on.

Andrew Johnson: I might add from memory a trip to Springfield, O., also about nine or ten miles distant, to see and hear Andrew Johnson. I cannot fix the date but fancy it was in the summer of 1861. Johnson, as I remember him, was a short, round-headed, smooth-shaven, dark-skinned, almost fierce-looking man, apparently every inch a fighter. Harris was the sesessionist governor of Tennessee, and I can even now hear Johnson ring out the sentence: "Isham G. Harris my master! Isham G. Harris my King!" No, certainly; you thought such a thing was forever impossible.

Why Antioch: I may as well answer here the question, Why I went to Antioch? Horace Mann, president from 1852 to 1859 is the explanation. Horace Mann was the most famous, and most wonderful, educator of that date, certainly in this country. When I want to Palmyra to prepare for college, the college was Antioch (see p. 23). When I went to college, I had friends in Rochester University N. Y. and in Hamilton College, now Colegate University, N.Y., either of which would have been nearer and presumably no more expensive, but I never seriously thought of them. Mr. Mann died in August, 1859, and I went to Antioch in September, because my mind was made up and it is never easy for me to let go a purpose. I have never been

19th, continuing Note to p.44.

I have never been sorry that I adhered to my choice. Dr. Thomas Hill. D. D. arrived in December and assumed the presidency. He accepted the presidency of Harvard University, in 1862. But what broke up the college was the Civil War, which stripped the classes of nearly all their male members. The college still goes on and does creditable work (1907), but it has never recovered from the prostration of the Civil War period, chiefly, I am told, because of the competition of the State University at Columbus, O., which is co-educational well-endowed, and can take off a bright president of Antioch by the temptation of a professorship,- and has done it. But there is a difference in spirit and tone between Antioch and the State University: Antioch still sends men into the Unitarian ministry; Ohio State University does not. In 1905, I attended a dinner of Antioch students in Boston, at which there were twenty-seven present, and among them seven Unitarian ministers, one of the first graduating class 1858, and one of the class of 1902.

20th, continuing Note to p. 44.

him. He is no extraordinary man, but he has studied himself to know his own strength and weakness, until he is temperate in all things. In his back office hangs a motto which I think will tell you a whole lot about Henry. It is this: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity." Henry needs a partner and if he is as wise as his dog, he will take the stenographer into the firm. No. I do not think Uncle Billy will care, in fact I think he believes the change desirable for I heard him say, only a few days ago, that it did not pay to let a valuable employe get away. I believe he understands the situation and wanted Henry to see his own interests. I think that when we talk again that I can say "Henry saw."

Yours,

POODLE.

Reminiscences
of
Antioch.
From The Antiochian
of May. 1905.

ANTIOCH REMINISCENCES.

TO THE EDITOR:—

I am very much flattered by your request for some reminiscences of Antioch in the days of her youth and of mine. I entered as a Freshman in 1859 and remained through the second term of my Junior year, so that I am very much more an Antioch man than otherwise. I hold a diploma from Union, signed by her great president, Dr. Nott, but nothing has ever effaced the feeling that Antioch is my college.

My class entered with twenty-one members, six of whom were ladies. To these may be added a later accession, Miss Fanny Bellows, a fascinating creature always full of surprises, niece of President Hill, and Miss Rebecca Shepard, nominally of the class, a special student perhaps, sister of Mrs. Badger, whose facility in a Latin or Greek recitation was my admiration and despair.

The great president, Horace Mann, had died in August preceding, Prof. Henry A. Warriner, an admirable man, being I think acting president. Dr. Hill, finally chosen to fill the vacancy, arrived, if my memory serves me, near the end of the fall term. He had a difficult position to fill as the successor of a man who had been idolized and, being dead, was now deified. There was already a mythology about the name of Horace Mann. He was remembered as a wonderful disciplinarian. "No rebellious sinner in

the South Hall ever lighted a sacrilegious pipe, but Horace Mann detected the odor; no four students ever got together in a room to play the forbidden game of euchre or seven-up, but Horace Mann suddenly rapped at the door; he knew by intuition where mischief was brewing." I am sorry I do not remember the entire Horace Mann legend.

One of my earliest reminiscences of Antioch is that of a brief visit at the college from a brilliant and apparently favorite graduate of the class of 1858, now Rev. James De Normandie, D.D., of Boston, one of Antioch's most distinguished sons. I did not know him then as happily I have for forty years since, but the ovation he received, especially from the ladies, impressed me. He is an eloquent preacher, a leader among Unitarians, a prominent figure in all educational and philanthropic enterprises in Boston, and ovations I suppose have become a commonplace.

The class of 1860 was a very dominating influence. It was the Senior class, as we were all aware; it was, I believe, the largest class that ever graduated from Antioch; it had been moulded by Horace Mann; and it contained several students of marked ability and scholarship. My room-mate, now Hon. J. S. Galloway, of Hillsdale, Mich., was a member of this class and partly through him, no doubt, I came in contact with many of his classmates. Something may have been due to accident in the pleasant relations which I remember, but beyond this, there was diffused a spirit of fraternity, as if Antioch were a high-bred family, which made a green Freshman an object of chivalric interest to a Senior who had been trained in the social ethics of Horace Mann. Else why did Miss Rebecca Rice, a charming lady, afterwards teacher in Chicago,

so kindly and yet vainly, undertake to instruct me in the mysteries of the Virginia Reel, and again for the improvement of my literary taste, invited me to read with her *Sartor Resartus*, of which I could make nothing and in which we did not get very far.

There were limits to the fine chivalry which seemed to pervade Antioch. There comes back to me, with a pain softened by time, an experience in a joint meeting of the literary societies early in my Freshman year. Speaking in my provincial dialect, I pronounced *discretion* with a long *e*, and the assembly whispered, or hissed, in unison the correction. That seemed to me far from kind, but pronunciation was practiced as a fine art in Antioch at that period, Worcester being authority, and woe to him who broke the commandment, with or without knowledge.

A limited course of lectures, mostly gratuitous I fear, broke the monotony of our isolation each winter. Among others, we heard Dr. Bellows, Starr King, T. W. Higginson, Henry Giles, Edwin D. Whipple, and M. D. Conway. At these lectures there was a dispensation granted us to escort a lady and, strange to say, sit with her. I remember very well walking six miles, that is, four times over a mile and a half of pathless common, prairie perhaps, to bring a pretty classmate to an evening lecture and to see her home. Very happy, you might say, bucolic days those were.

Mr. Conway, in his fascinating autobiography, speaks of a lecture tour through Ohio, undertaken by him in the autumn of 1861, in the interest of emancipation as a war measure. "At Yellow Springs," he says, "I addressed the students in Antioch College. Forty of the young men had enlisted in the army, and I believe the female students for the first time felt some inferi-

ority." My friend, Sydney H. Morse, had been a parishioner of Mr. Conway in Cincinnati and under his preaching had been inspired to prepare for the ministry. He became a Unitarian minister, was editor and publisher of *The Radical,* a magazine to which even Emerson contributed, and ended his career as a sculptor. He had a spark of genius.

Morse invited me with a half a dozen others to accompany Mr. Conway on a ramble in the Glen. Lying on the grass on a beautiful autumn day, Mr. Conway discoursed about the Gospel of John and expounded to us its mysteries. I remember to this day some of the teachings of that informal talk much better than anything that was said in the lecture which followed in the evening. The most distinct recollection of the lecture is that it was given in the little Gothic church in the park, and that it was a feat of oratory. Alas, the event was forty-four years ago.

Speaking of the park, a fine private estate in the center of the town, still intact I trust, I am reminded how many times I have crossed it. My mother and I lived for a year or more in a little cottage opposite the outer entrance on the Dayton road. We always had a boarder, though not always the same person nor of the same sex. It may be interesting to state that the price for board to our patrons was one dollar per week, which, the amiable hostess said, covered the expense. But she did the cooking herself and never considered her labor.

It is dangerous to set an old man reminiscing, especially upon the period of the Civil War. The male portion of the college was organized into a military company and drill was as regular as recitations. We made an expedition to Xenia to see Mr. Lincoln, presi-

dent elect, on his way to his inauguration, and we had a little speech from him from the car platform. We heard Andrew Johnson at a mass meeting in Springfield and would all have voted for him for any office, I think, if he had been a candidate. When, later, his fight with the politicians in Congress came, I never could quite believe that he was so desperately wicked as he was painted.

President Hill told Mr. Conway that forty Antioch students had gone into the army. That was about half the membership of the college classes, male and female. It was much more than half the male membership. Surely, the war record of Antioch is honorable. Of my own class in its Junior year, only two men were left, and they were not altogether happy. Dr. Hill was invited to the presidency of Harvard and everyone knew he would accept. The professors were on anxious seats for their salaries, which, I believe had to be scaled down or returned to pay other bills. All of them resigned at the end of the year, or earlier.

Perhaps I need not further explain why I did not complete my course at Antioch. But I have always been glad, even grateful for the three years in its class-rooms; it was an education to breathe and to feel its atmosphere. I wholly enjoyed meeting the young ladies in recitation, if I had my lessons. Otherwise, the experience was unpleasant, since they were pretty sure to to have theirs, and one does not like to flunk in their presence. It is a strong argument for co-education that the kind of girl who goes to college has a high standard of duty and fidelity, and the more self-indulgent masculine humanity does not want to be despised by her.

S. C. BEACH, D. D.

Wayland, Mass.

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ANTIOCH.

(Delivered by author, May 25, before the meeting of Antiochians at Boston.)

"I represent the press," he said,
And lightly touched his hat;
"I hear you shouting 'Antioch!'
Pray, where and what is that?

"The name has possibilities,—
Might be a parlor-car,
Or might an ocean-liner be,—
Might be a man-of-war;

"Perhaps a Bible town in Maine,
Of heavenly grace possessed,
Where Canaan, Carmel, Hermon lie,
With Hebron and the rest;

"Perhaps a Hamlet in New York
Where, in a classic zone,
Troy, Ilion, Rome, and Utica,
With Syracuse, are strown."

"Dear Sir," the interviewed replied,
"We shout for none of these;
We shout for Alma Mater, Sir,—
Our college, if you please.

"An ancient Syrian capital
There was, called Antioch;
Four hundred thousand souls it had,
Of good Hellenic stock.

"'Twas pagan to the core, of course,
Yet, like a child of grace,
Within the heart of Christendom
It holds a tender place;

"For there disciples, Jew or Greek,
Were first, perhaps in scorn,
Called Christian, after Christ their head,
And Christendom was born.

"'Small thanks to that old heathen town,'
I seem to hear you say;
'She meant to crush the hated brood,
Not help them on their way.'

"Too true! Not faith but works we count
To her for righteousness;
'She builded better than she knew;'
For this her name we bless,

"And grave it on our college walls;
But if from Tartarus
The name of Alma Mater came
It would be dear to us;

"For there we spent our college days,
Those happy days of youth,
When life lay all before us, mixed
With dreams of love and truth.

"Of truth of course; ostensibly
This dream had brought us there,
But 'co-eds' came with rosy cheeks,
Soft eyes, and auburn hair.

"With them we climbed Parnasus' slope
Or camped on Helicon,
The blind god, Cupid, for our guide,
Venus for CHAPERON.

"'Then love took up the harp of life,'
As happens oft in youth;
And so for us a tender mood
Touched the stern face of truth.

"The oracle: 'It is not good
For man to be alone,'
We on our fl shly tablets read,
Not darkly traced in stone.

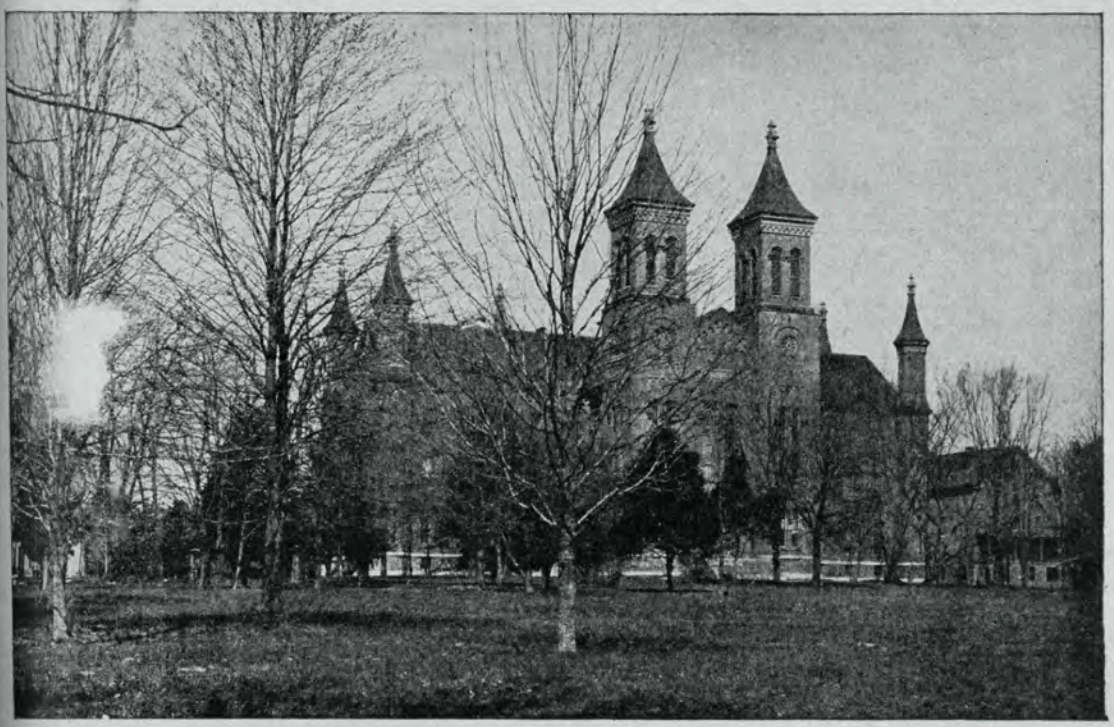
"Then hail to blessed Antioch!
According to her worth
Be given to her prosperity
And length of days on earth.

"Bright burn her altar fires, and grant
Some multi-millionaire,
To rest his soul or ease his sin,
May place a million there."

SETH CURTIS BEACH, D.D.

Wayland, Mass., May 25, 1905.

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ANTIOCH COLLEGE, MAIN BUILDING.

Normal Department. **Preparatory Department.** **Collegiate Department.**

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO STEPHEN F. WESTON, DEAN.

my diploma elsewhere, but Antioch has always had my affection and seemed my college.

Union College.

In 1862, my Junior year, our President, Dr. Thomas Hill, was called to Harvard, and Antioch College, already depleted by the Civil War, was fairly broken up. I left at the end of the winter term, thus losing a term a second time. In the autumn, I entered the Senior Class at Union College, Schenectady. I have no distinct memories of very hard work or very much profit at Union. I won some distinction in the class in "Mental Science", chiefly I think because no one else took the trouble to read over the lesson. Seniors were allowed to be absent the last or third term, the penalty being that you lost your part at Commencement. For economy, I availed myself of the privilege, thus losing a term for the third time, making in all a full year; that is, as they say now: I graduated in three years. The Senior Class at Union was organized as a "Senate" and introduced, debated and passed bills as is done at Washington. In Commencement week, there was an anniversary, and an oration was delivered. The oration was a kind of honor, to which I was elected. I returned to college at Commencement to give my oration and to take my degree. I was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity, having been initiated near the end of the second term, too late in my career for me to know much of Fraternity life.

Co-Education.

At Antioch I had an opportunity to try a co-educational college and at Union a Men's college. As already said, I liked Antioch, at the time, much the best, and now after nearly fifty years have passed I look back upon the two experiences and give the bright girls of my class the credit of having contributed much that made the charm, wholesomeness and inspiration of the Antioch life, of which there was no equivalent at Union. There is a pleasure in daily meeting in the halls and classrooms a handful of bright young ladies whom you thoroughly know and thoroughly respect, and there is a pleasure in meeting in the same way sixty young fellows full of fun and mischief who make a lecture or recitation a kind of lark, but the kinds of pleasure are different, and the sort of aroma each leaves after fifty years is different. Strage as it may seem, the members of my Antioch class whom I remember vividly are Becky Shepard, Fanny Bellows, Theresa Byington, and May Church. Without reference, I could not give the names of as many of the men, though there were twice as many of them. Of the professors, it is true I could name the men and they were worthy of respect, but everybody loved Mrs. Badger, professor of French and German, sweet, modest, gentle, and learned,- every inch a lady. True the male professors were gentlemen, were noblemen, but I do not put them in the same class with Mrs. Badger,- the first fine lady, not the first good woman, I ever met.

Choice of Profession.

I was plainly born for a farmer. If my father had lived undoubtedly I should have entered into his labors and followed him in his occupation. When I had concluded my two years' schooling at Palmyra my desire and ambition was to study law. With recommendations from Rev. Horace Eaton, Presbyterian, of Palmyra, I called upon Judge Mason of Rochester to seek an opportunity to study law in his office. He had the grace to treat me kindly but not to take me as a student, and indeed it would have been impossible unless he had at the outset paid me a salary enough for board and clothes. But he gave me a maxim which I have never forgotten. To my question whether it were necessary to go to college in order to study law, he said, "One need never be afraid of knowing too much to study law".

When I entered college in 1859, after contracting dyspepsia and, in consequence, having acquired some knowledge and much interest in matters of physiology and hygiene, I was more inclined to medicine than to anything else. If I had begun to study for a profession then it would have been medicine.

At Antioch College, 1859-62, I became very much interested in ideas, i.e. in the enthusiasms of the place, which were the legacy of Horace Mann, and I easily absorbed the Unitarianism diffused in the college atmosphere. At Union College, 1862-3, I came in contact with another type of

thought, there very largely Presbyterian. The contrast provoked in me all my natural predisposition to theological controversy. A classmate, the late Rev. J. G. Johnson D. D. of Farmington Ct. with whom I often conversed, once gave me the compliment of saying that I had "the clearest ideas upon religious subjects of any person he ever met who was not a Christian".

Among my classmates in general I had a kind of reputation for being a "philosopher", and it is not much to my credit that in Physics, Prof. Foster once set me down by saying "O Beach, O Beach, you have such an exceedingly philosophical mind you cannot get down to fact at all." I surely thought however, that at that moment I had the facts under discussion distinctly in hand. How it may have been ~~however~~, I cannot now tell.

Out of this situation, joined to the fact that law and medicine presented no open door, came the decision in the winter of 1862-3, to go to Cambridge and enter the Divinity School. The purpose had acquired so much momentum by midsummer, that at Commencement, I left Schenectady ~~Cambridge~~ and went to Cambridge to witness the "Visitation", i.e. graduation exercise, taking my diploma from Union on my return.

Divinity School- Sept. 1863.

I have a record that Aug. 10, 1863, I borrowed, with the endorsement of my mother, $300 of Levi Warner on a note running

ing expenses, &c. preliminary to taking up my residence at Cambridge, and expenses during the first term in the Divinity School". Two essays, one, "The being and attributes of God", the other, "The need and seasonableness of Christianity", were assigned me to write, and, opening the entire field of theology, may be said to have occupied my thought during the entire three years of my residence.

When I entered the Divinity School, I might fairly be said to have been a "Parkerite", accepting God and Immortality as intuitively known, and strongly biased to believe in the purely naturalistic view of religious history including Inspiration, the Bible, Christ and Christianity. At the same time, I was a Parkerite who had studied Mill, and in the later fermentation of ideas, Parker's psychology gave way and Mill's gained ascendency; so that at the end of two years, I was classed, not very reluctantly, as a Positivist. Under date of Jan. 1, 1866, I wrote in a new journal: "As the year 1866 opens, I find myself just closing the fifth term of my residence at Cambridge, as a student of Divinity. During these five terms, I have settled many questions and opened many more. I have little lost or misspent time to regret,- much less than at any other period of my life". Among the decisions recorded are that "inspiration is the same for all men, Christ not excepted", that "Christ was a natural man, great by circumstances, greater by his endowments, which endowments he held by the same tenure as other men", that "many of the

of the Gospel miracles may have had foundation in uncommon facts, but have their parallels", that "God does not take a personal interest in what are called Sin and Guilt: he has no egotism to be offended; that "history is a development with a constant communication of divine life", that "angels have gone to fairyland", that "upon the doctrine of the Will I am a Necessarian: there must be predestination if there is an all-wise God", that "there is an undoubted source of Power in the universe, which is at once wise and good,- a source of divine Providence", that in ethics I am a Utilitarian, and in philosophy a Positivist, i.e. I am a positivist with many questions unsettled".

Under date of Jan.11,1866, I have an entry of a discussion with my classmate James Vila Blake, and a little poem which he intended as a reductio ad absurdum of my theology. The lines are as follows, entitled

The Positivist's Deity.

Thou art perfect some will tell;
We do not know it very well,
But still we think thee good enough
To claim our reverence and love.

Thy love is infinite men say;—
Perfect and boundless everyway;
We do not know it, but on the whole,
We think thou art the best of all.

Perhaps in higths unreached above,
There might be a still richer love,
But we are quite content with this:
Thou art by far the best there is.

Some, foolish, to the notion cling
That thou can'st sure do everything;
Our wisdom will allow no MUST;
We know thou can'st do what thou dost.

To my friends surprise, and I dare say disgust, I accepted the statement as very fairly representing my then attained theology. In 1869, Prof.Huxley proposed the name "agnostic" for those who held that human knowledge is limited to experience (see Century Dictionary:"agnostic"), but in 1866, such persons must have been rare birds even among Unitarians. It was a time when even a doubt of the New Testament miracles was sufficiently horrible to exclude a man from twenty-nine out of thirty Unitarian pulpits, when the one in thirty in which a settlement might be possible was hardly larger or richer than that to which Paul sent contributions at Jerusalem, and when all the fathers of the faith stood like watchmen on the tower to see that an "unbeliever" did not get an entrance into any pulpit. With all my heresies and all my indiscretions, the wonder is, not that I had a hard time in getting settled, but that I ever got into a pulpit at all.

During the winter of 1863, I took the superintendence of the Unitarian Sunday School in Watertown, Rev. John Weiss, minister, and I held the position nearly three years. A large part of the time I had a class of adults after S.S. in Old Testament Criticism, the Messianic Prophecies, and the Life of Christ. It was a very absorbing study and I used to spend a great part of my time in preparation for the class. We often spent two and three hours together. For myself I learned perhaps as much "theology" in that class as I did from the Professors.

During the winter of 1864-5 and 1865-6, I had charge of an evening school for working men and boys, in Lyceum Hall, at Old Cambridge, for which I was paid, I believe, the liberal allowance of $5 an evening.

It was the custom to have a Christmas sermon in Divinity chapel, preached by a member of the senior class, elected by the votes of the two higher classes. It was an indication of the kindness of my fellow students that the office of Christmas Preacher fell to me in 1865

Under date of Jan,10,1866,I have an entry in a journal kept for that year, that I commenced taking lessons in vocal culture of Mr.Stacy Baxter of Boston". Mr. Baxter began with my class to give instructions at the Divinity School; afterward he became professor of elocution in the University. I say in my journal:"He has an artist-power of absolutely

picturing sounds. He can tell you the tone you want to give so you will know without illustration. I cannot well describe his art, but it is art and Mr. Baxter is the first master therein". I followed Mr. Baxter up for years off and on, even going, after I was settled in Norton on $800 a year, once a month when it cost $2 for fares and $3 for the lesson. I was no doubt a hard subject for his art, but in the end I received great benefit from him.

Many entries in my journal for 1866, are occupied with my first experiments in sermon writing. Under date of June 2, is an account of an afternoon spent with Mr. Charles Eliot Norton over a sermon. I had become acquainted with him in connection with the Evening School which he had originally started, for a time superintended, and of which he was now the patron. "He had kindly offered to assist me in anything he could by suggestion and criticism. I asked him to give me his criticisms of a sermon I had written. He did it with acuteness and faithfulness, revealing to me the fact that I had written and re-written till I had successfully obscured and left out the very point I had intended to make". The text was, "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ", 1 Cor. iii, 11. "The point I wanted to make was to justify morality on practical grounds". Evidently the text was a rather difficult one for my rationalistic purpose. Of Mr. Norton my notes say, "He is an excel-

very approachable,
lent man, very helpful, sympathetic".

Under the head, New Haven Criticism, "in the Christian Register, Dec.30, 1865, I had a short review of a late work of Prof. Fisher of New Haven: Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity. The review was intentionally very caustic. Jan.24, I have an entry: "To day Senter asked Dr. Noyes what he thought of it. The doctor said that he thought Beach swung a good pen, but he would have liked the article in question to have been a little more respectful".

My first sermon in a real pulpit was preached in Watertown for Rev. John Weiss, Jan.28, 1866. My notes say, "I enjoyed the services very much,- think it will be very pleasant, into whose minds and hearts one can pour his best thoughts and emotions".

Feb.4, 1866, I took my first experience in "candidating", preaching in Taunton, then a vacant parish. My notes read, 'Mr. Fox, assistant secretary of the American Unitarian Association, says he saw Mr. Dean of the parish committee, who reports of my performance favorably, and then criticises to the effect that he thought me a little stiff". I was probably very wooden. On Feb.11, I preached in Brighton and have this note, "Mr. Bigelow, chairman of the committee, remarked indirectly to me, 'Mr. Beach gave us a good deal to think about, but he set us all afloat'" To set a congregation afloat was not a merit in a Unitarian preacher in those days.

Feb.18, I preached in Haverhill. "Judge Ames of the committee said to my friend, S. H. Morse, former pastor, that I wanted more life". Feb. 25, I preached in Newburyport. "Here I had one of the most enjoyable experiences of the vacation thus far. Received some quite hearty congratulations after each service". At West Dedham, March 4. This was my first visit to the town of Dedham. How near I came being settled only the committee perhaps could say. My notes speak of West Dedham as "A little out of the way place about fourteen miles from Boston; church three-quarters of a mile from the village, if village it be". Evidently the parish did not quite equal my unchastened ambition.

This experience in preaching had come by a regulation permitting the Senior class to preach during their winter vacation, first adopted with the class next preceding mine. For my services I had received $78,50. "The other personal results are some experience,- some knowledge of my own defects, and some acquaintance with the wants of some parishes.

Under date of March 10, 1866, I have an account of moneys received from all sources, including $600 borrowed on notes of $300 each, $177,75, a present from the parish in Watertown, whose Sunday School I was superintending, and various sums from the funds of the Divinity School and from the Unitarian Association. Total, $1671,17. The period covered, Sept.1863- Mar.1866, was about two years and a half, and the rate of expenditure about $668,46 a year. These accounts are

are in the depreciated paper currency of the period. In 1864 gold rose to 285 in paper, and the average for the year was 220. To reduce the above accounts to gold basis or present money value, one must divide by two and one fifth. which would make the actual expenditure in good money $303,84 per year.

I record myself at that time as having only $20 in hand and as owing $10 of these. It was one of the very dark days of life. March 2o, I borrowed $50 of Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, which I afterward paid him,- years afterward, as I did the other borrowed moneys. April 24, Mrs. Frances Wasson of Watertown presented me $107,75 "for the promotion of Left-wing theology", as she said. May 5, I was granted $300 from the Perkins fund. July 7, the friends in Watertown surprised me with a further gift of $130, which, I say in my journal "is a timely benediction every way,- an inspiration to the soul and a provision for the body". This, with $70 received for four pulpit supplies, total $657,75, carried me through the year. It seems as if it might, but I remember being "short" continually.

Writing sermons was evidently a difficult art for me to acquire. I seem to have spent more time in re-writing than in writing. Under date of June 10, 1866, I have a lengthy history of my first sermon on "The Foundation", evidently the same Mr. Norton had criticised. I say I had re-written it the night before, for the fourth time, it being then in its "5th edition."

It was again re-written, and then I fancy it disappeared. I also record that my "Messiah" sermon, the Christmas sermon of the year before, had been re-written the week previous, and was then in its 5th edition. It cannot be denied that I served a diligent apprenticeship to my trade.

"Visitation Day".

In the old time in which my course at the Divinity School fell, theological students received no degree and no diploma, but we had a "certficate" that we had honorably completed the course. and there was a public day in Commencement Week when friends, and I suppose the Board of Overseers officially, were invited, and the Seniors read their parts. Under date of July 3, 1866, I say that I have just finished my graduating "part" and carried it to Dr. Noyes. He returned it the next day, "apparently well pleased therewith, and said it was a candid discussion and a very good dissertation". My theme was "Christ's conception of the kingdom of God". The paper was afterward printed in a liberal Quaker Magazine, "The Friend", printed in Brooklyn, N.Y., edited by a friend of my classmate Blake.

"Visitation Day" occurred on July 17. "Dr. Noyes made the opening prayer, - tender and touching. Dr. Noyes is almost the idol of the students, and especially so of the class, and the doctor confesses to an unusual attachment to us. We are his boys, and when he came to refer to us in his prayer, the

dear old man's voice almost failed him. For a moment he was obliged to pause, and the class would have found it as difficult to speak during that pause, as himself." The good doctor is troubled with the suspicion that he is about through his work, or rather that his day of profitable labor is already past. He said to me he did not want to continue a moment in his place, after he ceased to be useful, but so long as he could be useful, he did not think a man, after reaching his age, ought to be too careful of himself. A few years more or less were of but little consequence, and a short old age full of usefulness was better than a long one in which nothing was done".

I am happy to see the entry that"the elocution of my part was much commended", and I remember Rev. John Weiss being quoted as saying that "Beach could make a clear statement". Not so complimentary is the entry that "while Blake was reading, an old minister was overheard to say with much agitation: 'Why, Blake is as destructive as Beach.' No more terrible simile evidently occurred to him". This was a bad reputation with which to go out candidating for a pulpit, as I was afterward to learn. "The usual amount of sneering at youth, verdancy,&c. was heard and heard of, but the finishing touch was left for Dr. Hedge, in his concluding prayer, in which icy performance, he besought 'that these young gentlemen might not be allowed to go off with hasty conceits of their own brains, mistaking them for the inspirations of Al-

mighty God'". When I told Dr. Noyes of it, who had not remained for but two of the essays,- the old man gradually rousing himself, said, "Dr. Hedge might just as well have made that prayer for himself as for any of you. Dr. Hedge is a professor, but then you are no longer a student, and I say there are as many yawning chasms in his writings as in any of the essays of your class, for example when he gets into his quasi-pantheistic vein".

I wrote for this occasion the hymn printed in the A.U.A. Hymn and Tune Book 1868, 1877, also in the Harvard University Hymn Book and the Hymnal of the Manchester College, Oxford, beginning "Mysterious Presence, source of all". (Holt)

"

Candidating.

"Visitation Day" was on July 17, and I have a note that on July 22, that I preached for Rev. Samuel J. May of Syracuse. In the month of May I had received from him " a letter inviting me, on recommendation of his son Rev. Joseph May then of Yonkers and my friend of two years' acquaintance in the school, to visit him and become acquainted with his people, with a view to settlement" as associate pastor. "His program," my notes say, "is quite extensive,- the last act as far off as 1867. I do not let my imagination carry me so far, but I have replied that I would accept his invitation to visit him." It was well I did not build any air-castles, as the business came to nothing, for which doubtless there were many reasons.

Note to p. 59.

Hymn written for "Visitation Day",1866.

Mysterious Presence, Source of all,-
The world without, the soul within!
Fountain of life, oh, hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in!

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy spirit stirs in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the Psalmist's trembling lyre;
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar fire.

That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And vocal in each waiting heart,
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

Harvard University.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT THE

FIFTIETH ANNUAL VISITATION

OF THE

DIVINITY SCHOOL,

TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1866.



CAMBRIDGE:
PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SONS.
1866.

Order of Exercises.

I.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

Athwart a golden summer sky,
Betwixt the daylight and the night,
With pencil-spray, the sinking sun
Drew out the bow of promise bright.

It faded: but the cooling shower
With fragrance bathed the eager soil;
And lo! transformed, it feeds the poor,
Or shades the weary head of toil.

So pales the golden gleam of youth
Upon our fond, retreating gaze;
So fall its hopes, and so return
In spreading strength and useful days.

O Father! grace and strength we ask,
That hallowed all our life may be:
From Thee descending, may it rise,
In living praise and worth, to Thee.

J. V. Blake.

II.

PRAYER BY PROFESSOR NOYES.

III.

CHRIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

Mr. Seth Curtis Beach.

IV.

THE PRIEST AND THE PROPHET.

Mr. James Vila Blake.

V.

THE CHARACTER OF A TRUE REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

Mr. William Ellery Copeland.

VI.

"I AM NOT COME TO DESTROY, BUT TO FULFIL."

Mr. George McKean Folsom.

VII.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

Tune, "Missionary Chant." *

Mysterious Presence! Source of all,—
The world without, the soul within!
Fountain of life! Oh, hear our call,
And pour Thy living waters in!

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy spirit stirs in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt Thou from the willing mind
Withhold Thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen, to accents clear
Awoke the Psalmist's trembling lyre;
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from Thine own altar fire.

That touch Divine still, Lord, impart!
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And, vocal in each waiting heart,
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

S. C. Beach

VIII.

PREACHING TO THE COURT AND PREACHING TO THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Henry Fitch Jenks.

IX.

THE RELATION OF INTUITIONS TO CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.

Mr. Joseph Herbert Senter.

* The congregation is requested to join in singing this hymn.

X.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE IN AMERICA.

Mr. Henry George Spaulding.

XI.

ANNIHILATION AND RESTORATION.

Mr. Jabez Nelson Trask.

XII.

ORIGINAL ODE.

Once again 'mid the summer's refulgent array,
Our hearts with new hopes are aglow,
Yet with tender regret we now welcome the day
When our Mother again bids us go.
We have girt on the armor of Love and of Truth,
With the sword of the Spirit we fight,
As we march from this peaceful retreat of our youth
To battle for God and the Right.

In the dew of life's morning, we plucked here the flowers,
And we wandered through Learning's fair hall;
But a holier purpose has hallowed the hours
Since we followed the Spirit's high call.
We have mused on the truths of the records of old,
Till the ancient fire kindled again;
And the oracles *new*, to the listening ear told
Of the God ever present with men.

Now to-day, as with grateful hearts lowly we bow
Imploring Heaven's blessing anew,
Let us take from our Mother her banner, and vow
To "*the Christ and the Church*" to be true;—
To the Christ who revealeth humanity's height,
And hath taught us the soul's holy worth;
To the Church of the future, of Love, and of Light,
That shall build up God's kingdom on earth.

From the past comes a voice sounding clear as of yore,
When the hopes of our Mother were new:
"Take the banner which once in my youth I upbore;
To the claims of the Truth be ye true."
Then, brothers, arise! for the summons has come,
And the warfare of life is at hand:
Let us pledge ourselves now, ere we part from our home,
Firm for Truth and for Freedom to stand.

H. G. Spaulding

XIII.

PRAYER BY PROFESSOR HEDGE.

One surely was that, at the end of the term and the middle of the summer, I felt and must have seemed much more dead than alive. I had, not long before, been to Dr. Driver of Cambridge and had told him my symptoms and feelings, and he said to me: "You think you have heart disease and are going to have softening of the brain, but you are not". I certainly had my suspicions of both troubles. I had a photograph taken at the time, for exchange with my classmates, and it is a very terrible presentation, the face at least twice the length of its breadth. It would have been a very courageous congregation that would have settled such a specimen. My notes say, "For some reason I did not succeed over well, felt awkward and constrained. Was it because I felt the candidate all over being there because Mr. May was looking up a colleague?"

The most serious obstacle was not so evident then as it became later. No one was settled in that position for four years, or till 1860, when Rev Samuel R. Calthrop was chosen. The greatest trouble at my time was that Mr. May was looking for a colleague and the congregation was not. They worshipped Mr. May, and they would have turned down an angel from heaven. It happened unfortunately that I was the first candidate presented as a substitute for Mr. May, and when they understood what I was there for, the wonder is that they did not kick me out of the city.

July 24, my journal says, "Reached home (Marion) to find

my dear mother tolerably well and my dear sister not perhaps intolerably sick. Health to either of them has for long years been unknown. It is grateful to be home again and enjoy the sunshine of hearts that are mine through whatever fortune or misfortune." July 29 and Aug. 5 I preached in Ilion, N.Y. and was urgently invited to settle with the little society. I say in my notes, "I do not wish to take upon myself the labor of writing a sermon every week", and again "Our difference is that they wish a man immediately, I wish a year's delay".

Aug. 6, I returned to Mr. May's at Syracuse, where I found Rev. Joseph May who, my notes say, had evidently been inflaming Mr. May's mind, on my account, for he seemed more desirous than before that I should be his colleague, "which means that I take the responsibility of the parish and Mr. May be released from necessary duty. He proposed to preach perhaps a third of the time and whenever else I might be unprepared. About next April he will begin to agitate the matter of a colleague with his people. So the matter rests".

In a later note I say, "The curious part of this business is that I never heard anything further from it. My conjecture has been that the parish did not consent to a colleague and that Mr. May was not quite ready to resign".

Sept. 2 and 9, I preached in Ithaca, N.Y. to an infant society which had already called a minister. According to my notes my first sermon had a flattering reception. "Several asked me to repeat it in the evening, which I did not do".

"Several persons told me that they wished it were I coming to that place instead of". I do not now remember the name of the pastor elect. It appears there were two opinions: Mr. May, however read me a letter from Mr. Stansbury in which the latter complained that my services were 'too bald,' that I 'left off all the trimmings,' and added that 'if this was radicalism, the sooner I got rid of it the better'". My note-book is full of enthusiasm over the scenery of Ithaca.

In October, 1866, I returned to Cambridge where, in Divinity Hall, I took up my headquarters for the winter. Among other places, I preached, Nov. 12 and 19, at the 28th Congregational Society, once Theodore Parker's, in Boston. My notes say that "'I was not a candidate for settlement here. I had so announced myself.' I do not recall my reasons but I venture to say it was due to simple reluctance to undertake the responsibilities of a pulpit which, with my ordinaary slow and laborious composition, seemed mountainous".

In January and February, I preached three Sundays in Buffalo, where "I received many cordial assurances of kind feeling,- was assured, even by one whose preference was for another, that I had given more general satisfaction than any before me since the pulpit was left vacant: especially that I had found favor with the young people: also that I would be likely to hear from the parish again". I am obliged to say that I heard no more from them.

March 31, 1867, I preached for the first time in Augusta
Maine. I remember with what indifference I accepted the in-
vitation to preach "two or three Sundays", and how I took
with me only four sermons for two ~~sermons~~ Sundays, intending to make
that the farthest limit of my stay. But the people took to
me with surprising kindness and favor from the first moment
and during the interval covering the two Sundays inwardly
covenanted for, I became deeply interested in the little
people of that flock. The result was that I remained there
till May 12, seven Sundays in all, and ended by making an
engagement with the Parish Committee to return in September
for the ensuing year. My notes say, "No salery agreed upon or
even proposed. The society is in a delapidated condition and
it is quite uncertain how much can be raised for church pur-
poses. I have taken the risk of accepting the work without
guaranty of pay. There is little doubt the good people will
do what they can." The salary finally paid for the first
year was $1,000.

One of the memorable incidents of my candidating at Au-
gusta was that a young lady, Fanny Judd by name, approached
me one Sunday morning and said that Mrs. Pauline Myrick, just
married, had sung and played the organ, in the church for
years, and she had many friends and an allusion to her in
the prayer would be very acceptable to them. This was the ~~first~~
first meeting with Miss Fanny Judd which I remember. My im-

pression was that she had set me a delicate task and that she was a very charming creature.

The summer of 1867 was spent in Cambridge, Mass. and in Marion, N.Y., and the last of August, I returned to Augusta, Maine, to my parish. I very distinctly remember the smile which one might have seen upon my face as I walked past my church, on my return to Augusta, saying to myself, "This church is mine to do what I can in". The year that followed was a very happy one to me, apparently very satisfactory to the parish, and on the whole successful. A good number,- more than for five years before, it was said,- gathered on Sunday to our little service; not more than eighty or a hundred, I suppose, but the number had been as low down as thirty, I was told.

The little encounter with Miss Fanny Judd, just related, had been a fatal one. I could not keep my head clear of her, and indeed did not try to, though I was very careful not to appear to be thinking of her. It became less and less possible to keep my head clear of her when by and by I learned that she was to spend the summer, not in Augusta, but in Gloucester, Mass. She was to leave Augusta May 1st. April 30th,- the last moment,- I called to ask her to let me write to her. That was all I dared to ask, but I made my confession. Then she made a confession that she had had her own private thoughts of me which she had been studious to conceal, and surely had concealed. These two confessions and the thing

was done then and there, not without much palpitation on my part at least, over which she has often indulged a cruel humor since. Well the thirtieth of April is the anniversary of this experience.

The second year in Augusta was not so happy nor so successful as the first. The people were kind and indulgent to the last degree, but the year was begun under wretched physical conditions and ended in complete physical collapse— collapse generally. I had planned to spend August with my sister in Marion, N.Y. and so did, but I found her with a sick family, three children with whooping cough, and my mother with dysentery. I turned in as general nurse, hoping to rest when I got back to my work. When I left, last of August, mother was thought to be worst- most precarious, but my first news was that the baby had died.

A poorer preparation for a year's work could not have been planned. But this was not all. In December, Mrs. Henry N. Hall, daughter of Mrs. Judd, died in childbed, and on Saturday morning, in the stress of finishing a sermon, I had a summons to go over to Mrs. Judd's and assist in the care of the invalid, then become delerious. I was with her- literally over her- all day. The next day I exchanged with the Universalist minister. During the week came the funeral of Mrs. Hall, the most difficult and trying service it was ever my fortune to conduct, owing to my relation to and sympathy with

the family.

When this was over, my physical condition was simply horrible: sermon-writing was not so much difficult as impossible. Sermons of the previous year had to reappear week after week and finally in April I gave up and went to Cambridge, sending up supplies to the pulpit. In June, I bought a horse and buggy and returned to Augusta, but not much improved, and not much promising to improve. In July I resigned. My year was almost expired and I had not much to resign, as I told the committee; but they preferred that our separation should take that form, and so resign I did, and left the pulpit and the ministry, as I thought, for good and all. The wretchedness of that time could not easily be described and would not be edifying if it could be.

Among the plans entertained for the future was small-fruit farming. My Universalist neighbor, a wise friend, advised me not to leave the ministry, but to get a small parish in Massachusetts and take things as easy as possible for a year or two, and remover. This was the thing to have done. But I finally went to Minnesota where Mr. Henry Hall and Mr. Mark Knowlton had opened a farm. I finally bought out Mr. Knowlton and took to farming. The farm was one of 520 acres, I believe, and had 70 acres in wheat, oats and corn. I arrived on the ground Aug. 28, ~~and~~ began work the next day, and worked every day until Nov.4, sundays not excepted. I was then perfectly well and weighed 152 pounds, more than I ever

weighed before. Weight to-day (Aug. 7, 1885),139 1-2 pounds. Nov. 4, I started for Augusta for Miss Fanny Judd, who did not recognize me at a little distance, and whose mother did not recognize me very near, so much had a little flesh and health changed me.

On Nov.17, 1869, I was married to Frances Hall Judd, in Parlor, No. 1, of the Tremont House, Boston, Mass., by Rev. James Vila Blake, then minister to the 28th Congregational Society, late Theodore Parker's. Next day, we started for Clear Lake, Minnesota, visiting my relatives,- mother and sister,- in Marion, N.Y., and stopping for a view of Niagara Falls, on the way. We arrived in Clear Lake on the first of December, and spent a cold and in many ways a trying winter. We had a very good framed house under way, but scarcely inhabitable for a lady; our potatoes had frozen in the ground; our flour, from wheat water-soaked in the stack, was very poor; I was away in the "swamp", miles away, from morning till night, getting fencing, leaving the poor wife wholly alone a large part of the time; and other attendants of pioneer life.

Co-operative farming did not prove agreeable, and in the spring I sold my interest in the farm to Mr. Hall and and bought 140 acres of wild prairie, on Elk lake, a mile and a half distant, built a stable and laid the foundations of a house. The season was too short to erect the house, and so I turned the stable into a dwelling of a very rude kind, and built a temporary stable beside it. One would like to

have a photograph of this camp on the frontier, exterior and interior. It was an incident that we had roofed the structure with tarred paper, which was laid the wrong way,- the way shingles do not go,- and that the water came through by pailsful, when it rained- pored rather- Sept. 20th. I believe we managed to find a place where the bed was kept dry; but how it thundered and lightened and poured! The conclusion was that we shingled the roof when the sun shone again.

It was another incident that our neighbor Campbell came to help plough, putting his horses with mine,- I had bought a pair of young horses,- and that we broke the plough, a new plough, and had to give up the undertaking, waiting till spring when an ox-breaking team, a half dozen pair of cattle, would have to be put in, with a plough to match; and that we came very near to tears over our disappointment and bad luck, Mr. Campbell joining in the little ceremony and wiping his eyes in neighborly sympathy.

It was another incident that the poor dear wife undertook to "do a washing", the first and last; that she took two or three days for it while I was drawing home corn from the farm sold to Mr.Hall,- my share of the crop; that she took cold and was tremendously ill, having what the physician called "typhoid symptoms", not sleeping for thirty six hours, and not being able to sit up for six weeks as I remember it. She never has been quite so well again since. Meanwhile, I

may mention that my own health kept amazingly good, and that for at least four out of the six weeks, the early morning temperature hovered around twenty degrees below zero.

In the spring, we had an opportunity to sell everything - farm, team, implements,- at exactly the money cost of them. We were very glad to accept the offer, and did so,- April 6, 1870; buyer, Mr. William Kirby, an Englishman. While business was transacting, I started with wife to take tea at a neighbor's two miles away. Half way out, the horses became frightened at a running prairie fire, broke from the wagon, throwing wife over the fore wheel, and dragging me over the dashboard. The material damage was repaired at a cost of two dollars but the wife, never before timid with a horse, was totally demoralized and has never since felt safe in a wagon.

We left Clear Lake after an experience of about one and a half years, and $1,000 out of pocket for our experience. We left also the possibility rather than the reality of a little farm bordering upon a small circular sheet of water, about a mile in diameter, and we left as many dreams of one sort and another as ever idealized an equal bit of landscape in any territory. The farm at last passed into the hands of a wealthy gentleman from St. Paul, who fitted it up with the expenditure of a good deal of money, for a summer residence.

The spring and summer, I spent in Marion with my sister, and I worked for my brother-in-law at $20 a month. It was

not as I remember it a very cheerful periad.

The last of August, we went to Mt.Desert, Maine,and met Mrs.Judd with whom we spent a week and with whom we returned to Augusta. Wife's health had been so far restored that she had walked from my sister's to Marion, upper village, a distance of two miles, without fatigue. The stage journey however from Rockland to Waldoboro', no railroad then, coming when she was unprepared for travel at all, caused her much suffering and perhaps helped to unnerve her system.

(Anna Helen See note next page -)

We arrived in Augusta Sept.1. She was to keep house for her mother, which certainly unnerved her more. I was to work about the place. This continued until the following March. For various reasons it did not seem that we were exactly suited to our positions. In the nature of things the arrangement could not be permanent. Hardly a more uneasy mortal than myself could have been found. I was ready to do anything, but, rather happily'perhaps, nothing else presented itself. There was no vacant clerkship at the State House; the State Library went to another; the High School, for which I had the audacity to apply and got the best of backing,- a Baptist minister on the School Committee said, "Beach is in more danger of being struck by lightning than of getting that school".

I do not think the desire or purpose of returning to the ministry seriously arose in my mind for one moment from the day I was free from my pulpit in July 1869 till about Jan.1872, when I did begin to think of it with a kind of

Note to p.70.

When we returned to Augusta in 1870, Aunt Hellen Williams, sister of Hon.Reuel Williams, was living, at an advanced age. She had been an incarnation of kindness and usefulness, and was universally beloved. For a Christmas gift, I sent her the following imperfect lines, which, however were more honored and admired than any others I ever wrote. See a letter from Aunt Anne, which follows this.

To Aunt Helen.

What tells the tale of age?
A tinge upon the hair?
A furrow here and there?
Time's thumb-mark on the page?

Tell not if young or old,
These traces on the scroll;
Age touches not the soul
That (with in) grows not cold.

Whom shall we younger call,
Than she to whose warm heart,
More warmth all years impart,-
Aunt Helen of us all.

Christmas, 1871. S. C. B.

Paris - Oct. Nov. 2nd 1872.

52, Rue Abbatucci -

My dear Sister Jane,

As I take my pen to write a note to you I feel as if I scarcely know whether I am in the flesh or not. So much has transpired that has almost taken my life, since I last wrote you - But you wrote me a very tender as soon as you knew of Annie's sickness that I want to thank you & also to send a word of love & remembrance to you. I think of you a great deal. Annie used always to speak very affectionately of you - she felt that you loved her & she reciprocated the feeling in a truly appreciative way. I used to remark this silently as I listened to the girl's chat in our journeyings - dear, dear Annie - she was as sweet a child as ever need be - how much she felt Bernie's death - dear Jane what a tremendous loss you have in her death! I realize it more than ever before - the loss to you personally, I mean - May God help you! Dear Lidie your trials have been

many & great - & still mercies & blessings surround me - for am not left desolate -

I have wished I could tell you how beautifully Annie used to repeat Mr. Brooks lines to Aunt Helen - From her first reading of them she felt their beauty - & it was they were fixed in her memory - & often, as we travelled along in the cars - or were sitting in our room or at the table, she would repeat them with her whole being inspired with their spirit - I can see her eye kindle - the gentle bending of her head & motion of her hand as her sweet voice accented so touchingly - & trilled the words - I think the last time she repeated them was on her birthday - We were in Moscow - we went at dinner, late in the afternoon - In the dining room were various eight tables - the room was quite handsome & cheerful looking & the tables handsomely spread & well served. Our table was in a corner of the room - a round one - Mr. Cutler sat opposite Lilyka - Annie on his left hand & I on the right - We had a fine dinner &

champagne to celebrate Annie's birthday. I remember how lovely she looked - so (intellectually) young & pink & yet so bright & lady like. so dignified & interesting. (I recall how her Father said to her, after dinner, when we were all in our room up stairs. "You are more beautiful than any of Raphael's Madonnas I ever saw" & Annie said, deprecatingly, "Oh! Father.") - As we were eating our dinner & drinking toasts, Annie or some one of us said "Aunt Helen of us all" - & then Annie began to speak of Curtis's lines & it appeared that Mr. Cutler had not heard them & so Annie began to repeat them & the her recitation was so beautiful we all said she must give it again - Mr. C - was affected to tears - I never heard anything more beautiful - it was perfect in its way - it was like a most beautiful frame to an exquisite picture - we helped the other - it seemed as if Annie's voice & manner made the poetry - but it was the poetry that inspired her - dear, dear Annie she was always filling my heart with content & this means so much to my old, critical nature you know -

I shall never forget that birthday dinner — nor will Gilpha I know — neither her Father. I wish Fanny & Mrs Reade could have heard those sweet lines as Annie spoke them that day — somehow it seemed that she had never repeated them so before — just as you fancy the angelic music St. Cecilia is hearing, when you see her picture as I seem to see the heavenly influence that was enveloping Annie as she repeated those lines —

Dear Jane I hope you are tolerably strong & well this Autumn — Your home is empty isn't it? & Effy is full of young life — I hope you will have a happy winter — Please give my love to Effy & Fanny & Curtis — It seems now but a short time before I shall see you all — but I dare not count on a day — so much may happen in a little time — Our plans be all overthrown — I do not feel strong enough yet to look into the future — but I hope before long I can — My little plans for going home — for living at home are all upturned — at present I merely go on from day to day — I hope by & by I can lift my eyes & take in a wider prospect — the words bless & shock have a meaning they never had before to me — I feel the force of them in all my being —

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving day — Will your & Joseph's families be together? I think not — The weather in Paris is very mild — rainy & dull many of the days — Is it cold in Augusta? Lucy Gow has been to see us several times — She is always very kind & sympathetic — She loves to talk of you & the young days you had together — She brings Sarah newspapers & is ready to do anything for us she can — She has a great deal of General knowledge for known of sickness as well as other things — With many thanks dear Jane for your quick response & deep sympathy for my trouble & with warm love

Emily Davies Parkes

longing and to turn over my old sermons with a kind of fondness. I even sat down and wrote a sermon in January or February, as an amusement,- to see how it would seem. To return to the ministry was clearly the wise thing to do, as it was the one thing which I had spent years to prepare to do. Two years of release had rested me and made me partly forget what the last year of my ministry had been, and I found myself longing for a pulpit with something of my old ardor. I corresponded with some of my old friends in the ministry, one of whom Rev. Francis Washburn of Milton, opened the way for me to preach in Dorchester, which I did in March, 1872. Through Rev. Joseph Marvin, since left the ministry, I was engaged to preach twice at the 28th Congregational (Theodore Parker's), Boston. These engagements may be said to have entered me for the struggle for existence known as candidating.

In May, 1872, wife and I went to Charlestown, Mass., took rooms in an apartment house of my old Watertown friend, Mrs. Frances Wason, boarded with Mrs. Rogers, a pleasant Universalist lady, and I settled down to candidating, with a determination on my part to take the first pulpit that offered. Wherever and whatever it might be, and to stick till I got a pulpit or starved. It was needful that I had some such resolution, for my chances were of the poorest. I was neither a new man fresh from the school, nor an old man of established reputation. So far as I was known it was doubtless as one

who had made a failure, for some reason, no matter what. The American Unitarian Association did not have anything for me to do and was never apparently more powerless to help a candidate. During the nine months, from May 1872 to March 1873, I was indebted to the Association for two pulpits, one of which was at Ware, Mass., which had just called a minister, and the other was,- I forget where. Saturday after Saturday I went to the office of the Association and returned as I have seen other poor devils do before and since. Rev. H.C. Badger, five years before my professor of English at Antioch, once called with me at the office and, putting his hand kindly upon my shoulder, said to the Secretary: "We must settle this man somewhere". "Yes, yes," the secretary replied; "what a pity it is our people are so fastidious"; which did not amuse me then but does now, considering that in my case, the secretary had put the fastideous people to no considerable test. At last the assistant, perhaps, pitying my condition, assured kindly assured me that the Association could do nothing for me and that I must "use my friends".

During these nine months, May 1872- March 1872, I preached just twelve Sundays. In February or March 1873, I received a call to the First Parish in Norton, Mass. at a salary of $800. Rev. Elisha Gifford,- since left the ministry,- had received a call to this parish, which he declined because he was too poor to accept it; i.e. had no other resources and considered the salary insufficient. He had the kindness to give my

came to the committee and, after hearing me three or four Sundays, I received a call. I accepted immediately and gladly, took wife,-whose physician, Dr.D.W.Cheever, had been saying, "you must get this woman into the country",-hence, equally glad to go, and we entered upon our labors and happy residence in March,1873.

Ordination.

At the beginning of my ministry in Norton, one of my first cares was to be ordained and installed in the regular way. The determination was part of my purpose to put myself on record as having returned to the ministry. But it also and still more was the result of a quite altered feeling with respect to the traditions and institutions of the church.

When I went to Augusta in 1867, I found, and was glad to find, a parish that did not ask and did not care whether I had or had not been ordained, did not have, and had not had for eight years, a communion service, and only wanted of its minister a sermon on Sunday morning. This was wholly to my mind. It was my satisfaction that I was wholly in a state of nature, with no clerical pretenses. I had not even been baptized and, for that matter, have not been to this day, though I do not particularly glory in the fact and would be willing to be to-day if it would do any mortal, or immortal, soul a particle of good. The result of my experience in Augusta, with religion cut loose from its traditions which give it body

and form had not been encouraging. I am happy to say that my audience adhered to me to the last, but the moment I left, it dissolved. When I returned from Minnesota, after two years, I found the church closed; permanently closed, most of the people were ready to say. I could see no visible good result of my two years ministry. I determined, if I returned to the ministry, to try another method, namely, the old method of instituted religion. The first step was to be ordained myself in the ancient and accepted way, which took place in the little church in Norton, April 24,1873, seven years after finishing my course at the Divinity School in Cambridge.

I had begun to be a churchman. During the year following, especially during the winter, I meditated much upon the problem of bringing my people into more intimate relations with each other. The leading singers of the choir lived seven miles apart. It was impossible to hold a choir meeting. The teachers in the Sunday School were separated in the same manner. Impossible to hold a teachers' meeting. Natural conditions tended to individual isolation. Something was needed to bring persons into relations. There had been "societies" in succession. One did not wish to organize another. I would revive one, but it appeared that every one had died for cause and left an unpleasantness. All the more I was disinclined to create another semi-secular society to follow the same path.

There remained then "the church". Could I not do some-

thing to revive the church? I found there had not been a member added for ten years. There were about twenty resident members, with one living deacon. I called my young people together, about thirty of them, and talked church. Of these, two, with my wife a third, offered themselves for membership, and were received on Easter Sunday, 1874. The "candidates" took their places in one of the front pews; one was baptized. I took them severally by the hand and welcomed them to the fellowship of the church in a few words, and the congregation rose at my request, and we repeated together the Lord's Prayer. It seems a very simple service, but when the good people sat down, handkerchiefs for wet eyes were in very great demand. This service was the ante-type of what, afterward in Dedham, we frankly called a "confirmation service", had a rather noteable success, and is I believe kept up to this day (1907).

By way of something which we might do together, the Communion Service was then celebrated, a lady, Mrs. Royal Bolges, passing the emblems on one side of the church, there being but one deacon. It was said very generally that the whole service was very beautiful and impressive. This was the first time I had ever administered the Lord's Supper, which had affected me like a funeral in my youth, and which I had always as a minister thought of with misgiving, not to say dread; but which I had accepted now as a kind of necessity in order to have something which the church could do together

as a sign of their fellowship, and which I found by this experience it was possible to enjoy. So I became a "churchman".

Several additional members were received at other times during my Norton ministry, chiefly upon the following Easter. I believe ten in all. This was very far from bringing the people of the parish into real or formal relations, but it was a beginning, and a beginning, I then believed and now believe, in the right way. Bangor and Wayland experience has made me doubt if it can everywhere be done; but in Norton, what little was done was permanent, and it had the effect to awaken an interest in the parish generally, with a religious quality in it, which a semi-secular society numerically more successful would have failed to arouse.

We remained in Norton till December 1875, lacking a little of three years,- very pleasant years they were. Wife's health was very delicate during those years, but social and parish duties were of the slightest and the people were very kind and considerate. The salary of $800 did not meet expenses however. The expenses the first year- boarding- were $1500; the second year,- keeping house, doing our own work,- about $1100. The deficiencies were made up by Mrs. Judd's ever ready generosity.

Dedham, Mass.

In July, 1875, I preached in Dedham, Mass. on exchange

with my classmate Rev. George M. Folsom of Dedham He had resigned and all exchanges were in some sense candidates. The parish committee, after the summer vacation, put the supply of the pulpit into the hands of the Assistant Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, with the mention of certain men who were to be sent, and with the assurance of the chairman, Mr. Alfred Hewins, that personally he should be satisfied to have no one else sent but me. Under this arrangment, I preached twice in October and received a call: salary $2,000. I look back to the incident as an evidence of a creditable exercise of nerve on the part of a back-country minister on a salary of $800. Mr. Hewins told me that the parish would probably offer ~~$1,600~~ $1,600, or $1,800, the salary having been $2,000. Of course, $1,600 would have seemed riches, but I was too spunky to let them reduce their salary on me, and I positively declined to be a candidate on a salary of less than $2,000. Nine votes held out for a salary of $1,600. They came from the Richards family, afterward my most loyal supporters. Dec. 14, 1875, we moved to Dedham, I was installed Dec. 29, and entered on my pastorate in the First Parish in Dedham.

Wife was very, very poorly during the winter, gave birth to a son- still-born- in May, and was very poorly during the summer. Three years later, April 7, 1879, Sylvester was born, before whose birth, wife was again very miserable. Being a delicate child, his infancy was a great strain upon both par-

ents. It was the tradition of the parish to have two services during nine months of the year, morning and evening. # Whether I could have sustained myself with this labor, if my family had been well, it is not easy to say. As it was I hal held out about six months, to what appeared to be the great satisfaction of the parish. I remember Deacon Smith saying, at the close of a service which had given him special satisfaction, that he "did not see how I always knew just the ~~rig~~ right word to speak", and Mr. Hewins, chairman of the parish committee, after a service near the end of March, saying, "now you have the parish fully in hand, I shall leave you to manage it as you please". I was at that moment near the extremity of my strength. I begged for a discontinuance of the second service for the season, which he granted, to the consternation of the parish as I very well remember.

The great trial of the year, the birth of our dead baby, was yet to come. It came, as I have said, in May. How I longed for vacation to come! But vacation apparently was not to come. I had not bethought myself to covenant for vacation. If there were a surplus in the treasury, Mr. Hewins, chairman of the parish committee, would assume authority to appropriate it. But surplus there was none. The year had begun with deficit of $600, just the amount that had been paid for vacations of my predecessor. That deficit we had cleared off, but there was no surplus. Should Mr. Hewins call a parish meeting? I wish I had let him, but I said, No; I would supply.

So I did for four Sundays, at an expense of $100, giving John Weiss, S.R. Calthrop, Charles G. Ames, and Joseph May or John W. Chadwick, - I forget which, - the best men I could get.

The vacation was all too short. The work began in Sept. 1876 very heavily. The same was true of 1877 and 1878, but these three years were fairly creditable and prosperous. In the summer of 1878, there was found a surplus in the treasury and the parish supplied the pulpit for August. It did not seem possible to return to work in September and I took another month, paying for the supplies myself. This was a bad beginning of the year and not favorable to the prosperity of the parish. But the year 1879, in which Sylvester was born, was harder for me and worse for the parish. There were evidences that the parish was losing ground. One evidence was that there was no surplus again, and there was to be no vacation, for there was no more money in my treasury than in that of the parish. How that awful summer dragged! I had bought a horse, hoping to find health in that. I hoped for new strength in the cool weather of October, but in October, when I tried my hand at a sermon, I left it half written, in the middle of a sentence which I could not see through, and went to Marshfield for a week at the sea-shore. It might have been better if I had declared myself sick and resigned, better for me and for the parish. However a week at the sea-shore did perceptibly mend me and I returned to work and did work, though not at my best.

The years 1880, 1881 and 1882 were years in which it was not possible to do good work. In short the six years from 1876 to 1882 were pretty dark and heavy years,- years in which the two conspicuous facts are my own unfitness for my work, and the patience and forbearance of the parish. There was nothing they did not seem willing to do, except to abandon the second service, which would have been more than all, and I may add, to give me a vacation regularly, and not leave me to squeeze it out of my empty purse.

It is cheerful to see that the next page in my notes is headed "Somewhat better days", and goes on to say: "I owe it to Hammerton's "The Intellectual Life" that in December, 1882, I think, I tried the experiment of omitting breakfast altogether, after Kant and Goethe, I believe, and to my astonishment found I was master of my own brains again, and could write. For about three months I took nothing until eleven a.m., then a cup of coffee followed by a late dinner. I was a new man. Finally, I settled upon a breakfast consisting of a raw, beaten egg, with one slice of toast, and coffee ad libitum, followed by a late dinner. I have found that upon this regimen I can work. The last three years of my ministry in Dedham have been a great improvement upon the other six. I have partly, though not wholly, recovered the ground I had lost." There remain four years of that pastorate to write up, and I shall hope it will appear that the lost ground was something

more than recovered. So I remember it, and I feel sure, so ± the parish remember it; in fact, I fancy they quite forgot that there had been any period of tribulation during my ministry, a circumstance of which no one except my wife, the sharer of all my joys and sorrows, was ever quite as conscious as myself.

The events of the nine years from 1876 to 1885 are summarized as follows:

1. A Temperance sermon in May 1876, from the text, "The Son of Man came eating and drinking &c." It was in the height of a "Temperance Revival" of the wildest kind which temporarily swept the town. I gave great offense to the radical Total Abstinence men and women, some of whom were in the parish. The sermon was reported in the papers with exaggerations, was borrowed, partly read and thoroughly denounced, in a Temperance meeting, and its author was abused roundly in several towns by the irate lecturers. I have been told that many who disagreed then have come to my position. It seemed to threaten shipwreck at the time, but in the end it probably did not damage me.

2. The Unitarian Church in Augusta, Maine. I am given the credit of having built the church (edifice). I certainly did talk the Augusta people into it, convinced them that it was possible,- they needed no convincing that it was necessary,- gave them the first $100, wife and I, raised ~~two~~ $200 in my parish,

and probably was the means of securing several hundred more, i.e. several of their heaviest subscriptions. That I could move them to undertake this enterprise, a thing which it was said perhaps truly that no one else could have done, was an evidence that my two years ministry in that parish, which seemed so barren of result, had not been altogether in vain. Dedicated 1880.

3. A vestry in the Norton parish. In 1883-4, the Norton parish raised its church, put in furnaces, and finished convenient social and Sunday School rooms in the basement. The funds for this entrprise began in a "penny collection" which I took regularly, for that purpose, during my Norton pastorate. The record hardly belongs here but it is worth making a note of.

4. My predecessor, Rev. George M. Folsom laid the foundations of the new vestry in Dedham, by a series of public readings. Other entertainments had increased the sum to $800, and about 1880, near $2,000 were raised by subscription, with which the vestry was reconstructed at a cost of about $3400.

5. Additions to the church-membership. More than sixty, nearly seventy, persons have united with the church during these nine years. There is no fact in my ministry that I record with more satisfaction.

6. I was secretary of the Ministerial Union from 1876 to 1879, three years. Some of the brethren were good enough to say, "the best secretary the Union ever had". The secretary

was the working man of the Union. It was, in my time, left to him to furnish a luncheon and to provide an essayist for the monthly meetings in Boston. I do not remember hearing any swearing about the luncheons, which is remarkable, for the brethren are a profane set, especially about their luncheons. For essayists, I remember writing to distinguished men, with great audacity; for one, E.R.Godkin, editor in chief of the New York Nation, and he accepted and gave us a paper on one of his hobbies. The attendance for these years was about sixty, which is a high-water mark for the Union.

7. Raymond Beach Skinner. We had my nephew with us two years, 1881-2, 1882-3, sending him the first year three terms to Reckers and Bradford's Commercial School in Boston, and the second, three terms to Chauncy Hall School in Boston.

8. Member of the Boston Civil Service Reform Association in 1879-80, years before anyone else in Dedham was on the rolls of that organization. I sent in my name and was for some time a kind of agent for the circulation of Civil Service Reform documents. It was my privilege to place for signiture the first Civil Service Reform petition circulated in Dedham. I am nearly as proud of it as if I had been the father of the Anti-Slavery movement. I was an "Independent" in 1882, a member of the Massachusetts Reform Club 1882-4, and voted for Cleveland, for President, Endicott, Democrat for Govenor, and Lyman, Independent for Congress, in 1884.

Note to p. 83.

Business principles in public business: appointments from merit, not patronage.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM ASSOCIATION,

ROOM 10, No. 8 PEMBERTON SQUARE.

P.O. Box 1158. BOSTON, July 6, 1882

Rev. S. C. Beach,
Dedham.

Dear Sir:-

Your favor of the 5th inst., with the two petitions from Dedham Enclosed, reached me this morning. Please accept the sincere thanks of this association for your efforts and kind advice in the circulation of this petition.

I shall gladly accept your

e to p. 83.

Kind advice and address
Mr. Alfred Stevens or
Mr. Winslow Warren regarding
the formation of an
Association at Oldham.

Yours Very Respectfully,

Bancroft C. Davis,
Asst. Secy.

9. Gave an address before the Sunday School Society in King's Chapel Anniversary Week, 1879 (may be 1880). I only remember that I insisted upon the need of recitation rooms for classes. Paper "took", and was printed in the Christian Register.

10. Two sermons upon President Garfield, printed by request,- 1880.

11. Sermon on the Trinity, printed by the Dedham Branch of the Women's Auxiliary Conference (now, "Alliance").- 1885.

12. Hymn written for the Unitarian Festival, 1884. Printed in Services and Hymns of the Sunday School Society, 1885. Also a hymn for Easter, 1877, (wrote) printed in A.U.A. Hymn and Tune Book, 1877. Mr. George W. Fox told me within a month, (1907), that Rev. Eugene Shippen of Dorchester, used this hymn not long before, after a sermon upon Christ, and that it was the most perfect finish to the sermon possible. So it appears that hymn has lived a good and vigorous life of thirty years.

13. Article in the Unitarian Review, 1883. Subject: "Conditions antecedent to the Reformation". Also in the same, 1884, an article upon "Zwingli, the most Modern Man of the Reformation". Two articles in the same, Nov. 1884 and Aug. 1885, upon Servetus.

14. Bishops. In my notes I have several pages giving the history of a considerable agitation which I was able to create in our usually placid denominational waters. Briefly stated, what I desired was an organization of Unitarian

Note to p. ~~12~~ 84.

Hymn for Easter, 1877.

Where is he that came to save?
Where is he that lived to bless?
Lying in the silent grave,
Sorrow-stricken hearts confess.
In the grave, yet not to earth
Wholly sink heroic lives,
While the memory of their worth
In the heart of man survives.

Watching weary nights in tears,
Thinking of the words he said,
Lo! to them again appears
Image of the sacred dead.
Round the holy sepulchre
Never-dying glories shine;
Midst its hallowed silence stir
Echoes of a voice divine.

Oft in weakness, fear, and gloom,
Now, as then, despairing eyes,
Turning to the Master's tomb,
See, with joy, his spirit rise,-

Rise triumphant from its dust,
Rise again to save and bless,
Spirit of immortal trust,
Breath of truth and holiness.

The following is the hymn for the Unitarian Festival 1884, cut from the program:

9. HYMN.

Tune: "WARD."

Written for this occasion by the Reverend SETH C. BEACH.

Thou One in all, Thou All in one,
Source of the grace that crowns our days,
For all Thy gifts 'neath cloud or sun,
We lift to Thee our grateful praise.

We bless Thee for the life that flows
A pulse in every grain of sand,
A beauty in the blushing rose,
A thought and deed, in brain and hand.

For life that Thou hast made a joy,
For strength to make our lives like Thine,
For duties that our hands employ, —
We bring our offerings to Thy shrine.

Be Thine to give and ours to own
The truth that sets Thy children free,
The law that binds us to Thy throne,
The love that makes us one with Thee.

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ADDRESSES

churches of the state in a working conference, and the appointment of a strong man at a sufficient salary whose business should be to circulate among them and look after what should be their common missionary work. He was to be a first-class man, one that the multitude would like to hear, and I mentioned a salary of $4,000, which would have been about half enough to command the services of such a man. The agitation ran through several months and made the meetings of several Local Conferences pretty lively. It finally resulted in the appointment of Rev. John F. Moors D. D. as Superintendent of Missionary Work in Southern New England and Rev. S. C. Beane D. D., for Northern New England, the latter, afterward succeeded by myself, as agents of the Unitarian Association. I had the pleasure of nominating Dr. Moors for his office, and he used playfully to address me as his "ecclesiastical father." In an address at the Norfalk Conference in Quincy, in October 1884, Dr. E.E.Hale credited me with having given the impulse to the new departure. The Association has half a dozen agents of this kind in its service to-day (1907) called "field-secretaries". They are not what I asked for, but a practicable substitute.

15. Confirmation. I read a paper upon confirmation at the Monday Club, Feb.9,1885. and repeated it at the Grove Meeting at Wiers, N.H. July 27. Without saying that it was the first time confirmation had ever been advocated among

American Unitarians, I may say that I supposed it to be, and that the proposition was a sufficient novelty.

16. At the annual meeting of the Unitarian Association in May, 1885, I was chosen a director for three years. I was appointed on committees for the New England States, for Publication, and for Indian Affairs. It was a pleasant service, but it added much to my labors and did not make life easier. In 1888, I was re-elected for a second term of three years, making a service of six years on the Board of Directors.

The Mother of My Children.

In the note-book which I am partly copying, partly re-writing, there are, at this point, several pages headed, "Frances, my darling wife". (note) She has never forfeited her right to that title, and has greatly increased her claim to it by all the years of devoted love that have passed since those notes were written, but I wish to tone down this record and give it the appearance of impartial history.

The lady in question was born in Augusta, Maine, June 28, 1847. How I met her is told above, on page 63. She was then at the age of twenty,- very beautiful and very sweet, say those notes which I am trying to tone down. Everybody called her Fanny and, for that reason perhaps, I never did. We were engaged April 30, 1868, as told above on page 64. She spent the summer in Gloucester, Mass., where I passed a happy week with her in August and where, for the sake of memories, I

ius was

Note to page 86.

Frances Hall Judd, born in Augusta, Maine, June 28, 1847, was the daughter of Rev. Sylvester Judd and Jane Elizabeth, maiden name Williams. Rev. Sylvester Judd was the author of "Margaret" and "Richard Edney", in the latter of which, the sixth chapter, "Memmy and Bebby", is a charming study of childhood, drawn from life, "Bebby" being Frances and "Memmy" her elder sister. Mr. Judd was pastor of the Unitarian church in Augusta from 1840 to his death, Jan. 3, 1853. He was son of Sylvester Judd of Northampton, Mass., born at Westhampton 1789, editor of the Hampshire Gazette and author of a History of Hadley. He was the son of an earlier Sylvester Judd, farmer and store-keeper in Westhampton, born 1752, Justice of the Peace, member of the Convention to frame a State Constitution, 1779, and repeatedly a member of the State Legislature. He died in 1821, leaving a farm of 360 acres to his heirs. He was the son of Rev. Jonathan Judd, born 1719, for sixty years pastor of the church in Southampton, Mass, died 1803. He was the fifth in descent from Thomas Judd, "who came to this country from England in 1633 or 1634, and to whom was granted by the General Court of Massachusetts, as is well nigh verified, the first title to the land in Cambridge on which the house of the poet Longfellow now stands". Memorabilia of Sylvester Judd, Sr.

John Alden & Priscilla Mullens
came to America in the
"May Flower" in 1620. John
married Priscilla during autumn
of 1621 or Spring of 1622 -
their daughter, Ruth Alden,
married John Bass -
Joseph Bass, their son, born 1665
Joseph, son of Joseph, born 1692
married Elizabeth Beck (born 1700)
their children were (in part -)
Edward Bass born 1726 (first
Protestant Episcopal Bishop of
Eastern Diocese) & Elizabeth Bass
born 1721 - married Rev Philip
Curtis of New Sharon, Mass
Sept. 6th 1744 - (same as present New Sharon ME?)
Their daughter Susannah Curtis
married Daniel Cony, afterwards

of Augusta Maine.

William Curtis came 2-
America in Ship "Lion" 1632
Married Sarah Elliot-(sister
of John Elliott, Apostle 2. the
Indians)- Isaac, son of William
Samuel Curtis, grandson of
William. Married Hannah
Gore 1711- Their son was Rev.
Philip Curtis.

From records collected by
Henry W. Fuller.

Copied April 17th 1901
By Abby C. Philbrooke

Continuation of note to page 86. was

Jane Elizabeth Williams, wife of Rev. Sylvester Judd, was born in Augusta, Maine, December 1, 1819, and was the daughter of Reuel Williams, born 1783, a lawyer, United States Senator from Maine, 1837-42. Died 1862. "In his death Maine lost her foremost citizen, and Augusta her greatest benefactor." North's History of Augusta. Reuel Williams married Sarah Lowell Cony, whose sister Paulina married Judge Nathan ~~Nahan~~ Weston of Augusta. Of this marriage was born Catharine, who married Frederic A. Fuller, and was the mother of Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller.

(died Oct. 23, 1899.)

Joseph Hartwell Williams, son of Reuel and Sarah and brother of Jane Elizabeth (Mrs. Judd), was born, 1814, graduated from Harvard College, 1834, Harvard Law School, 1837, Governor of Maine, 1857, nominated to the Supreme Bench by Gov. Washburn, 1862; declined the honor. He was an able, courtly, fine-grained gentleman.

Augusta was full of aunts and cousins in 1869, when I entered the circle by marriage. See, in North's History of Augusta, Hon. Daniel Williams, Judge and Mayor, brother of Reuel, and Major Gen. Seth Williams, son of Daniel, on Staff of Gen. Grant. (delegated by Gen Grant to receive the sword of Gen Lee, at his surrender).

should like,with her,to pass another. At that period she was in her own phrase,"as well as most girls. I saw her very often at her home during the year following,- too often perhaps for the most dutiful attention to parish calls. I had bought a horse and,during the summer of 1869, we had many delightful drives about Augusta, the memory of which is still very distinct and fresh, and very pleasant. After I resigned at the end of July, I left the horse and buggy in her charge and, with a good deal of business ability, she sold them at cost,I believe, in September. She also superintended packing and shipping my books,in addition to her own preparations for marriage and the closing of her mother's house, Mrs. Judd being in Boston for the winter.

We were married Nov.17,1869, as recorded above, page 67, and started for Minnesota and for farm life. On the way we visited my mother and sister in Marion, where my little wife won all hearts by her sweetness and unaffectedness, and where she was vastly entertained by the strange commonplaces of genuine country life. We saw Niagara together, a chilly spectacle in late November, stopped by necessity a day in Detroit, passed a night in Chicago, and another in St.Paul. This was our wedding journey. We had been a fortnight on the way and the wife had gained, I forget how many pounds, and weighed more than before in her life. She was happy for the space of those two weeks. On arriving in Clear Lake another order of affairs began. Life in that latitude would have been hard

enough at best, but it was made harder than was necessary. She had gone out with the desire of making good, as far as possible, to Mr. Henry T. Hall, her brother-in-law, the home which had been broken by the death of her sister, and he was already meditating making good that home by a second marriage. It was a great disappointment to find that she was rather in the way than otherwise.

The house and surroundings were necessarily rough, no beauty and not much comfort, kitchen floored with rough boards,- cold, impossible to warm, her feet cold with cloth overshoes on. It was inevitable that I should be away from the house, a large part of the winter several miles away, "swamping" as we called it, i.e. cutting poles for fencing, leaving the wife alone long days, in a perfect solitude with nothing visible but snow, nothing audible but the wind. This told on her nerves.

Sunday was our only day, and it happened that a young bachelor Englishman took Sunday to make us a regular and stated visitation, inviting himself to dinner when the housekeeper had almost nothing of which to make a dinner, and no servant to help. So passed the hard winter of 1869-70. In the spring a servant became an obvious necessity and one was with difficulty procured. Frances retained the care of her small dairy and took great satisfaction in making the butter from her two cows.

In September 1870, having dissolved partnership with

Mr. Hall, we moved into our temporary camp on Elk Lake, in which one of our first experiences was a thorough drenching, - the first night of our occupancy, - by a rain which literally poured through our insufficient roof, as narrated above on page 68.

We had a pair of young horses, a small colt, a cow, and half a dozen hens. Frances took upon her to feed the colt and to take care of the hens, from which last she used to get her half dozen eggs every day. She had great courage and nerve. One day we had driven to St. Cloud, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles, in our little wagon, - we had the luxury of a little, second-hand, spring wagon, - and one of the horses becoming lame from bad shoeing, we were sadly belated and had a long dark drive over the prairie roads, where it was impossible to see the track, and where there were all manner of side tracks running off to hay meadows and elsewhere. Nothing would have been easier than to lose our way. I am able to put it upon record that my little wife, now the most timid of mortals, did not seem to be possessed of any fear whatever. Her timidity behind a horse dates from an experience narrated above on page 69. Several times she drove the colts, - they had never been driven at all till the previous September, - to the depot and post office, for the mail, a distance of a couple of miles, going and returning alone. It was perfectly safe, as the little horses were not at all

afraid of the cars, and had been harnessed every day since I bought them, and were as subdued as old hacks.

I have told how she undertook to do a washing, how she caught cold and was sick, and how near I came to losing the dear girl, page 68; but I never could tell what either of us experienced in the weeks during which that illness lasted. I have never been able to say whether she quite recovered ~~fr~~ from that illness or not. She was very well during the folowing summer, but not at all well during the next winter and by the next spring, 1872, was decidedly a confirmed invalid. From May, 1872 to March 1873, in Charlestown, Mass., she was under Dr. D. W. Cheever's care and he made her regular visits. There was nothing in Charlestown, or our surroundings, or our prospects, to give an invalid health. The doctor was constantly saying: "You must get this woman into the country" and, happily, in March 1873, we went to Norton, Mass. as related above, page 72.

Frances enjoyed Norton from the moment she stepped into it. Perhaps she would have enjoyed almost any change after Charlestown, but her life in the west had fitted her to take an interest in the plain ways of country people and in the incidents of country life. She has always had a liking for ~~p~~ plain, unsophisticated and unsophisticating people, and in her later experience, she had learned to sympathize with the country folk and take their point of view. She could sit down and talk with an old woman about her chickens with as much and as gen-

uine interest as the old woman herself. She found the Norton people intelligent in their way and, what is more, genuine, and she came very close to them. Life in Norton became a little monotinous before the three years were ended, but she always liked the place and the people, and does still. She often talks of spending our vacation there, and she says she is going to "retire" there and spend her old age. Let us do it, my dear, soon.

Dedham has never been quite so much to her heart (so written in 1885; perhaps Dedham became as much later). She was in a miserable state of health when she went there, preceding the birth of her first child. She has had a good deal of poor health since, and the Dedham people are not so homogenious as those of Norton. It took longer for her to find her place and feel at home in Dedham, as it did for Dedham people to appreciate her. She has chiefly sought those that seemed to be most solitary and neglected, and has tried very hard to make them feel and be at home in the parish.

The Dedham branch of the Women's Auxiliary Conference (now Alliance), was organized in 1881, and for four years she has been president and has literally carried the society on her shoulders, becoming a very efficient presiding officer and making the organization a marked success: "the banner Branch, for work, in Norfolk County", as Miss Elizabeth Channing often stated. (Frances was president continuously for seven years).

Her friends are those who know her best, and who like directness, simplicity, and modesty. She never thinks of herself or spares herself, is unreservedly generous, and conscientious to a fault. Such, and more, is the wife whom a kind providence gave me sixteen years ago, come November 17,(1885), really gave me sixteen years ago April 30, now past, whose love is by far the most precious thing providence ever did & give me, or could.

The above sketch, copied almost verbatim, is dated, "Willard Hotel, Laconia, N.H., August 15,1885." I was there spending a week with Sylvester who was then convalescing from an accidental but severe blow on the head by a croquet mallet in the hands of another boy player, a blow which might and probably would, said the doctor, have been fatal to an older person. The boy convalesced very rapidly; the incident is narrated on page 180.

I find a few more notes concerning Frances, written in 1885, that long-ago. Of the Women's Auxiliary Conference, (Alliance):—The office of president of the Dedham Branch involved immense labor and anxiety, especially while the organization was being launched. It was all the harder because the president was wholly unfamiliar with the forms of procedure, uncertain even how to put a motion or declare a vote. Happlily, or unhappily, there was no one among the ladies who was better informed, though there might easily be and were,

those much more self-confident. She studied her manual and ~~h~~ became a very good parliamentarian. Nominally there was a ~~bo~~ board of directors, but the laying out of the work and especially the care to see that there should be some work, or topic with speaker or paper to occupy the meeting, fell upon her. Failing everything else, the president must be able to occupy the hour herself. During Mrs. Beach's presidency, she almost always contributed the main part of the discussion, and often presented the topic in an opening address. Every ~~y~~ year, I objected to her taking the office, but the ladies re-elected her as often, insisting that no one could fill her place: and with reason. (1885)

To this I may add that, in 1906, she and I, upon invitation, attended the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Dedham Alliance, at which she received full credit for her share in launching the organization. She is to this day remembered admiringly and lovingly by the old members of the Alliance, which in her time included most if not all the ladies of the parish. In Bangor, she tried to keep out of the presidency, but finally took it when the Alliance seemed to be going to pieces. It was a bad hour in which to distinguish oneself, but she saved the ship and left as warm friends in Bangor as in Dedham.

She developed into an excellent speaker for public occasions. She always had something to say, said it well, and

held the interest of her audience. I remember, during the Bangor period, a Maine Conference at Houlton, when she made an address which I did not hear, but of which I heard much in praise. She went from Bangor to Jamaica Plain, Mass. to speak at a Convention of New England Alliances, and her Dedham friends, who felt that she was their very own, were delighted with her. Whether the following refers to the same meeting or to a subsequent one in Portland, I am not sure. It is from a letter written by Mrs. Judge True of Augusta to Miss Hannah Fuller, who kindly sent it to me. It is dated June 13. 1894: "I came back through the blossoming fields with added strength for all kinds of work and all puffed up with pride in Mrs. Beach. I was proud for all New England, for Maine, but most of all for Augusta, as she stood before us in her ~~a~~ neat, comely attire, her sweet face and simple, gracious manner, her fine pronunciation and distinct enunciation. She is indeed a type of the finest, highest culture of New England and is the peer of any woman. I wish her mother had been ~~the~~ there". I have known the lady just forty years (1867-1907), and I want to put it upon record that I believe this ~~this~~ praise to be well deserved, and a very moderate statment.

Entries in that old note-book give grounds for believing that she possessed fine literary possibilities, inherited ~~fr~~ from her father, and for that matter from her mother, who had quite an unusual aptitude in using the right word.

During that period of invalidism in Charlestown,1872-3, Frances wrote two or three bright,short articles for the Woman's Journal; one or two others later. One on the retirement of Col T. W. Higginson from the Journal, article not printed but passed with other tributes to Col. Higginson, who wrote her a very appreciative note. She also wrote two or three articles for the Christian Register, especially to be mentioned, "A short Sermon to Women, by Frances Strand". Mrs. S. J. Barrows, assistant editor, wrote desiring her to sign her own name and saying that so good a paper deserved a genuine signature. It was too late however to change it. The "Frances Strand" was rather my fault than my wife's. It requires some favorite topic,- woman's dress is one,- to stimulate her to the pitch of writing for publication, but she has proved her ability to express herself distinctly, often vividly, and to make an interesting article. (Dedham,1885). (Note)

She has been a wonderful letter-writer, not for the number of her letters, for she dislikes writing, but for their quality, as a file of her letters written when I have been absent from her would show. I was going to destroy them a ~~ye~~ year ago to save trouble to my heirs, but I read them over and filed them away again. It would have been vandalism to destroy them. She has a rare gift of expression. She often hesitates for the right word, and perhaps this embarrassment grows upon her, but she more often says the best thing and says it perfectly. Not long ago, I had to attend the funera(

Note to p. 95

From the Woman's Journal of June 2, 1883.

HAT OR BONNET?

Some of us have heard of the good woman who has worn the same bonnet ten years in order to give money to the cause of religion. The money could hardly be called "pin money." In this case it was bonnet money, *i. e.*, the money that she would otherwise have spent upon a new bonnet once or twice a year. Her case has been cited by enthusiastic speakers at missionary meetings, and her example quoted as worthy of admiration, if not of emulation. But who among the audiences that have been thrilled at the thought of such self-sacrifice has thought of envying that good woman,—envying her, not for her goodness and devotion, but for her freedom from the care, worry and anxiety of buying a new bonnet?

Perhaps the average woman does not find the buying of a new bonnet such a burden as some of us do. And it is true that life would lose much of its mystery without this ever-recurring spring and fall anguish, and much of its discipline. Could heaven be won without this just amount of suffering? And has any one thought what a strange place heaven will be without bonnets or the necessity for them?

It is not for want of stores filled with attractive millinery that it is so difficult to buy a bonnet. My "hired girl" assured me that she went into no less than twenty stores before selecting one. There are bonnets in every variety. The fashion-critic of the newspaper finds abundant material to fill a bright column in which all the colors of the rainbow are harmoniously blended, and upon reading which one feels that it cannot be difficult to find just the article needed. And so we take the train for the city one of these fine mornings, and making straight for one of the most reliable milliners, we ask for a bonnet, do you think, unsuspecting reader? On the contrary we ask for a hat,—a hat that will shade the eyes. We have always held the opinion that the hat or bonnet, the head-covering, in short, of women as of men, should have some excuse for being, that it should serve as a protection for the head and eyes,—therefore we ask for a hat that will shade the eyes.

"A shade hat? certainly," responds the obliging lady of bonnets. And straightway an immense article of rather coarse straw, and heavily laden with flowers and ribbon, is brought forward.

"Well, not exactly," we hesitatingly stammer; "something not quite so large—a fine straw—something suitable for any occasion—nice enough to wear to church—a dress-hat, in short."

The secret is out and we feel the flush rising to our cheeks, because we know the shop-woman will think us an ignoramus from the depths of the country. We are not at all surprised when she responds to our inquiry for a dress-hat by saying quickly and decidedly, "Dress-hat? you want a bonnet!"

"No," we humbly protest, "we want a hat—a shade-hat—and one that will answer the purposes of a bonnet."

The woman looks incredulously at us as if she can hardly believe that such stupidity exists, and says mildly, "Very well; we have every style of hat that is made, and can suit you if any one can." Thereupon she brings forward every variety of hat, from the gypsy to the sailor. She soon demonstrates that she is right. The dress-hat that shades the eyes does not exist. All of the hats that shade the eyes are not dressy. All the dressy hats do not shade the eyes.

In any company of well-dressed ladies you will see no hats. Every lady will be arrayed in a snug, neat, handsome, and almost totally useless bonnet. The daring soul who ventures among them in a shade-hat will be looked upon with a feeling of pity as a person devoid of taste.

And so with a sigh we leave the milliner, inwardly debating the question,—have we courage to wear a shade-hat, or shall we be cowardly enough to get a bonnet? We do not believe that it would require so much fortitude to wear the same bonnet ten years as it does to wear a shade-hat six months.

Mrs. F. H. Beach B.

Continuing Note to p. 95.

From the Woman's Journal of Aug. 4, 1883.

Woman's Journal
Aug. 4. 1883.
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INDIVIDUALITY IN DRESS.

In her interesting article upon hats in the JOURNAL of June 23, "H." remarks that "we women make a great mistake in putting ourselves into the hands of our milliners and dressmakers and then expecting to retain our individuality."

I would ask "H." if individuality in the matter of dress is something that it is desirable to retain? Is individuality one of the essential elements of dress?

Most of us would admit that there are certain elements requisite to good dressing. Our savage ancestors found ornament the chief essential. Their blankets were hardly of so much importance as their beads. Our more immediate progenitors considered ornament almost as important in the dress of men as of women. Lace and velvet, buckles and feathers, formed conspicuous parts of their costume.

In our day, neatness and comfort are the leading characteristics of the dress of a gentleman. Fashion is also an important factor. A certain style in the cutting and fitting of garments prevails. At present, pantaloons are some inches narrower than they were a few years ago, and coats hug their wearers more affectionately. The prevailing style is followed by all, and except that more care and neatness is shown by some than by others, no striking difference is seen. The more enlightened man is not unlike the less enlightened. Emerson and Sumner were not to be distinguished by their dress from the gentlemanly clerks who waited upon them in the stores.

Individuality in the dress of men is an element almost unknown. Tennyson, we read, affects a looseness and ease in his dress. But this may be rather the characteristic of the poet than of the man.

> "Why do we envy the poets so?
> Because so easy and careless they go,
> And we would all be poets too."

Even the dress of the "dude" is said to be marked by its quietness.

Neatness and comfort then, with a general adherence to a prevailing style,—in short, *want* of individuality, or of anything to draw attention to his dress and thereby make him and it conspicuous,—would seem to be characteristic of the dress of a gentleman.

How is it with that of a lady?

To have her dress such as to strike the eye and attract attention is frequently its leading characteristic. Strikingly pretty, strikingly odd, etc., are terms constantly in use among women with regard to their dress.

Individuality is no more an element of women's dress than of men's. Fashion rules, and although fashion is to-day as irrational as she is imperious, the cost of disregarding her mandates is one that few women would care to pay.

The absurdities of the present style are not confined to the bonnet. Skirts are more heavily laden with trimming than ever before. Bustles and overskirts are piled like Pelion upon Ossa till the woman within is as nothing compared with her environment.

"Is that the fashion, or is it a burlesque?" inquired a gentleman glancing at a fashion-plate lying upon his wife's dressing-table.

"That is the latest fashion," was the reply.

"Don't do it, don't do it," was his remonstrance, as he turned away in disgust.

And yet to make one's self conspicuous by *not* following the fashion, to retain one's individuality at the price of disregarding the dictates of this monster, is that desirable?

Shall I get a block, and year by year, without regard to the latest edict, have my hats made upon it? "A gentleman is quiet, a lady is serene," said Emerson. But shall I be serene in this hat blocked out for my individual self?

Drab is the ideal color for all clothing, says an eminent physician. Suppose my husband should appear in a suit of drab, not bought at a ready-made clothing store, but made expressly for him? He would have no difficulty in retaining his individuality—but would he preserve his peace of mind?—and would his wife?

Doubtless we would go to the stake for cause. Descended from the Puritans, the blood of martyrs courses in our veins. But did we ever see a picture of Miles Standish without his knee-buckles? And how would sweet Mistress Priscilla have felt without her kerchief? Among the Romans the wise policy is, if possible, to conform.

In short, is individuality a desirable, not to say essential, element in dress? Neatness, comfort, as far as in the nature of things it lies, and withal a quiet, distant following of the imperial dictator Fashion,—are not these points necessary to the mental serenity of the woman as well as of the man who would be well-dressed? B.

Dedham, Mass.

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From the Christian Register of Feb. 7, 1884.

A SHORT SERMON TO WOMEN.

BY FRANCES H. ~~STRAND~~ Beard

"And I have led you forty years in the wilderness: your clothes are not waxen old upon you, and thy shoe is not waxen old upon thy foot."—DEUT. 29 : 5.

Moses does not say whether the children stopped growing during those forty years: otherwise, although the clothes waxed not old, they must have been outgrown.

Possibly, they were passed down from the older children to the younger, and so made to serve. For the children of the present generation, alas! the shoe waxes old, and all of the clothes become quickly both old and outgrown; and the tired mother knows no rest from the needle.

"I sit down to my sewing every morning by ten o'clock," said to me the capable mother of six children. Another mother of the same number of children said: "I make the dessert for dinner every morning, take care of the parlors and my room. It takes me an hour and a half, and then I am ready for my sewing. I always cut, make, and trim all of my children's dresses." And there were five girls always tastefully dressed. Another lady with but one child says: "One would think I might have a great deal of time, but it is eleven o'clock before I am ready to sit down; and, then, my little boy calls upon me so constantly that I seem to get no real leisure."

In a former generation, all of these ladies would have added to their sewing and dusting the general housework of the family. My capable aunt of eighty years looks with wonder and scorn upon the women of the present day, who have no time for anything and no strength. "Why, when I was a girl," she says, "we took care of the babies, did the housework, sewing and knitting, and had time for reading and study besides. The way was to rock the cradle, and read and sew at the same time,—book in the lap, foot on the cradle, and fingers plying the knitting needles. We always took time to change our dress after dinner, so as to feel fresh, whether we had callers or not. And Monday, after washing, some of the neighbors always spent the afternoon, and took tea together."

Of such stuff were our grandmothers made. For us, in the majority of cases, the willing Bridget washes, bakes, scrubs, does the weekly sweeping, makes the beds, even looks after the babies, and takes them out of an afternoon. The daily dusting, the desserts, the constant oversight of our maid-of-all-work, and the more constant care of our children would be the sum of our duties, if it were not for—the sewing. That is never done. As soon as Christmas is over, the new year ushers in the beginning of the spring sewing. The plain sewing, underclothing, table and bed linen, aprons, etc., must be got out of the way before the momentous work of dresses and dressmaker is begun. Some of the plain sewing is done for us. Handkerchiefs and towels are to be found hemmed at the lowest prices, and many people find much advantage in the ready-made underclothing. But the fit of these garments is uncertain; and, unless a high price is paid, the cotton is of poor quality. With all the helps that she can command, the careful housewife finds enough to keep her busy till house-cleaning time, after which the heat of summer makes a needle in the hand intolerable, even if summer company or summer journeying does not render sewing out of the question. As soon as cool weather sets in, the fall sewing sets in, and until the holidays there is no lull.

Now, in face of this unquestioned state of things, the needle ever in the hand and the sewing ever on the mind, the question arises how does it happen that, while the average housekeeper of to-day has succeeded in turning off upon some one else the housework that was her occupation in former days, she has not also found it feasible to get some one else to do her sewing. How does it happen that a seamstress in the house is not as common as a housework girl? I do not know of a single family of my acquaintance who keeps a seamstress as a permanent member of the household. In some cases, a nursery girl combines sewing with care of children; but even this is rare, and not usually of long duration.

In the Carlyle and Emerson Correspondence, a fact transpires with regard to Emerson's domestic life, which for me has great interest. "I have," says Emerson, "certain sources of income. With this income, here at home, I am a rich man. I have food, warmth, leisure, books, friends. Go away from home, I am rich no longer. I never have a dollar to spend on a fancy. . . . My wife, mother, boy,—these, and three domestic women, who cook and sew and run for us, make all my household." Many people of the present day are not content with as plain living as was Emerson. He never had a dollar to spend on a fancy. "Dress plainly, live coarsely, and lie hard," was his maxim. And yet his wife kept a sewing woman!

Most persons of ample means to-day think an elegant house, a nice table, a neat waitress, and a fine horse of more importance than the leisure for the wife that a seamstress implies. On the other hand, where people have but moderate means, it is only by the closest economy that expense

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and income can be made to meet. "If it had cost him fifty dollars more to live," said one man of another, "he would have been bankrupt." And this is the case with most of us, who find our expenses steadily keeping pace with our income. And who does not? That it costs a large percentage more to live to-day than it did fifty years ago is shown by statistics. But do we spend this percentage for high thinking? Is not the increased outlay rather for high living, and so plain thinking continues to be all that we can afford? That there are women who do not desire leisure for any worthy purpose, that there are more who would not know how to use it, may be unfortunately true; but it does not require great faith to believe that most wives and mothers desire and could use more leisure than they have to the advantage of themselves, their families, and society. Is such additional leisure possible? What are we women doing to bring it about? Surely, we do not intend to go on without effort or protest in the rut that grows deeper year by year. Already, fashion has decreed such richness and elaborateness of attire that it can hardly go further in that direction. Let some of us try to turn the tide in favor of simplicity and common sense. Fortune has favored us in placing us in a land where the increased outlay in living frees us from much of the drudgery that was the portion of our grandmothers. Let us show that we are worthy of such good fortune by putting our freedom to good use. Let us not spend the greater part of our leisure hours in putting unnecessary stitches into artistic costumes for our children or ourselves. Let us aim at utility in dress; and, if beauty comes too, let it be secondary. Who of us can read without a feeling of rebuke the words of Mary L. Ware with regard to dress? "My rule," she says, "is to go without everything which I can *decently*, making my own ideas of decency, not others', the standard." And yet, if her dress was like her pictured face, simplicity, purity, strength, were its characteristics, and made it far more beautiful than any servile following of fashion could have done.

First, then, we must learn the noble art of going without. Second, we must aim at simplicity and strength in what we have, to the end that we be no longer merely animated needles, but, freed from our much serving, have time to choose some better part.

Continuing Note to p. 95.

From the Woman's Journal, Dec. 25, 1886.

A BUSINESS DRESS FOR WOMEN.

Editors Woman's Journal:

The most encouraging sign of an improvement in the dress of women is the interest shown in Mrs. Miller's beautiful dress. As one writer after another takes up the subject and discourses upon it, we begin to feel that there is hope for us. When the majority of women come to see that there is need of improvement in their dress, the improvement may be near at hand.

Mrs. Whitehead thinks we are ready for the perfect dress. Mrs. Miller thinks we are ready to take the second step in the path of improvement. Underclothing having been re-fashioned and reformed, we are ready to attack the outer clothing.

But to do this, i. e.,—to adopt Mrs. Miller's dress—martyrs, it seems to me, will be wanted almost as much as in the days of the bloomer. To be fashionable, is the object sought in woman's dress to-day. Only the exceptional few wish for anything different. Not what is comfortable, sensible, or beautiful, but what is the latest style, is the sole question asked of a dressmaker. If she cannot furnish this latest style, it is of no consequence how comfortable, sensible, or even beautiful her dresses may be.

"Are sleeves worn as tight as ever?" you say to your dress-maker. "Tighter," she answers; "you must peel off your dress when you take it off."

"But I like to wear long-sleeved underwaists in winter." "You cannot wear them," she says; "there is no room."

"I want my waist loose." "But you must not have it wrinkle;" and she exerts every muscle to get it together.

"I don't like bones." "They are necessary to keep the waist in place."

"I want my skirt light." "They are making them heavier than ever; you will require so many yards of this. Your bustle is not large enough."

"But I don't like large bustles." "You need a large one to hold the skirt out. You ought to wear a hoop-skirt."

"Hoop-skirts make me miserable. Don't make my dress long enough to touch and soil and wear off at the bottom." "They wear them long now. You will have to have this two inches longer than your last."

"Be sure and put a pocket into my dress." "Pocket!" she exclaims, in accents of scorn, "don't mention pockets to me! There is no place for a pocket in skirts now-a-days. You will have to carry a bag."

And so on, *ad infinitum*. It is not a question of comfort, beauty, or convenience, but simply one of conformity to the latest style.

And so when Mrs. Miller comes with confidence of success, and says, "Behold, I show you what is not only convenient, comfortable, and sensible, but graceful and beautiful into the bargain," I answer her, "My dear madame, not one of the adjectives that you have just used to describe your beautiful dress is found in the vocabulary of any fashionable dress maker!"

Skirts voluminous, but no place for a pocket. Sleeves tight as a vice. Waists tighter. Necks choked by wide, tight bands. Hair dragged up to the top of the head and fastened there by pins. Pinnacles known as bonnets pinned upon this structure of hair. Beauty, grace, convenience, did you say, Mrs. Miller? What have these qualities to do with woman's dress? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Fashion, the latest style, is the one thing sought.

Over against this strong current that sets in the direction of fashion, there is, however, an undercurrent of common-sense. I might say a residuum of conscience, in the consciousness of women. It creates a demand for better things. And this demand is met by the common-sense shoe that is found in every shoe store, by the comfort corset that is for sale in every dry-goods store, by the plain felt hat displayed by the best milliners.

And now comes Mrs. Miller with her beautiful dress, thinking to fill a want long felt. But we who wear the common-sense-shoe, the comfort-corset, and the plain felt hat, do not pretend to beauty in dress, we simply seek comfort. When in the privacy of our homes we wear a plain princess wrapper, light and comfortable, and requiring only a small bustle, we do not consider ourselves dressed; we are in undress.

The soft folds of a gentleman's dressing-gown may, or may not, be more graceful from an artistic point of view than the well-defined outlines of his business suit. But the man would be brave, indeed, who would wear a dressing-gown on the street.

If, now, a comfort-dress can be invented that shall be found in every ladies' furnishing-store,—a dress suitable for walking, travelling, and business,—we will not require that it shall be beautiful, but simply convenient. And when we wish to be dressed, when our husbands and other male appendages assume their dress-coats and expansive shirt-fronts, we will clothe ourselves in the fashionable dress whatever it may be, of the latest mode.

FRANCES H. BEACH.

Dedham, Dec. 20, 1886.

Continuing Note to p. 95.

From the Woman's Journal of Feb. 19, 1887.

ANOTHER MARTYR TO OVER-WORK.

Editors Woman's Journal:

There has recently appeared in the papers the report of a wretched tragedy. It was a brief story, even the reporters seeming not to like to linger upon the harrowing details. The mother of eight children killed her five younger children in the most horrible manner, and afterwards hung herself. If the event had occurred in Dakota or New Mexico, it would not have seemed so strange; but it happened in Ohio, in the beautiful city of Cleveland. And what made it seem more strange was the fact that want had not driven this unnatural mother to desperation; she was not saving her children from starvation by a more rapid death. Her husband earned $2.50 wages per day, and "supplied his family with every reasonable comfort." This story has, doubtless, been read by thousands of men and women, and a shudder of horror has passed through them as they perused the dreadful tale, but to not one of these men or women, I venture to say, has the thought occurred that it was not strange that the mother of eight children should have become insane under the circumstances. Not one has noticed the fact that no servant is mentioned in the account of the murder, or has reflected that if there had been a servant, not only would it have been impossible for the murder to happen, but, perhaps, possible to have saved the mother from insanity. Nor yet has any one taken note of the fact that the elder boys were away from home with their father at work, instead of being at home helping their mother. Even the boy third in age was not at home with his mother. If any of these boys had been at home, the tragedy might not have occurred. The father and mother were Germans, and the mother was a fine-looking woman. In Germany women of the laboring class are expected to work like beasts of burden. They are harnessed with dogs, they carry heavy loads, and they wait upon their husbands. I have met them in this country toiling along the roadside, the wife with a great bundle upon her head, while the husband beside her smoked his pipe in peace. Doubtless, the husband of this poor crazy woman would have looked with dull-eyed amazement at any one who had suggested, after the birth of the eighth baby, that his wife needed a servant.

A servant? Was she not then a servant?

The boys then,—they should help their mother.

The boys—they go mit de fader. Can you not hear him say it, this strong German fellow? What does he know of a woman's needs? And so, all unthinking of what is to befall, he goes to his work with his grown-up boys, and the woman is left with the four little ones and the three-months' baby.

The story has been often told of a woman's work; but who can tell the tale of a mother's woe? And when this man is summoned to his desecrated home, think you he holds himself in any wise responsible for the fiendish deed that has been committed there? No! Has he not always been a good husband and a good provider? "He has supplied his family with every reasonable comfort." And with a shudder at his wife's crime he smokes his pipe, at peace with himself and his God.

In the sixth chapter of the serial story coming out in the WOMAN'S JOURNAL, I find a text, of which this incident is a commentary. Nora, the heroine, a city-bred girl, has married Elias, a farmer. For the first few months after marriage Elias gets his aunt to come and assist in the work and make the house cheerful. On the departure of the aunt and the coming on of the busy season, Nora proposes to hire a domestic, but Elias protests. The womenfolks of the family have always got along without help; why should not she? Nora is amazed and grieved, and fearing a quarrel, puts off the discussion till bed-time, when, after much fortifying of her soul with prayer and meditation, she turns to her husband and says: "Elias, my husband"—— but Elias was asleep. Is it not often so? In the tremendous upheavals of a woman's soul, is not Elias apt to be asleep?

I knew a poor woman ill with nervous prostration. Her husband had been in an insane asylum for some months, and upon his recovery the reaction after the strain of care and anxiety told upon her nervous system. She was often faint and scarcely able to sit up. Her husband suggested gruel at frequent intervals, and thought that to do a washing would be the best medicine for her. "To get into a sweat," he said, "always made him feel better when ill." A good physician fortunately was at hand, and in place of the gruel, prescribed powerful tonics, and for the washing, a month's rest.

I once lived upon a Western prairie farm. A German owned the adjoining farm, and cultivated it with the help of his wife. She went into the field with him every day and worked like a man. But when she came in from work, after the chores were done, she could not, "like a man," sit down by the fire with her pipe. She must get dinner or supper, as the case might be, and do up the work. My husband proposed to the man to "swap" wives.

"What can your wife do?" asked the German, scornfully. "Your wife is no good." He had paid one hundred and sixty acres of land for his wife, and he did not propose to exchange her for a woman who could not even do so much as a washing.

The Rev. Sam Jones preached a sermon to mothers, recently, from the text "Breth-

Continuing Note to p. 95.

From the Christian Register of March 24, 1887.

March 24, 1887
The Christian Register,

term. The average well-to-do American husband is not disposed to be niggardly; and, if he makes his wife a fixed allowance (much the best plan, of course), will make it a generous one. But she ought never to be satisfied to spend it, until she has found by experience that it is the least sum on which she can get along, with due consideration for herself and everybody else.

I myself live in a house conducted on Mrs. Rollins's principle. It is a very delightful house to live in, and every one seems to think so. The servants stay on for twenty years and more, and the "stranger within the gates" is a perpetual institution; but—it costs a great deal of money. The head of the house remarks occasionally, as he signs his checks, "that it pays to spend a little money for peace of mind"; and so it does. But how little or how much? Are you willing or can you afford to pay a dollar a week, or five, or ten, or twenty? Should you like, moreover, to spend that sum, whatever it may be, as you please or as your servants please? For, if you are ignorant and they are experienced, the latter will infallibly be the case. Are you keeping three servants where two would do your work perfectly well, or two where the work really demands three? If your husband gives you two thousand a year, could you, by a little pains and attention, manage to do on fifteen hundred, and do you want the five hundred more than you mind taking the pains? These, and a hundred more questions, you can never answer unless you have a theoretical and practical knowledge of housework.

I was brought up, like the generation before me, on good Mrs. Farrar's "Young Lady's Friend." Alas! I fear she was as obsolete to most of my contemporaries as she is now. Much of her advice I still remember; and, among it, that where she directs those who have learned to sew well to next acquire the art of slighting portions of their work, where it will not interfere with durability, and thus to save time. "But if," she goes on, warming with the subject, "you cannot make a fine shirt in the neatest and best manner, you need not one restrict her family to the regular New York allowance of one child.

It is only fair, too, to say that some women have the talent of commanding. The power of getting work out of other people is often seen in those who not only cannot do that sort of work, but any other,—just as the capacity for hard work is often seen in those who have none for management. The first class may make good mistresses in large and wealthy establishments, but fail where close economy is desirable; and the second do well in a humble sphere, but fail in a more extended one. I have seen lamentable instances of both, in cases where a sudden change in means led to a change in duties. A good mistress of a family will excel in both directions, and a wise mother will see that her daughter's education is perfected in both. I hardly know what Mrs. Rollins means by "drudgery"; but I consider the word as very improperly used, if applied to a knowledge of and practice in such household duties as our respective stations and means demand. I have had very little time or occasion in my life to do much real housework; but, when I have done any, I enjoyed trying to do it as well as possible. I have friends who have often had to do all of theirs, but they did not make "drudgery" of it. That word applies, not to the work itself, but to the spirit in which it is done. A dinner may be served or a room swept with the soul of the artist, and a picture painted or a sonata played without it; and it needs only a very little acquaintance with the current literature to show us, to our sorrow, how much drudgery goes into that.

BREAD FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY F. B. Zach

A cheering editorial in the *Christian Register* of February 17 concludes with the comfortable assurance that, "when our children ask for bread, we are learning not to give them a stone." The *Register* abounds in just such articles as this, in which the warmth and freshness of the

of their work, where it will not interfere with durability, and thus to save time. "But if," she goes on, warming with the subject, "you cannot make a fine shirt in the neatest and best manner, you need not attempt the art of slighting, as that can only be safely done by a really good needlewoman. Your best endeavors will be slighting enough, no doubt." I would say, in imitation, Don't try to spend freely till you have learned to save carefully,—your best management will, no doubt, be extravagant enough. I do not advocate skimping one's family or nagging one's servants or tiring out one's self; neither of these is economy, and the last is the worst extravagance you can commit. Economy is the wise expenditure of your means so as to produce the best possible result from them. It is a duty for all, but most especially for a woman who is spending her husband's money for him and for her children; and it is one that can never be practiced by one who does not know how everything should be done, even though she may consider it the truest economy to rest satisfied far short of her ideal.

I would only say one very brief word about our duty to our servants. I fully agree with a great deal Mrs. Rollins says about throwing them on their own responsibility; but it is a great kindness to teach them, when teaching will be a help. Some of the very best servants I have ever known have been made by wise instruction out of young, bright, ambitious, half-taught girls. A mistress will often find much more faithfulness and trustworthiness in such a one than she will in the already-trained one she must get (if she can), if she is ignorant herself; and she probably does more good by training one such girl in her family than by giving occasional instruction to a



comfortable assurance that, "when our children ask for bread, we are learning not to give them a stone." The *Register* abounds in just such articles as this, in which the warmth and freshness of the new religious views are set forth in contrast with the cold and barren theology of former days. According to these assurances, there is abundance of material in our new way of thinking to serve as basis for religious instruction. "Ho, every one that thirsteth or hungereth, come ye and be filled!"

Some acquaintance with parents and teachers leads me, however, to doubt if, while ceasing to give our children a stone, we have in fact learned to give them anything in its place. Only a short time ago, one of our most intelligent ladies said: "I have taught in the Sunday-school many years, but I never wish to teach again. The children ask questions that I cannot answer." Half a dozen other ladies echoed her sentiment, one of whom said her little girl was asking impossible questions about the saints, concerning whom her Catholic maid was filling the child's head with legends. She should have to put a stop to it, she said,—the child was too young to hear such things. But must not the little girl's head be filled with something; and, if she would not have her given a stone, must she not find bread for her?

In the Sunday-school department of the *Register*, I find, from week to week, notices of most attractive books for teaching children. In the same issue of February 17, Mrs. Wilson's books are mentioned in a way to make one wish to procure them at once; and yet we are constantly hearing of the difficulty of imparting religious ideas to our children. The stoutest-hearted teacher of a week-day school, whom the most unruly scholar cannot intimidate, who is thoroughly versed in all the new methods of teaching the young idea to shoot, quails at the thought of giving any religious instruction to his children. What can you teach them anyway, he asks in a hopeless tone, and neither wishes to teach in our Sunday-school himself nor more than half-believes in sending his children to it. A Unitarian lady of my acquaintance, who has accompanied her husband to the orthodox church for years without any misgivings, since her children have become old enough to attend Sunday-school and study the catechism, feels increasing distress of

(OVER)

continuing Note to p. 95.

on the Christian Register of Feb. 7, 1889.

THE HIGHEST HEAVEN.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Slipping into a back seat in Channing Hall, I found myself too late to hear the opening of Mr. Batchelor's able lecture on Saturday last, but his ringing words fell upon my ear with a grateful sound. It always causes my Unitarian heart to swell with joy to hear our noble faith set forth in such vigorous fashion as that of Mr. Batchelor. To a mathematical mind also, his illustrations by equations were specially satisfying. Even a woman could appreciate the fact that a citizen should acknowledge his indebtedness to the State by a tax, as also the corollary, that if the State fails in its duty to the citizen the tax should be remitted.

Mr. Batchelor went on to say in substance that our noble faith transcends merely utilitarian standards. In following its lofty ideals a man will give up all hope of reward, all happiness whether of the greater or lesser number, even heaven itself. At this point I was reminded of Victor Hugo's Sister of Charity, who resigned her hope of heaven, her hold upon everything that might save her soul from hell, when she uttered the lie upon which hung the life of Jean Valjean.

And I venture to ask if, in following the dictates of the heavenly pity within her, this good Sister did not find her highest heaven. She did not know, poor, ignorant soul, that in listening to the still, small voice within she was obeying the voice of God, that in doing his will she was already in the heaven from which she imagined herself shut out. It is the glory of the Unitarian faith that it removes

"All creeds of fear,
All clouds of doubt,"

that have darkened and made wretched the lives of so many trembling souls. It sets free the seeker after the highest to follow by any path that he can the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. It teaches that "the stream cannot rise higher than its source," that the pity, love, and tenderness in the human heart are but echoes from the heart of the all-loving Father. And is it quite fair to say of the man who follows the strongest drawing of which he is conscious that he is a mere utilitarian? His ends may be low, but to his grovelling mind they transcend all others. His highest heaven may or may not be ours, but the same power that moves us moves him.

The Transcendentalist transcends what,—God?

FRANCES H. BEACH.

of an accomplished lady, very frail, but very pure, refined, cultivated, gentle, sweet, a beautiful character. At breakfast Frances said, "Carrie was a flower". I quoted this remark at the funeral as something that had been said and one of the best that had been said, and it was the signal for the outburst of a sob from a dozen people who realized how true it was and who could not stand any more. (1907).

I have the following note, written in 1885, upon Sylvester's illness and his mother's illness, in 1883:- The winter of 1882-3 was with us almost a tragedy. Friday Dec. 22, 1882, Sylvester appeared croupy and took to his bed. Sunday Dec. 24, Dr. Maynard examined him and looking up cheerfully, remarked, "We are going to have a little run of fever". We had a run of typhoid fever. The fever "turned" favorably Wednsday, Jan. 3. For ten days and nights, his mother had hardly slept a moment. Thursday the little invalid seemed comfortable, and she went to bed, Thursday night, to sleep. She slept heavily an hour or two, when she was unhappily awakened. She woke with a sense of suffocation, followed by a sinking feeling. Dr. Maynard was called who gave stimulants, and she rallied. But this was the beginning of a long and distrssing period of nervous prostration. I have a note dated Jan. 18, saying, "His mother has not been dressed for two weeks". I do not remember how long it was before she was dressed, but it must have been more than two months. During this long and terrible

period of nervous prostration every sound was misery. We had two patients in the house, and it would have been difficult to say who was the greatest sufferer, except that the mother suffered in mind as well as body, even more in mind than in body. Convalescence came to both sufferers at last. The mother, I think, began to get upon her feet in March; Sylvester in April. Sylvester had just begun to get out a little in May when he came down with measles. How he took them was a mystery, as he had been to no neighbor's house and no measly person, so far as known, had called.

The next note concerning the mother's history, relates to Reuel, born Oct. 9,1884. It says: He was not very well nursed. Neither mother nor child prospered, though both lived. The nurse left at the end of six weeks. The woman engaged to take care of the baby proved incompetent, let it take cold, took cold herself, and was dismissed. The baby was ill, the mother overtaxed herself, and a professional nurse was again in the house for eight weeks. The mother was carried down in arms to dinner for the first time, the day before Christmas. She slowly improved and the nurse was discharged the middle of January. In April, the baby got a new cold, had indigestion and convulsions,- nine or ten in twenty-four hours. We had a professional nurse again for two weeks. Baby and mother, happily, at this writing, August 23,(1885), very nicely. Reuel had eczema, face, hands, body, very badly from one month old to six or seven months; free now at 10 months(1885).

I am glad that this chronicle of the disasters that attended Reuel's infancy went on to record the final arrival of a period of serenity and peace. There were apparently no incidents in that period that seemed worth recording. It is with individuals as with nations; any thing like a tragedy bulks large in the records, while the commonplaces of ordinary happy days are never chronicled. "History", said Valtaire, "is a record of crimes and misfortunes". "Happy the nation that has no history", said Montesquieu. There were many intervals of peace and comfort between these terrible experiences which came so near our annihilation, and we improved them to be very happy with our babies and with each other. The parish, when things went well as they often did, was a great pleasure. Life was so busy that one could enjoy to the full an hour or an afternoon of leisure, and our Sunday afternoons were generally devoted to that purpose. We kept a horse for eight of those Dedham years, and it was one of the rites of the family, after the Sunday dinner, to hitch up the horse, take the children who generally went to sleep, and drive and drive, to our hearts' content. There is not a road about Dedham that we have not threaded together over and over again. There were some days of fair health and large measures of happiness in those sometimes trying Dedham experiences. "Children", said our washer woman this morning, "are costly blessings", and we paid the price in their infancy, but the mother would have then said, they were worth the cost

several time over, and would now say that, every day since, they had repaid her ~~for her~~ for all she went through for the

Last Years in Dedham.

The record is nominally brought down to 1885, and it may seem with sufficient fulness. But as the years 1883-4 seem to have been so nearly engulfed in family illnesses, it may not be amiss to show that there were other aspects of existence. In the January, February, and March of 1883, it is true there was very little doing not connected with the two patients, Sylvester and his mother. I was Sylvester's night nurse, aunt Thusa taking care of him by day. When the cloud lifted in May, I plunged into the study of the Reformation period, in preparation for the Tri-centennial celebration of the birth of Martin Luther, which came in November. I knew practically nothing about the Reformation except that it had happened and that if it had not happened, we should all be good Catholics. Dr.Hedge, in the Divinity School, never got us out of the Middle Ages. The ground was all new to me, a fresh discovery, and mighty interesting. The year 1883 was apparently one of those in which there was no vacation. I suppose I managed the pulpit by exchanges and old sermons, and gave the leisure time to reading up the Reformation period. At all events, in September I seem to have been ready to attack the subject with some vigor. On Sept.4, I finished

a paper of 50 manuscript pages, on the life of Luther, a second paper same subject, Sept.14,52 pages; a third,Sept.22. Pity the people, but these papers had to do duty as sermons. A fourth paper on Luther was finished Jan.10 following,postponed to give place to the following matter. In the October number of the Unitarian Review, I printed a paper entitled," "Determining Conditions of the Reformation". On October 29, at the Ministerial Union in Boston, I read a paper entitled, "The Cost of the Reformation", in which I objected to some of Luther's methods, argued that quet evolution would have been better than violent revolution, and, in the discussion, Dr. Hedge "wiped the floor with me". Nothing daunted apparently, on Dec.31, I read a paper at the Ministerial Union, on Zwingli. That I should have been allowed, not to say asked, to furnish a paper on the Reformation period, for two meetings so near each other, shows the interest then existing in the subject, and at the same time, that not all the brethren were prepared to give a paper in this field of study. Zwingli paper in the Unitarian Review,Feb. 1884.

In Feb. 1884, I wrote for my own pulpit two unmercifully long papers upon John Calvin, and im March two upon Servetus,63 and 54 pages respectively.Both papers on Servetus were printed in the Unitarian Review (Nov.1884,Aug.1885). The essays at the Ministerial Union and the articles in the Unitarian Review gave me an appearance of being an authority

upon the period of the Reformation, quite beyond my deserts and in a a course of lectures given in Channing Hall, Boston in 1888, on Unitarian history, Dr. Brooke Herford gave the lecture upon Unitarianism in England, and "Unitarianism and the Reformation", by what I suppose appeared natural fitness was assigned to me. The lectures were repeated in Providence R.I., and published in a volume, "Unitarianism: Its Origin and History;" by the Sunday School Society. As a distinct echo of that old fictitious reputation as an authority upon the Reformation period, I have within three months been asked by two Alliances to read a paper upon "Servetus, and the Progress of Liberal Thought in Switzerland" (1907).

The Waters House.

When we moved to Dedham in 1875, we occupied the "Bates House", so called, on Village Avenue, where our three children were born, and where we lived ten years. On December 21, 1885, we moved to the "Waters House", on Washington st., doubtless much the best house we have ever lived in, though the furnace was not adequate to the house in winter. "Pray that your flight be not in the winter", saith the Scripture, and I prayed, as my wife will testify, but the prayer was not answered, and in consequence, I believe, everybody took cold.

Due to the zeal and initiative of Miss Helen G. Putnam, then president of the Women's Alliance, I think, the parish

the celebrated the end of the tenth year of my ministry by sending me a check for $460, "hastily gathered in a single week we understand, but it is said that every member of the parish was represented in the kindly remembrance"; so stated the Dedham Transcript, Jan.2,1886, also calling it "a Christmas gift", a detail which I had forgotten. The check made possible a trip to Europe the following summer, though it did not cover the money I got away with, by some three hundred dollers.

At the February meeting of the Board of Directors of the Amer. Unitar. Assoc.(I may refer to this body so often that I shall abreviate to the conventional A.U.A.) I was appointed on a committee to arrange for the Annual Meeting in May, and at the March meeting, on the standing committee for Southern and Indian Education. These committees brought me into close relations with some very pleasant people. Henry P. Kidder, head of the firm of Kidder, Peabody, & Co., was President and always in the chair at the monthly meetings; Rev. Grindall Reynolds was Secretary, the best perhaps the A.U.A. ever had, and among the members were Rev. Brooke Herford, Rev. Howard N. Browne, Rev. Charles F. Dole, Rev. Edward A. Horton, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Mrs. Sarah E. Hooper (aunt of Mrs. J. C. Perkins of Portland, Me) and Mr. Otis (John?) of Worcester, grandfather of Mrs. John (Jack) Wilson, of Bangor, Me. It was a goodly company and we often had lively debates.

At the March town meeting in Dedham, I was elected for

hree years, member of the school committee, in spite of the pposition of an Irish voter who was heard to say, "I never cratched a ticket in me loif, but begad, I shall have to to-lay, and it is as good a fellow as there is in Dedham, but is thrade's against him". He was voting against one of his best friends. The Catholics furnished the majority of the pu-pils, and I never could see why they should not have some of the teachers, if they could produce fit material. There was a little Gilson girl, who led her class through the High School, and one of the things which gave me most satisfac-tion, at that period, was voting to give her a chance to show if she could teach, though the school in which she was placed was one of the most difficult in the town. Happily, she ~~bro~~ brought order into it in two days, and she has remained in the Dedham schools twenty years. A year ago I was in Dedham and was passing a man at work upon a gravelled walk. He took off his cap, siezed my hand, and said "How do you do? your Reverence". It was that girl's father, who will never forget me. He said his daughter was still (1906) teaching in Dedham schools.

Two items which belong to the previous year, I should have thought at the time too important to be emitted: Sept.17,1885 I was invited to conduct a "Conference Meeting" at the Minis-ters' Institute ~~in~~ at Newport, R.I., and Oct.7, to read my paper on Confirmation at the Channing Conference in Taunton. Pro-gram said "Confirmation, or What shall we do with the Chil-

dren of our Parishes"? Taunton paper reported it "children of our Pharisees".

At this meeting, Rev.C.W.Wendte asked me to write a hymn for a new Sunday School book. I wrote the hymn beginning "As YE would others should to you", (April) printed in "The Carol" p.108, Cincinnati, 1886. April 22, 1886 at a meeting of the Committee to arrange for the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Dedham, (1636) I was asked to write a hymn. I wrote one beginning: "To him who formed the rolling spheres". April 20, I engaged passage on the Pavonia, to sail June 17, for Europe. Rev. Brooke Herford, Rev.M.J.Savage, Rev.E.A.Horton, and Rev. A.M. Knapp engaged passage in the same steamer, and Mr. Herford in the same state-room with me. Mr. Herford sailed later however. Strange to say I did not want to go. My wife sent me off, to get strong, as she hoped. I was not very well, and did not have energy enough to want to do anything, much less to be away from home. Besides, we could not afford to part with any money. However, I had a delightful trip, as may appear later, after relating a parish incident which had absorbed me for several months.

First Confirmation in Dedham.

I celebrated Easter, April 25, 1886, by confirming six young persons who had been members of a pastor's class, with whom I had met, Sunday evenings, since September previous.

Note to p. 104.

Hymn

For "The Carol", ed. by C.W.Wendte,1886, p.108.

"As ye would others should to you
So", Jesus said,"to others do".
What do I like when one I meet,
At home or school, in house or street?

I like a smile on lips to play
As morning sun-light on the day;
I like a kindly word to hear
To glad my heart and give me cheer.

I like another heart to feel
A kindness for my woe or weal;
I'd have one trust my good intent
And take me for the thing I meant.

I like a hand to aid my need
And help me on with friendly deed;
These blessed things I would receive,
These blessed things then I must give.

Note to p. 104.

Hymn

For the 250th Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Dedham, Mass.

To him who formed the rolling spheres
And guides them on their way,
The circle of a thousand years
Is but as yesterday.

Secure in his eternal might,
Our fathers braved the sea,
And founded here in truth and right,
An empire of the free.

He made the few and weak his care
And gave their seed increase;
He listened to his children's prayer
And led them on to peace.

As unto them, thou God of grace!
Still be from age to age;
Still grant the favor of thy face
And bless our heritage.

Notes say: We have read a service, sung a hymn, listened to selections from members,- the class has averaged about 18,- had ashort lesson, sung again, repeated the Lord's Prayer. The lessons have been: nine evenings upon the Lord's Prayer, twelve upon "Corner Stones of Character" by Mrs.Wells, two upon Unitarianism, the Church, Consecration, Religious Observances. Interest has kept up remarkably well. The six who presented themselves for Confirmation were of excellent quality: Margaret Warren, Clara Hewins, Emma Browne, Mary Page, Mabel Kilborn, Waldo Weatherbee. The occasion was exceedingly gratifying to me and to.the church. In the Christian Register for May 6, I gave a short account of this Easter service, under the title,"Sheparding the Lambs". Rev.Solon W. B. Bush exchanged with me the following Sunday that I might tell his people in Needham of the Dedham Easter, and a score of ministers wrote me to inquire how I had done it. I was supposed to be an expert on the subject of Confirmation in Unitarian churches. The thing had been very simple. As already shown, I had talked Confirmation in season and out, whether Margaret Warren knew it or not I am not sure. One day she ~~sa~~ said to her mother that her girl friends (Episcopalian) were preparing for Confirmation; she wished Mr.Beach would have a Confirmation Class. Then the thing did itself.

I have a note,May 10, saying that I was invited to write a hymn for the dedication of the Unitarian Building in Boston which I declined. It evidently pleased me to be thought cap

ble of such things, but after that Confirmation Class and Easter service, I could not rise to the occasion.

Europe.

My notes give the following skeleton of the trip: Sailed on the Pavonia, June 17,1886,very smoothe passage, landed at Queenstown Saturday, June 26, thence to Cork, Blarney Castle, Killarney, Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow, Scottish Lakes, Edinboro, Roslin Chapel, Melrose, Abbotsford, Newcastle, Durham, Ripon, Fountains Abby, York, Matlock Baths, Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, Petrboro', Ely, Cambridge, London, Harwich, Rotterdam, The Hague, Lyden, Amsterdam, Brussels, Cologne, Coblentz, Biebrich, Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Heidelburg, Munich, Verona, Venice, Florence, Rome, Pisa, Milan, Como, Menaggio, Lugano, Zurich, Lucern, The Rigi, Interlacken, Grindelwald, Berne, Lausanne, Villeneuve, Castle of Chilon, Geneva, Paris, Dieppe, New Haven, Brighton, London, Oxford, Stratford, Liverpool, Sailed for Boston on the Cephalonia, Aug.31. Landed East Boston, Sept. 10.

It would be easy,even at this date(1907), to cover these dry bones with a good deal of flesh from memory and, as I kept a journal and kept everything even hotel bills, it would be possible to write a very full history of adventures. The only part that I ever did write up, was "My Sundays in Europe", a half dozen papers of which I wrote and read to my

people, at intervals, on Sunday mornings, which interested & them so much that they were willing to forgive the irregularity of the proceding. The papers were printed in the Dedham Transcript.

On the Pavonia, I made the acquaintance of Mr.and Mrs. A. Shuman of Boston, and their two daughters, Bessie and Theresa. The Shumans and I landed at Queenstown, travelled together to Edinboro', separated and met in London, thence together again to Amsterdam, Brussels and Heidelberg, met again two weeks later in Zurich, saw Switzerland together and Paris and Vesailes, and sailed together from Liverpool. Meanwhile I became almost one of their family. The most interesting city I saw was Cambridge,Eng., the most beautiful spot was Lugano, in Italy, the most curious old town was Nurenberg; but I have to say these things without stopping to reflect, or Venice and Florence and Rome would dispute with Cambridge the palm of interesting cities, and Interlacken would have to be considered among places of beauty. It will always be remembered with pleasure that I heard Rev.Stopford A. Brooke in his Bedford st. Chapel preach a wonderful sermon, and that in company with Mr. Horton, I dined with him at his house and spent an evening. Otherwise, I saw things and did not ~~me~~ meet people. Europe was done at this pace: one day in Edinboro', four in London, one in Brussells, one in Nurenberg, one each in Venice and Florence, four in Rome, and so on.

In Rome my guide, Bruno, and a carriage came for me at 8 a.m. and returned me to my hotel at 5 p.m. Once as we stopped for lunch, Bruno said, "You must see everything, but you must eat", and when I finally dismissed him, he said, "My gentleman, you have seen every old porta in Rome but one, but you want twenty years more to see Europe".

I arrived in Rome, Monday, Aug. 2, at 3 p.m., and left for Pisa, Thursday, at 3.40 p.m., so tired that I wished the Cephalonia were lying with steam up, at the depot, where I found a train of cars. I did not desire to see another thing in all Europe. Doubtless something was due to the temperature, but that was not excessive to one accustomed to Dedham in midsummer. On Wednsday, Aug 4, temperature was 90 at 1 p. m. and 80 at 8,30 p. m.; on Thursday at 6 a. m., it was 80, and the same at 3,30 p. m. Hot to be sure, but I would take four days in Rome again at any season.

I suppose I had not put on much flesh and I was as tired on my return as when I left home. I may have presented a melancholy spectacle, for my wife, who hoped to see me a new man, shed some salt tears at sight of me. It was a different kind of weariness from that I carried away, and the quiet parish work rallied me. I was really very much better for the trip and in the course of the year, Mrs. Geo. Fisher said, "We think Mr. Beach has renewed his youth".

It has to be said that it was a pretty hard summer for

the wife who spent the summer in Dedham, with Reual a pretty active boy of nearly three years to look after, and the pulpit supplies each Sunday to feed and entertain, besides worrying about me, also about Sylvester who was at his aunt Julia's in Marion.

I arrived home Sept.10, and Sept.23, read an essay at the National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga, on Religious Education in the Sunday School, and closed with a parable that was much liked. Essay printed in the Christian Register, Oct.21, 188 6.

Young Peoples' Religious Societies.

Under date of Nov. 9,1886, I have a note of some historical significance: "I have written to-night to Rev.Brooke Herford to see if we cannot start a movement among our young people corresponding to the Orthodox "Young Peoples Society for Christian Endeavor". As yet there had been no such movement in Unitarian parishes nor, it would appear, talk of any.

My next reference to the subject is nearly a year later, Oct. 23: Had a meeting of young people in the vestry; spoke of organizing a Young Peoples Religious Society. Appointed a committee of ten to meet at my house on Monday evening, five came, talked, but did not organize. Evidently the thing, if it went, was to go by pushing. My next reference to the subject is on Jan.8,1888: Young people organized a society for

religious culture this evening. Have been meeting about thirty of them on Sunday evenings since September last. Meanwhile, Rev.W.I.Nichols of Littleton, Mass. and Rev. John Cuckson of Springfield, had organized such societies and I ~~excha~~ exchanged with them for the sake of having them tell how they did it, to my young people. It was not a case of "spontaneous combustion" in Dedham, but the society, though it has changed its name once or twice, is alive still(1907), and the movement has become quite general. Perhaps I take too much credit to myself, but I have always looked upon the movement among Unitarians as my child.

Unitarian Club:- It was an event at the time that on Nov. 8,1887, I was invited to speak at the Boston Unitarian Club, following a paper by Rev.Brooke Herford upon Business Enterprise in Religion, with one upon the coming A.U.A.Collectdon. I brought down the house by a little joke, saying Mr. Herford's church and mine contributed together nearly $7,000 dollers. That was easy since his contributed over $6,000. and mine, I suppose, about $300. However, it seemed to be accepted as very funny.

Confirmation again (see p.104): A note of Jan.22, 1888, says that I preached on Confirmation that day. Several Sundays before, a teacher in the Sunday School, Miss Helen A. Browne, said her class had been asking her "if Mr. Beach was not going to have a Confirmation Class? He had had one; was that to be the end?" I told her to assure them there was to

be such a class, though, to tell the truth, remembering the labor that the one, two years before, had given me, it is not probable I should have made the first move. However, when a class offered itself to me, that was another matter. After the sermon Mrs. Dr. Maynard, a woman of much influence, said to me that she "hoped Confirmation had come a fixed usage in the church". Fifteen came to the first meeting of the class. To complete the record, I may add that on Easter, twelve were baptised and twenty were confirmed. It was my last Easter in Dedham, and it was a very satisfactory finish to a thirteen years pastorate.

It is to be hoped the family was well at Easter, but we had the usual experience with "children's diseases" in the winter. Under date of Jan. 25,1888, I wrote: Both children have whooping-cough. Sylvester began coughing about New Year's Day. He coughs much less than formerly, but not less violently; is very weak, has little appetite, has not been dressed to-day. I am his night nurse, and have not undressed to go to bed for many nights. The mother takes Reuel in a chamber, in much the same way. As yet Reuel is not sick with it, though he coughs pretty hard, but he does not lose flesh, spirits, mischief, or good nature. He is not so far along as Sylvester however.... It was a hard and long siege, and there let the matter rest. We lived through it as we have everything else.

In September (1888), I was offered the position of "Superintendent of Missionary Work" for the A.U.A. in Northern New England, at a salary of $2,400, succeeding Rev.S.C.Beane, resigned. Many wise friends dissuaded me, as the position would likely be temporary, but I was attracted by the prospect of change from parish and study, and was only too glad to accept. The position was temporary, but I do not think I have any reason to regret the change, though Dedham is a kind of paradise and, if I had declined the A.U.A. proposition, I might perhaps be in Dedham to-day.

It was not possible to enter upon the new work immediately, as the 250th anniversary of the "gathering of the First Church in Dedham" was coming in November, Orthodox and Unitarians were to celebrate together, and we were all deep in preparations for the great event.

On Nov.11, I gave a historical sermon upon the three last pastorates in the parish, Mr. Bailey's, Mr. Folsom's and my own. Dr. Lamson had written the history of the church down to 1860, and I tried to complete the record. My sermon was printed and bound in cloth.

On Nov. 18, I preached a 250th anniversary sermon, as a part of the great celebration: subject, "The Inheritance of the fathers". In the afternoon, at a joint meeting of the two churches, Orthodox and Unitarian, with out of town speakers, a Hymn which I had been asked to write was sung, beginning: "Our father's God and ours". (Note)

e to p. 112.

~~IX.~~ HYMN.

By Rev. Seth C. Beach.

Tune: "America."

OUR fathers' God and ours,
Lord of all heavenly powers,
Our voice attend;
Anthems of thanks and praise,
Blest Light in darksome days,
To Thee Thy people raise,
Our Guide and Friend.

Like Israel's chosen band,
Heirs of a promised land,
Thou led'st them forth;
Like Israel's host they came,
Thy will their law and aim,
Seeking no meed of fame
But manly worth.

Hallowed for us the sod
On which their feet have trod,
'Neath which they sleep.
The church, 'twas theirs to rear,
The truth they planted here,
Their faith that knew no fear,
Be ours to keep.

The great anniversary over, I sent in my resignation, which was accepted, with the following resolutions, written by Mr. Ward Lamson, resolutions over which the parish was very proud and happy.

At a meeting of the members of the First Parish Church and Society in Dedham, consequent upon the resignation of Rev. Seth C. Beach as pastor, held Monday evening, Dec. 3d, the following Resolutions were unanimously passed:

Whereas,—Rev. Seth C. Beach has presented his resignation as pastor of the First Parish in Dedham;

Resolved, That we, the members of the Parish, in accepting this resignation, desire to express our deep regret at this termination of a faithful and efficient ministry, which has lasted nearly thirteen years;

Resolved,—That we should fail to do justice to our retiring pastor, if we did not, at this time, also express our appreciation of, and our obligation for, his many valuable services during his connection with the Parish; the earnestness, independence and ability,—a continually increasing ability,—which have characterized his pulpit ministrations, in which he has given his hearers the results of wide reading and careful thought; the attention which he has paid to the religious and moral interests of the Parish and Church, in his action as Superintendent of the Sunday School, and in his connection with the Young People's Religious Society, as many other ways; the fidelity with which he has performed other Parish duties and endeavored to promote the general welfare of the Church and Parish; the zeal with which he has given himself to the management and advancement of all benevolent objects, and his devotion to freedom and liberality of thought and judgment;

Resolved, That we recognize that our pastor has been a good citizen as well as a good minister, in his care for the schools of the town, as otherwise, ready to do his part for the public benefit;

Resolved, That we also recognize that our minister, while thus remembering the interests of the Parish and the Town, has not confined himself to them, but has extended his labors to a wider field, in his connection with the American Unitarian Association, working for the objects it is striving to accomplish, and for the denomination at large, as well as for his own people;

Resolved, That in dissolving our relations with Mr. Beach as our pastor, we offer him our most sincere wishes that, in his new charge, he may have the large success that we know he will deserve, and that in all his undertakings, and always, he may have a full measure of prosperity and happiness.

...e twenty Scouts of Troop 4 ...ked to Cedar Hill with Capt. ...sse for the Harvest Festival.

We quote the following brief ...count of the recent overnight ...e to Cedar Hill written by one ...our Girl Scouts:

"If you want to know how to ...e, just ask the senior scouts who ...ent overnight at Cedar Hill. Ask ...em about the "kabobs" and ...ne-mores" that were cooked ...d toasted over the roaring fire. ...the evening the bowling alley ...s occupied by the cheerful ...oup of girls who entertained ...ch other with stunts and two ...ort plays. At bedtime the floor ...the hut was covered with com...table mats on which the girls ...nt the night. The group in...ded Scouts, — Tovmassian, ...ack, McNutt, Dolan, Muldoon, ... Emerson, Newcomb, Capt. ...ouse, and Lieut. Barnes."

V. T.

...also know that a part of the ...rding to scale.

...ng was spent in studying the ... and the following morning ...aking maps of the grounds ...ing to scale.

* * *

... Dimick returns home this ... after two weeks spent at ... Wakefield, N. H.

* * *

...bers of the Council and ...Woman's Club Girl Scout ...mmittee are reminded of the ...eting at Cedar Hill Farm House, ... 22.

...TARIAN CHURCH HOLDS ... ANNUAL RECEPTION

...he Unitarian Building, the ...sh house of the First Church, ... formally opened Thursday ...ing, October 14 with a Parish ...tion and Housewarming. For ...ast five months Mr. Iliff has ... a large corps of workmen ...delling and enlarging the ...ding under the plans of Archi... Robert Wambolt. Eighteen ...sand dollars have been ex...pended on rebuilding program The reception and rededication was directed by Mrs. Sterling Elliott. Mrs. Harold Everett had charge of the dinner. Mr. Carl Richardson conducted the singing. Mr. Waldo Green headed a large staff of ushers. The beautiful decorations of autumn flowers and foliage were arranged by Mrs. Harry Mayo and Mrs. Harmon Elliott. After the dinner brief speeches were made by Mr. George Dale, chairman of the Building Committee, Mr. Joseph W. Gerry, chairman of the Finance Committee and by the minister, Mr. Meredith, Rev. Seth Curtis Beach, D. D., the widely-known hymn writer and poet, who began, over a half century ago, his ministry in the Unitarian denomination as Superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Church, read with many humorous remarks a poem written for the occasion.

Old Walls, dear to our hearts for memories
Of other days, in which you played your part
As best you could, we credit you with this,
You tried to meet the longings of of the heart.
Within these walls our children have been taught
To say the ten commandments and The Golden Rule,
And let us hope, to do the things they ought,
Not merely speak the blessed words in school.
Here have we met as Sunday morning came;
Here not from choice but much against our will;
Have heard the prophet Ancient truth proclaim;
And find the space, if small, too large to fill.
Farewell old walls, we're glad to see you go!
But no, these are the walls we've known of old,
But Mr. Wambolt touched them with his wand and lo!
They change as silver would if turned to gold.

Fit are they now in which to celebrate
With feast and song, and greetings true and kind
The ten eyars our leader's pastorate
And in our love, and in the joy, toil,
Some money and our zeal may be his compensation find."

At the conclusion of the speaking Mr. Dale turned over the keys to the building to Mr. Harry Mayo who as chairman of the Parish Committee acted as Toastmaster at the dinner. The rededication dinner was held in the beautiful dining room down stairs. After the ceremonies in the dining room

WATERTOWN FO...



Bring the little boss here—it' yours. This shop makes ev... better satisfied with life. Y... prices, also.

WATERTOWN DISTRICT NURSING ASSOCIATION

Superintendent of Missionary Work of the American Unitarian Association in Northern New England.

"Field Secretary", as a designation of such officers, is an improvement in the way of brevity. My department includ- Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, and during the two years in which I held the position, I travelled over nearly all the railroads, and some of the stage routes, in these three often picturesque states. Except the campaign in Rochester, N.H., beginning Sept. 1890, my family remained in Dedham, Mass., where I generally spent four days of the week, leaving on Saturday morning for, perhaps, Newport N. H., or Newport, Vt. or Sullivan, or Presque Isle, Maine, with the difference that when I went as far as northern Vermont and eastern Maine, I was apt to be absent two Sundays. There was much variety in the life, and as most church work has to be done on Sunday, there was much enforced leisure. One was clothed with a "little brief authority", as the representative of the Unitarian Association, and he saw the best people in the places visited; they welcomed him, and gave him the best they had. They wanted something of him,- wanted, all wanted, their appropriation increased, or at least continued, and theytook pains to make a good impression on the visitor. They took you into their houses, treated you as an honored guest, and you stayed as long as suited your convenience, and it did not cost you a cent. ~~I have often wondered how much good I~~

a cent. I have often wondered how much good I did during those nearly two years I was "riding the circuit", but I have never doubted the good the experience brought to me. It rested me every way, mind and body, and made a well man of me.

During the three years service of my predecessor, fourteen Unitarian Societies had been organized in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, none of them in towns numbering three thousand inhabitants, and five of them in towns of less than one thousand inhabitants. Not even a miracle could make new societies, so located, self-supporting. Upon my appointment, Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Secretary of the Association, said to me that my first business would be to go over the field and "see what we have"; he did not feel, he said, that he knew very well what we have. "The care of existing enterprises", he added, "will be sufficient occupation for three or four years".

The society that demanded my immediate attention was at Hanover, N.H., because it was in a college town, and if the enterprise could be carried to success, it was of more importance than a dozen located in scattered farming communities of a thousand inhabitants each. There was no resident Unitarian population, but the services drew about twenty five from the town and twenty five from the college, including one professor. The local contributions amounted to about $100, and it would require not less than $2,000 for a number of years to put the society on its feet.

I well remember my first visit, because a cinder lodged itself in my eye as I was leaving the Boston station, and gave me no peace for the long journey. When I arrived, to my consternation, I found they had arranged for two services. Hitherto, they had been supplied by the Lebenon minister, and had been happy with one service. Not realizing what a luxury it would be to them to have a minister the whole Sunday all to themselves, I had stupidly taken but one sermon. However, I did up my eye in a wet bandage and sat down to write a sermon on, "Not every one that sayeth Lord, Lord, &c." The struggle of Saturday night and Sunday afternoon produced a paper which, with long pauses, would take about fifteen minutes to read, and I went in to the evening service with a heavy heart. Then I said cheerfully that we would have a "Praise Meeting", and we sang a half dozen hymns with great energy and satisfaction, after which I proceeded with my service. After the service, there was a spontaneous and cordial "social gathering" and we shook hands all around and chatted for half an hour. I started once or twice to apologize for the shortness of the sermon, but did not press the matter as all seemed to have been satisfactory, and a short sermon perhaps, most satisfactory of the whole affair. I have never since even attempted to apologize for a short sermon.

After my first visit, I supplied that pulpit by exchanges, sending men who would be likely to be better known in

northern New Hampshire than myself, Wright of Montpelier, Gilman of Concord, Gooding of Portsmouth, and I think, Dr. Hill of Portland, and Barrows of the Christian Register. I have not a list of the supplies, but am quite sure the above names were among them. The services were carried through till the close of the college, and then the enterprise was abandoned.

Having done what seemed to be my duty by Hanover, I then visited one after another the societies dependent upon the Association, from Newport, Vt. to Presque Isle, Maine, made notes of their condition as Mr. Reynolds had directed, advised them, tried to encourage, and sent them a minister when needed and possible. At the end of the year, I printed a condensed report, on a folder of four pages, in which I say, "Of 61 parishes, I have visited 50; of 22 asking aid, visited 21, 6 of them twice, 4 three times. Have preached 54 sermons, written 800 letters". Then I give in briefest terms the facts concerning twenty eight societies. The shortest statement is perhaps this, but it will do for a sample: "Fitzwilliam. Pop. 1187. ~~Farming~~. Not aided. Inactive, decayed parish".

Among others, I sent a copy of the report to Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who acknowledged it graciously as follows:

Roxbury, Mass. Dec. 13, 1889.

Dear Beach,

I thank you indeed for sending me your report, which I have read through with great interest.

There is more sense in it than in any ten of such re-

Note to p. 117.

On one of my early excursions into New Hampshire, I encountered my late parishioner, Mr. Henry Lord of Dedham, a "trvelling man", whose line, I believe, was boned codfish. He came up to me, as to another traveling man, and in a husky whisper asked, "How do you like it? It's a dog's life, isn't it?" He was right in supposing I was much like another "drummer", but my experiences were very pleasant.

ports (if there ever had been any) usually have.- and absolutely no nonsense. This last is a ~~peculiarity~~ is a peculiarity indeed. The thing is unique.

With hearty thanks,

E.E.H.

The next year, I continued to visit societies helped by the Association, as I had done the year before, but with a growing conviction that, with the salary of $2400 the service was costly for the value received. The same was true of Dr. Moors in Southern New England. The two departments ought to be combined. Dr. Moors was ill and was constantly saying he should resign. If he did not resign, evidently I ought to, but then he said he should.

There was one place, not a farming town but financially a thriving city, in my department,- Rochester N.H.,-with a population of 7300, which had no liberal church, Unitarian or Universalist, nor semi-liberal, Swedenborgian or Episcopalian. There had been a Universalist movement but it had collapsed. If I could establish a Unitarian church there, I should earn my salary, and then, if Dr.Moors resigned, both departments would naturally come to me. I have a record that Dr.Moors suggested that I should try Rochester, and Sec.Reynolds approved. There were one or two Unitarians in Rochester who advised against the undertaking, and the Universalists whom I interviewed were hostile to the enterprise. First, they

were not Unitarians, they said; and secondly, they never would lift a finger toward another liberal movement in Rochester, never!

Meditating hard upon the Rochester undertaking, I visited in June the summer churches about Frenchman's Bay in Maine, and thence went to Aroostook County, from which, on her birthday, I sent Frances a telegram as follows, dated Caribou, June 28:

I keep the day,
Here silver-gray,
So far away;
And for June roses,
Pick common posies.

Earlier, I had observed a birthday of hers by a telegram, cabling from Killarny, Ireland, in 1886: "Many returns".

Returning from Maine, I stopped at Rochester, N.H., and made arrangements for a service on July 13th. Then I engaged Rev. James De Normandie, D.D. of Boston, formerly of Portsmouth, well known in eastern New Hampshire, to preach in Rochester on that day, and advertised him in Rochester papers. It was disappointing to him and to me that he had but thirty-nine to hear him in the morning and one hundred and twenty in the evening. It was a harder blow that the following Sunday, I had but twenty-seven in the morning and thirty-seven in the evening. Even worse, on July 27, I had eighteen in the mor-

ning and twenty-eight in the evening.

At this stage I took a vacation, spending most of August in Marion,N.Y., and sending Rev.E.C.Guild of Brunswick, Maine, to Rochester. I find some verses in my note-book which show that the situation began to look serious to me. This under date of ,Dedham,Aug.7:

Thou in whom we live and move,
Keep us on our hidden way;
All is well if thou approve:
We are safe,be thou our stay!
Thy security beside,
How can any harm befall?
How can any ill betide,
Thy beneficence in all?

I tried my hand again on much the same theme, under date of Aug.10,in a hymn beginning,

Grant us thy strength, our God,&c. (Note)

I remember reading in Marion letters from Guild giving account of his experience in August. The first Sunday,he had:- morning, 20;evening,38; the second sunday,10, morning and evening,with this crumb of comfort:"I think there is a very resolute and hopeful and determined feeling among those I have met". Guild's morning audiences for his third and fourth Sundays, were thirteen and fourteen,respectively. This ought to

Note to p. 120

Grant us the strength, our God,
To serve thee without fear;
Give thou thy smile or rod,
But make our duty clear.

Grant us with single mind,
To choose th' appointed way;
Be it enough to find
Thy peace while we obey.

Grant us to think thy thought,
To lose our wills in thine;
In all, by thee be taught
To make our lives divine.

So shall the end be gain,
Do we succeed or fail;
Losing, we yet attain
And, in defeat, prevail.

Note to p. 120

Grant us the strength, our God,
To serve thee without fear;
Give thou thy smile or rod,
But make our duty clear.

Grant us with single mind,
To choose th' appointed way;
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In all, by thee be taught
To make our lives divine.

So shall the end be gain,
Do we succeed or fail;
Losing, we yet attain
And, in defeat, prevail.

have warned me of what I was getting into, but I was sanguine that when I arrived on the spot with my family, showed that I "meant business", and got down to real personal work, I should get back my eighteen at least, and make headway. Sec. Reynolds said to Mrs.Beach that "if she went there and we established ourselves, the undertaking would be a success;" so I believed myself, and under this delusion, we packed up and moved bag and baggage to Rochester, My disillusion was great when, after much advertising, I met my first audiences on Sept.7,--twelve persons in the morning and ten in the evening. My notes say pathetically,"I had confidently hoped a better audience". The next Sunday was more encouraging, there being an attendance of twenty-three in the morning; but my heart was broken the following Sunday when I met in the morning an audience of fourteen.

Then I proved as I never did before or since the value of personal work. There was an influential man, Mr.I.W.Springfield,who left the Methodist church thirty years before on the slavery issue, and had never been to church since. He had been an admirer of Theodore Parker, and was known to be liberal in religion. He was one of the first men I called upon and I had counted upon him; but he had not been near us. Every one knew that he could do more for us than anyother half dozen men in Rochester,for he had money and he had everybody's respect. One of his neighbor's said of him: "He is

~~one hundred and fifty~~

a hundred and fifty per cent. a man." When I repeated this saying to the Directors of A.U.A., Mr. Dole asked, "What do you suppose you can do for such a man as that?" I replied, "I do no know that I can do much for him, but he can do a lot for us."

In my despair at an audience that had descended from twenty-three to fourteen in a week, I went to Mr. Springfield and talked to him like an apostle. I told him what we had come for and urged how much Rochester needed us, and how much we needed him. He did not say a word, but let me go on, and on I went. When I had talked myself out, he said that he had intended to take hold; that he had not done his duty; that when the Fair was over, he would do something; he would give money; he would give his influence; and he would come what he could." I went back and held my evening service, at which there were only six people; or rather as three of these were of my own family, I did not have the service. Then I went to the hotel where we were staying, and did not sleep a wink all night. Afterward, I learned that several persons came to the hall, and tried in vain to get in, and went away. It appeared that by some mischance, the spring-lock had been turned so that the door could not be opened from the outside. It was a trifling accident, but it filmed exactly like ~~came near producing~~ a tragedy. However, Mr. Springfield came to service twice the next Sunday, and I think he did not miss a service while I remained in Rochester. His appearance gave courage to the fainting

souls. All said, "Now that Mr. Springfield has taken hold, we shall succeed."

Still, one does not see in the record of attendance any dazzling indication of the fulfilment of the promise. The record of morning audiences for October is, 19, 15, 13, 17. It needs to be said that the conditions were close upon forbidding; the services were in a hall, up two flights, always unattractive and often dirty. Only those who desperately wanted a liberal church, or who, like Mr. Springfield, felt it a plain duty to help on a reasonable attempt to establish one, ever came. We had a sifted company,- to put it moderately, say, fifteen thoroughly determined souls. It was possible to notice a slight increase in numbers. If one looks sharply,- and we did look sharply,- he will see that the total attendance for four consecutive Sundays had been, in August 55, in September 60, in October 64. But the gain was not large for one who knew that his year of service ended with November, and that the Association ought not to keep two men in New England. As Dr. Moors, the earlier appointment, had not, probably would not, resign, it was, as the phrase is, "up to me". It was one of the discouraging factors at this date that we might have to leave the Rochester enterprise, a month later, without being able to show any results to warrant a continuance of the undertaking. But it may also have been a spur to more strenuous, not to say desperate, endeavors.

I arranged a short course of three lectures, of which Dr.Edward Everett Hale gave the first on the evening of Oct. 24, subject: "American Unitarianism". His audience numbered thirty-five persons. It needs to be said that the evening was rainy and that there was an admission fee of 15 cents. But is it believable that there was any other place in New England where Edward Everett Hale would have been allowed to speak upon any subject to an audience of thirty-five persons? Happily Dr.Hale was not disturbed by a small audience; he said: "We had just the ones we want to influence", which was probably true. My notes say: "His one remark which created a little rustle was,- My friend Beach, we call him bishop down in Boston; I don't know what you call him here". The proceeds of the lectures were to go toward a building fund, but the contribution from Dr.Hale's lecture was not large.

A note of Oct. 26 states that "since Sept.12, I have a record of seventy-two 'parish calls'". To appreciate this, it must be remembered that I had a morning congregation averaging sixteen persons. I called and then called again; I ~~cal~~ called upon all persons even suspected of heresy, Mrs.Beach often with me, and when we could not get in at the front door, we assaulted the back door, often with better success, as most of our ladies were their own servants. After evening service Mrs. Beach and I regularly had our supper, and some of the faithful were invited in to share it with us and talk

over the situation. Every opportunity was utilized for missionary purposes. I have a note that on Reuel's birthday, Mrs. Beach made a party for him, at which sixteen Rochester youngsters were invited "with a view to a coming Sunday School". A "Longfellow Class" was formed, and a ladies' Society, with nine members, was organized. It was one of the tragedies of the epoch that when the ladies were invited to meet at our house to consider the formation of a ladies' Society, the time of meeting was understood differently, so that four came in the afternoon, at the time appointed, and four more in the evening. If the eight had come together, we should have been moderately happy. But to have only four respond quite broke our tender hearts.

On Nov. 7, Dr. E. L. Rexford, Universalist, of Boston gave the second lecture of my course, on the "Unities of Religion", to an audience of ~~thirty~~ fifty- (55) five. That was a marked gain from the time when Dr. Hale had been allowed to speak to thirty-five. My notes say: "Delightful talk. He said, 'It is absurd for Unitarians and Universalists to have separate organizations'. He pulled all he could. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Kimball, Miss Dame, Miss Wilkenson, and Mr. Talbot came in and took supper (with Dr. Rexford) after lecture". I have a little of the tea-table talk, which seemed important then: Miss Dame said, "We must not let this attempt fail; we shall never make another start". Miss Dame, I say, is a recruit of two Sundays' standing. She was ~~officiant with the Universalists~~.

efficient with the Universalists. Miss Wilkinson says, "If the services can go on be maintained for a year, they will be continued. Everyone who comes now means business." Miss Wilkinson is alone in claiming always to have been a Unitarian.

On Nov. 16, I note with pleasure that the attendance at morning service is thirty. It seemed a great advance from the twelve and fifteen of August and September. The grain of comfort came none too soon. At the November meeting of the Directors of the Association, a Committee from Toronto was present in search of a minister. Sec. Reynolds recommended me, and I talked with them. They wanted two services at their church, and a third in a suburb, where a second church could be started. They offered to pay me $2,700, and, to the disgust of Mr. Reynolds, I declined. If I could have had two months in Europe, I might have felt equal to it, but after Rochester, the proposition seemed impossible. However, it was very plain that a parish somewhere was the next thing, and then what would become of Rochester?

On Dec. 5, Rev. M.J. Savage gave the third lecture of my course, on "The duty of liberals", occupying an hour and twenty minutes and holding his audience in his usual way. There were a hundred people present and they quite filled the little hall. The next Sunday, Mr. Wilder B. Neal, at present, (1907) chairman of the Standing Committe, and his family made their first appearance, and came to stay. Mrs. Neal was singing

in the Congregational church, on a salary. Coming to us was a costly slep for the Neals. Mrs. Neal would do her singing without pay, and it would cost them a pretty penny, if a church was to be built. Every effort had been made to induce Mrs. Neal to join the Congregational church. She had objected that she was a Universalist. "That need not make any difference." But she did not believe their creed. "Oh, that is no matter either." It seemed to her like inviting her to say she believed what she did not believe, or, according to her simple understanding, to lie. That brought the Neals to us. Mrs. Neal had children, and she did not want to bring them up in a church that did not think it important to speak the truth. The appearance of the Neals in our ranks meant much. They joined a congregation which, that morning, numbered seventeen, but which, the following Sunday was twenty-seven. Two things happened that Sunday,- the organiz ation of a Sunday School, with Mr. Neal as superintendent, and the announcement that I should have to hand over the enterprise to Dr. Moors. The Directors of the Association, at their last meeting had voted to continue my salary to such time as suited my convenience, or words to that effect. It was well understood that the purpose was to combine the two New England departments. It was the right thing to do, and it was incumbent upon me to get out of the way.

It was generally said in Rochester, that a church could be built if I could stay, but even Rochester people saw that

the Association could not keep a man there indefinitely on a salary of $2400 a year. The following Sunday I was to ~~pre~~ preach in Lawrence,Mass. as a candidate and Dr. Moors was announced for Rochester. Not even his name was hitherto known in Rochester. Would the movement stand up or go to ~~pie~~ pieces? It stood up and an audience of thirty-five met Dr. Moors. To him,I can imagine, the congregation seemed pitifully small but to us, who knew with what labor every soul had been added to the twelve that met me on Sept.7, it seemed a triumphant seccess.

From that time Dr. Moors was in charge and continued through January and February. Mrs. Beach, who remained with the family in Rochester while I preached in Lawrence and Bangor,entertained him for the sake of the cause on his weekly visits. She never quite liked Dr. Moors manner. He came from the services bored and fagged, as doubtless he was, for he was ill and old, the enterprise was still a hard proposition, it was not his, and he did not want to tackle it. One day, one Monday, as he was going away, he impatiently asked her ~~he~~ how long she was going to remain in Rochester and bluntly declared that he was only waiting for her to get out of town, when he should drop the whole thing. She, simple-minded woman, regarded this as an outrage and never forgave Dr. Moors for it. Happily, the little flock would not be dropped; those people, who had gone with us through fire and water,

would not be turned down by Dr.Moors.

The week beginning, Sunday Feb 22, seems to have been with me tolerably busy. According to my notes, I preached that day in Bangor, on the Traditional and the Real Washington; on Monday, attended a Washington Birthday dinner in Bangor, and returned to Rochester on the night train; on Wednsday, spoke on Young Peoples' Guilds at the New Hampshire Conference in Milford; on Thursday and Friday, canvassed Rochester with a subscription paper for funds with which to purchase a church lot; on Saturday, gave a lecture in Channing Hall,Boston, on "The Second Century of Dissent in New England; took the night train for Bangor, and preached, Sunday on "Lent". It may be mentioned that spare time was put in, supervising the packing of a car load of goods to be shipped to Bangor, which had been the real business that had taken me to Rochester.

When I arrived in Rochester on Tuesday morning, I found that Dr. Moors had addressed a letter to Mr. I W. Springfied saying:"the Rochester people must be able to say by the next Sunday,March 1, what they will do toward building a church edifice and what toward the support of a minister". This was all right, but it was of the nature of an ultimatum. Some time before, I had drawn up a subscription paper for the purchase of a lot, headed it with $50, and left it with Mr. Springfield to sign, and it had lain quietly in his desk.

On Monday Mrs. Beach went to Mr. Springfield and got the paper; "she then saw Mr. W. B. Neal and after a talk with him got him to go and get Mr. Springfield's subscription. He went to Mr. J.G. Morrel and to Mr. Cate first, and got $25 from each, and put himself down for $25. Then he went to Mr. Springfield who signed $200. Total (including my own) $325. To-day (Thursday) Mr. Springfield and I went to E. and E. G. Wallace (shoe-manufacturers) who subscribed $300, and to Capt. Hayes who subscribed $200. By evening, the paper had on it $1275. On Saturday, the subscriptions reached the sum of $1525", with which, later, an eligible lot was purchased. Dr. Moors came on Sunday to hear what the Rochester people would report, and on Tuesday I received a telegram from Capt. Hayes saying that "Dr. Moors was pleased and says go ahead". Mrs. Beach and I felt that we had saved the ship which Dr. Moors would have scuttled, perhaps not without reason, if he could.

This ended my connection with Rochester, until, on Feb. 21,1895, I had the pleasure of preaching a sermon at the dedication of a church which had been built upon the lot I had helped to purchase. there were one hundred and eighty three present mostly, the faithful said, their own people. The undertaking had not been altogether a defeat.

Bangor.

I preached twice in Lawrence, Mass.,as a candidate, Dec. 21, 1890, and Jan.11, 1891. I have no record except of the attendance and the weather. Mr. Clarke, a manufacturer, was chairman of the standing committee, but I have not his initials. I remember however that I met a number of pleasant people at Mr. Clarke's and that they were very cordial to me. I thought I could be very happy in Lawrence.

On Jan. 18, I preached in Bangor, Maine, being as I later understood, strongly "backed" for the place by recommendations of Mr. Reynolds,Secretary of the Association, in a personal letter to Hannibal Hamlin, then by far the leading parishioner. Mrs.Sarah E. Hooper, an associate on the Board of Directors of the Association, kindly paved the way for me with Mrs.Harriet S. Griswold, also an influential parishioner; and I feel like returning thanks here to Mr.Reynolds and Mrs.Hooper. My record of the first Sunday is,"snow blockade, audience sixty-seven". I have a list of the persons to whom I was introduced, names that in the next ten years,became very familiar, many of them very dear. I remained in Bangor over three Sundays and my notes consist chiefly of calls, dinners, and teas. The second Sunday, there was a "furious snow storm, attendance seventy-nine". The third

Sunday, the attendance was a hundred and fifty-four, and no note of the weather. In the afternoon, I was visited by a committee in charge of the pulpit, consisting of the standing committee: Mr.Thomas Mason,Capt.H.N. Fairbanks, and Gen. H. L. Mitchell; to which had been added, from the congregattion, Gen. Charles Hamlin, Hon. Joseph Snow, and Hon.A. B. Manson. It was a strong committee and representative of the parish. They invited me to take the parish for the balance of the year, that is, till the annual parish meeting in October, with the expectation of a permanent settlement,and asked me to name my salary. This I declined to do, and they proposed $2400, that being what I was then receiving from the Association. I desired them to call a parish meeting, test the sentiment of the parish, and settle me or not settle me, then and there. They had forty objections to this course: a parish meeting would hardly bring together enough to do business; its votes would not represent the congregation so well as their interviews; finally, however impossible to hold a parish meeting, there was but one opinion in the parish, and a settlement would come of itself in October. Evidently, we were aiming at different things. They wanted to try the minister for six months, and the minister did not want to move his family upon an uncertainty. Reflecting that, if at the end of six months the parish was sick of its bargain, I should not want to remain though forty parish meetings had been called, I agreed to consider the proposition.

The same day, I think in the evening mail, I had a letter from Mr. Clarke of Lawrence, saying that at "a large gathering of the parish, an informal vote had been passed giving me a call, and the committee had been instructed to call a legal meeting. The intention was to offer me $1800". The meeting was called for the next evening, Feb.2. With these two propositions, I returned to Rochester, and after a brief consultation with Mrs.Beach, telegraphed to Mr. Clarke at Lawrence, requesting him to withdraw my name, and to Mr. Mason of Bangor, that I would accept their proposition. I was told, perhaps by Mr. Reynolds, that the people in Lawrence were quite unprepared for the turn of events, and very much regretted that they had not been quicker and bid higher. It is a curious fact that the call given me by the special pulpit committee was the only call I ever had to the Bangor parish. At the parish meeting in October, no vote on the supply of the pulpit or the settlement of a minister was taken. I simply continued on for a little more than ten years. To make up for this neglect, an installation service was held in November, and things were given an appearance of regularity and permanence.

I went to Bangor with my head teaming with plans for the solid organization of the parish and for pushing it to the fore. I would make the Sunday School over new, would baptise and confirm all the children, as I had done in Ded-

ham, would organize a young peoples' society, and a men's Unitarian Club, and would fill all the church windows with memorials, and hang pictures on the walls. Of all this and much more of which I fondly dreamed, it has to be said that very little was accomplished, except to leave the Sunday School somewhat better than I found it. "Mr. Beach will find out that we do not care for these extra meetings", was quoted to me from a friendly source; and it was true. The Bangor parish had a bad reputation as being very radical, and as having broken with all its traditions, but it had the tradition of being much like a rope of sand, and it did not want to be disturbed. What was wanted was good music followed by a strong sermon on Sunday morning, of each the best in the city. It was not often that anyone wanted anything more of the church till the next Sunday.

One of the events of my first year in Bangor, was the meeting of the Maine Conference with my parish in June. I was graciously permitted to arrange the program. It struck me as a fine opportunity to bring out my hobbies and have somebody else ride them. Therefore, quite regardless of expense, I invited Howard N. Browne, of Brookline, Mass. to speak on the enrichment of church services, C.F.Dole, of Jamaica Plain, to talk of free pews, J.C.Jaynes of West Newton, of the Sunday School, and B.R. Bulkeley of Concord, of church guilds, or young peoples' societies. There was a splen-

did array of talent and, so far as the speaking went, it was a brilliant conference; but ther was nobody from my parish present. The children were at school, the mothers were getting ready the "collation", the men were at their businass. The men had given me warning. They had said:"Let us know how much money you want and then let us alone". That was like business men, but I did not quite understand that no attractions would take them an hour from their offices. The conference left my hobbies very much where they were before.

My pastorate technically began Feb. 18,1891; my Bangor journal,in which there are occasional entries, opens with 1892 May 14, when I am reading Lotze's "Microcosmus", am to meet a confirmation class of boys, who "did not appear", and a Sunday evening class of young ladies, who did appear and took up a course of study in biography of eminent women. An attempt to form a young peoples' society could get no further than a class of young ladies, the young men being impossible. There is also a Shakspere Club of which the last meeting for the season is announced, and it is said:"The interest has been considerable and has continued to the last. New members joined to night". The Shakspere Club was one of the successful things of the Bangor pastorate. It had been organized in the autumn of 1891. At the first meeting at my house, the lovers of Shakspere swarmed in and filled our little parlor like sardines in a box. It was adjourned to the "Memorial Parlors"

"Memorial Parlors" (social and Sunday School rooms), where there was more space and a smaller attendance; but the institution survived for five or six years, and was only discontinued at my suggestion, really because I wanted my time for other purposes; but I missed the pleasant recreation.

Death swept the parish in the early days of my pastorate. Chief Justice Appleton died at the very beginning of it, in February, and Hannibal Hamlin in July. At Mr. Hamlin's funeral, the church was not only full but the streets also. My service was very brief; I think there were no "remarks",- reading of Scripture, a poem, and a short prayer. I hope the prayer was not stilted, but I heard that Congressman Boutelle characterized it as "the most massive prayer he ever heard", I had never heard that adjective applied to a prayer before. Judge Appleton and Mr. Hamlin were followed within two years, by George Stetson, a man of many business interests, N. P Kellogg, a wholsale grocer, John T. Rines, leading dry-goods dealer, Newell Blake, former mayor, and Thomas Mason, almost the oldest parishioner and chairman of the standing committee when I was called. These were all strong men and their places could not be made good.

Under date of May 22, I have the account of a wedding in the parish at which Dr. Field performs the ceremony, a Congregationalist using the Episcopal service, and I assist. My note says: "The arrangement is one that could not have

happened in any other parish in Bangor, nor in this parish but for its history during the last twenty years in which the parish has lost its hold upon its younger parishioners". This was true, and it was a condition which I hoped to remedy by a confirmation service and an orgaization of the young people. The condition made progress in these enterprises difficult. There was a seqel to the wedding which was amusing. Dr. Field was handed a fee of $50, which apparently he was expected to divide with me, Later, I was asked if he had done so. I said,"No,why should he?". As Dr.Field went home, he met a poor woman and, feeling rich, gave her $10 of his fee, The next morning, he received a letter from the father of the bride, directing him to share his fee with me, and in my absence he called and left $20, that being half of what remained. I returned the money assuring him that the fee was his and not mine. Dr. Field then called again with the $20, which he said he could not keep as it was not his. I finally took the money, but I could not see how, if half the fee was mine, I was not still $5 short; but the doctor did not see it that way.

In May, I was appointed one of a committee of three to award the prizes for essays at the Commencement of the Maine State College in June, and I was much pleased to find that my young parishioner, Walter Crosby, was unanimously awarded the first prize for an essay upon "Physical Culture".

Under date of June 9,1892, I have a note of the first meeting of the Harvard Club of Bangor, with the names of the members. The Harvard Club was Dr.William T. Mason's enterprise, but I was early drawn into it and contributed my little after-dinner speech. I am still, it appears, a member of it, and when Dr. Mason wants to get a full list of names for a petition to the University, as happened recently ~~(1~~ (1907), he sends his document to me.

I have not the date of the establishment of the Bangor, or Eastern Maine, Hospital, but I was even more in that than in the organization of the Harvard Club. I took a hand in the newspaper discussions, and when the canvassers were ready to begin operations, Mrs. Frank Hinkley came to me to write a card for the Bangor Commercial making the announcement and exhorting the public. This card awoke the ire of Dr.Sanger who was fighting the Hospital, perhaps because he was not in it. He wrote two columns in reply to my card, in which he flayed me and all connected with the enterprise. He said, as was true, that I would not back up my opinion with money, but my parish did. Besides giving generously at the outset, every year the churches were asked to take a collection for the Hospital, and the contribution of my parish was always larger than any two others.

Under date of July 10, I892, I have an item which seemed amusing at the time. In 1868, while at Augusta, I had ~~exch~~

exchanged with Dr.C.C.Everett,then in Bangor. The sermon of that day was entitled "Worship", and contained all I had to say on the subject. Looking over my manuscripts, I came across the sermon with its ancient date, and on reading it, except the style, it was not very different from what I would have written again. I resolved to try it again. When I announced the last hymn, I could not resist the temptation to say that I had preached the sermon in that pulpit twenty-four years ago. The amusing part was that the sermon was unusually well received. Lysander Strickland, an ex-mayor, had a guest that day,Mr.Henry Smith, and as I finished the discourse, he asked Mr. Smith,"How do you like that? I call that a good sermon". Mr.Wilson Crosby could not see that I had improved much since the sermon was written; other comments were as favorable and as curious. What is significant is that ~~that~~ I must have thought my way out pretty clearly when I began my ministry, or the sermon would not have been tolerable to a wide-awake audience or to myself, after twenty four years. The church closed for the summer the following Sunday, with an audience of two hundred and eighteen.

The family went for two weeks to Katahdin Iron Works, a beautiful retreat in the Maine Woods. In September,1892, Mrs. Beach and I are loking for "an inland place with a steady winter climate" in which to put Sylvester at school. He was finally sent to Kent's Hill. In October, I preached a

sermon entitled,"The Pulpit in Politics", which was printed in the Christian Register of Oct.20,1892, and copied entire in the Springfield Republican. I have not the sermon at hand, but it was one more demand for independence of parties in that party-ridden state. I have no note of a sermon preached before the Grand Army Posts of Bangor and cannot give the date, but I remember the occasion very well. The church was as full as at Mr. Hamlin's funeral; that is, it was packed. The proper thing on such occasions was to tell the old soldier what a noble fellow he was, how he had saved the country, and to pat him on the back. I made that part of the story short and told him how, since that great day when we appeared to have a conscience and ideals, we had degenerated to a nation of self-seekers and place-seekers, till the country needed to be saved again, as truly as in 1861. The veterans stood it as they stood the charges at Gettysburg, but it was not what they wanted, and I heard that they said so.

The event of the year to me was the organization of a Bangor Unitarian Club. It had a brief existence of one season, but it was so good while it lasted that it cannot wholly be set down as a failure. I had worked hard for it and there had been excellent co-operation. There was a paid membership of sixty at $5 each and a total membership of eighty-five. The trouble was not to get names or money, but to get attendance. At the first meeting, when Gen.Hamlin read a paper, the attendance was thirty-five, on a rainy night. At

the second meeting, when Hon.J.F. Baxter of Portland read a paper upon "Immigration", there was an attendance of forty. I learned afterward, that there were three whist parties in the parish, the same evening. Evidently, if you have a parish club, you must prevail upon your ladies not to have a party the same evening. As I look back upon it, the attendance was as good as one ought to have expected, but it was not so good as I had hoped, and when the "council" met to lay out a program for the next year, I did not push the matter, and the club expired. It was not till it was no more that I realized that the montly meetings with twenty or thirty of my male parishioners had been as useful as they always had been pleasant. It had the merit of dying lamented. I had however to confront the fact that Bangor was too far from Boston, or even Portland, to depend upon out-side talent for papers, and our men would not write or speak. I asked Edward Stetson, a Harvard graduate and our very efficient treasurer, if he would not write a paper: "O he could not". I said that is nonsense, "Well", he said, "if you like it better, it would be so much trouble, I wouldn't". That took the heart out of me. Besides, I had the doubt whether men who did not care for the club for themselves, would continue to pay $5 a year to keep up a montly dinner for other people to eat.

Nearly contemprary with my Unitarian Club was the apparent realization of another of my dreams, the organization of

a Young Peoples' Society, and its fate was not greatly different from that of the Club. The two enterprises were like Saul "lovely and pleasant
~~David~~ and Jonathan, ~~beautiful~~ in their lives and in their deaths they were not divided". (ii Sam.i.23). On Dec.11, ~~1902~~ 1892 nineteen young men and women, mostly older members of the High School, met and organized. Charlotte Roberts read a paper on the Quakers which, I say, was excellent. "This is quite a success and has come unexpectedly and of itself", says my note. Perhaps nineteen was an average attendance, but the total membership was twenty-three. The meetings ran through the year and the interest was fairly maintained. If one could ever accept things for what they are, that society, with its brief career, would be a very pleasant memory; but one is always building for the future, and when a child dies young, the parent mourns for it. This society, successful while it lasted, survived but one year. It had been the will of the members, the condition on which they would come together, that the membership should include "no kids". It followed ~~th~~ that when this set of young people left the High School for college, or got weary in their well-doing, there were no successors partly trained to take their places, and the work of forming a society, if you had one, must be done again. Several attempts to organize a society followed, but never with much success.

Jan.29,1894, I make a little review of my three years

service. "The most obvious fact has been the loss of some of the best supporters of the parish by death: Chief Justice John A.Appleton, Hannibal Hamlin, George Stetson, Thomas Mason, N.P.Kellogg, John T. Rines, Hon.Newell Blake". I enumerate eighteen additions, no equivalent however to the loses. "The attendance has not greatly changed; it would probably be generally said that it had increased". The Sunday School is in better condition and the Women's Alliance "has steadily increased in interest". We are feeling the financial troubles,- the panic of '93,- and "the results have been to leave it doubtful how we stand and what is coming next". My health however is good and "I have been able to do my work with more ease than at any other period of my professional life".

On June 22, I went with Sylvester to Cambridge to attend the Commencement at Harvard. Bangor is in Maine and so is Bowdoin College; besides, Mr. White, Principal of the High School, was a loyal Bowdoin man. The result was that most of the candidates for college, from the High School, went to Bowdoin and, naturally, Sylvester wanted to go there also. I very much wanted him to go to Harvard, but instead of arguing with him, I invited him to go with me to the Harvard Commencement. He was very much impressed with what he saw and heard, and there was never any more talk of Bowdoin.

July 23, I have an account of a trip with Frances, both

the children, and my sister Julia, to Moosehead lake and Mt.Kineo, one night at the Kineo House, a drive across the country from Sebec to Bangor, with one night at Charleston, Maine, and a bill of $57,72. It was an expensive luxury for the poor; and I did it chiefly to give my sister a little pleasure. For the same reason, the same party took a trip Sept. 7, to Bar Harbor at a cost of $10, and Sept. 24-7, Julia, Frances and I went to Saratoga, N.Y.,to the Unitarian National Conference, stopping at Williamstown, Mass. and driving to New Ashford to see my father's birth-place and, later, leaving the Conference to make a trip on Lake George, at a total expense of $89 (including Julia's ticket to Marion). Then the family settled down and became very quiet. Considered as the summer's vacation, the outlay was not extravagant.

Under date of Oct.2,1894, I seem to have thought it worth while to give a list of "some books read in Bangor since 1891", inclusive. It does not seem worth while to copy the list, but if I do, it may enable me to pass over more easily a dozen similar lists that follow. Reading was most of my life in Bangor. There was nothing I enjoyed more than a book, and the Library of the theological seminary furnished me with just the number and of the quality that I desired. The books enumerated in this entry are: "Microcosmus",Lotze; "The Interpretation of Nature",Shaler; "The Influence of

Greek Ideas upon the Christian Church",Hatch; "Introduction to Social Philosophy",Makenzie; "Social Ethics",Muirhead; "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy",Royce; "The Origin of Species",Darwin; "Prolegomena to Ethics",Green; "Judaism and Christianity",Toy; "Letters of James Russell Lowell"; sixteen Plays of Shakspere (in the Shakspere Club); "Marcella", Mrs.Ward; "History of Civilization in Europe",Guizot; "Holy Roman Empire",Bryce; "Napoleon",Seley; "Boulaustion" and "Sordello",Browning; and a dozen other titles,English, German, French, and Latin e.g.Caesar,Cicero (with Sylvester); also Xenophon (with Sylvester). I could furnish several such lists from this note-book, but I will spare myself and my possible reader.

Under date of Feb.1,1895, is the record of three sermons printed in Bangor papers. That was not an unusual experience. I let the city papers have all the material of that kind they would take and certainly printed more sermons than all the other Bangor ministers put together. One of the three here mentoined grew out of conversation with a Baptist ministr concerning the text,"Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart &c." My Baptist brother said that this command could not be fulfilled, lived up to; hence Christ, i.e. a Savior, was necessary. Without him, God either couldn't or wouldn't, forgive us and "save" us. My sermon upon this situation was entitled,"God as Father, or God as Despot". I stated the su-

substance of the conversation, and then of course stood for the conception of God as Father and, though I do not remember, doubtless used the Prodigal Son incident for all it was worth. I was told that a Catholic reader was much pleased with my discussion of the theme and said, it reminded him of the story he had heard of a canon so large that a yoke of oxen had to be hitched to the ball and driven into the muzzle when the piece was loaded. "How did the oxen get out?" "Oh, at the touch-hole". "But", said he, "Beach did not leave the other man even the touch-hole to get out of".

Under date of March 22, is an account of two pews given up because of two intentionally mild sermons on the labor question. I began by saying that if I had the working-man i.e. the employee, before me I should preach a sermon to him, but that, in a large or small way, we were all employers, and then I said that the laborer had some wrongs to complain of, and bespoke for him consideration. It was the only time in my ministry that I ever had pews given up in wrath.

On Easter, April 14, 1895, I had a Confirmation Service with six candidates, one of whom was Sylvester. This was the second service of the kind in Bangor, the first having occurred in 1892, with seven candidates.

There is a pleasant entry, under date of July 15, 1895, when the church closed for vacation, and Hon. J.F. Snow said to me that he had never been to church so much in his life, as he

had since I have been here. With this I am happy to put a passage from a letter of Hon.F.A.Wilson, then the strongest man in the parish and one of the most influential in the city. I had received a letter from the Christian Register asking for the distinguished names in our parish history, and had turned it over to Mr. Wilson. He wrote me, mentioning Gov. Kent, Chief Justices Appleton and Peters, and kindly added: "Moreover I am free to say to you,- and to anybody else,- that I think you are exerting a great influence for good, both in the society and outside of it, and I trust your remaining years may be passed in your present position". The date of this entry is March 15,1896; nothing ever happened to disturb the cordial relations between Mr. Wilson and myself. He was the man to whom I was most closely related and the loss of whose presence, when I left Bangor, I regretted most, of any in the parish.

A year later, April 17,1897, there is an entry which would strike my professional brethren as infinitely amusing: "Yesterday Mr. Joseph F. Snow and Mrs. Dr. Morison met in our parlor and began talking parish matters. Mr. Snow made an astonishing statement which ought to keep one from the blues for a full week. He said that the pulpit of this parish had never before been so well manned, or filled, in all its history; and strange to say, Mrs. Morison assented. Mr. Everett, they said, was sometimes very admirable, but he was uneven".

Mr. Snow had been a Bangor merchant for about forty years and was then, or had been, mayor of the city. Mrs. Morison was a woman of marked character and strength of mind, whose opinions one would ordinarily respect; nearly seventy, and must have known the parish for nearly fifty years. Nevertheless, the comparison of me with Dr.Everett,I concede, was absurd. I have often myself called Dr. Everett the finest sermonizer I ever heard; but that was not always the popular verdict. I once read to my Norton people one of Dr.Everett's finest sermons, "A Sermon for Winter", and to my disgust, was told that they would have liked it better if I had repeated one of my own. That was absurd and the opinion of Mr.Snow and Mrs. Morison was absurd, but it was pleasant.

Among the entries for 1896, there are ten pages devoted to the Beach genealogy. I was at that time in search of my great grandfather, of whom I had no tradition. No doubt my father knew the name of his grandfather, but my father died in 1846, when I was in my ninth year. From my mother, I knew that my father was born in New Ashford, Mass., and that his father's name was Archelaus. In 1859, I visited New Ashford myself and saw two of my father's brothers, Atwater and Jotham, and might have learned from them the name of their grandfather, I have no doubt, and many other family traditions. Strange to say, the subject never occurred to me.

I was able about 1894 to get from a cousin in New Ashford a statement that, according to the town records, the first Beaches

(probably, ought to be Jotham)

there were Caleb, Hezekiah, and Jonathan. The presumption was that one of these was my ancestor, but where did they come from, and who was their ancestor?

One question at a time: who was the father of Arcelaus? In 1896, my New Ashford cousin, Warren Baxter, sent me a list of Hezekiah's children, Asahel, Justice, Lydia, and Liberty. There was no Archelaus, and Hezekiah could be discounted. The town histories of Wallingford and Goshen, Ct. gave two Calebs, father and son, descendants of Thomas of New Haven, and the history of Goshen said that the second Caleb, with his son Jotham and his half brother Hezekiah, "removed to New Ashford, Mass." Thus was answered the question how the Beaches got into New Ashford and, if I could derive myself from either of these three, my line would be solid back to Thomas. Hezekiah was out of it, and Jotham, born in 1767, would be too young to have a son Archelaus whose first child according to New Ashford records I had received, was born in 1789.

It still lay between Caleb and Jonathan. Caleb, according to the history of Goshen, Ct., married Lois Preston. My father had a brother always spoken of as "Presson". It was long before it occurred to me that "Presson" was vernacular for Preston, and when it did, I thought I had a clue. My grandfather had given the child his mother's maiden name, Preston. That turned out to be true. I have already said

that I had an uncle,Jotham. My second guess was that my grandfather had named this child for his eldest brother. This turned out to be true also. It was six years later however that I had documentary proff of it.

I have two letters from Joseph Perkins Beach, under date of Oct.10 and 17,1896, who quotes the Goshen history and may have first suggested it to me. He did suggest that Jonathan was probably a mis-reading for Jotham. But, though he had the names of 4,000 Beaches, he had none of New Ashford,Mass. In 1903, I received from Rollin H. Cooke, an antiquarian of Pittsfield,Mass., a list of the children of Caleb and Lois (Preston) Beach, and among them the name of my grandfather, Archelaus,spelled Archelus in the Probate Records. The problem that had vexed me for twenty-five years was solved.

The summer vacation of 1895, I spent with Mrs.Beach and Reuel at Sebec, Maine; Sylvester was making a bicycle trip through Scotland and England. I spent the vacation in an attempt to find what Hegel meant to do,reading"Hegel",Caird; "The Secret of Hegel",Sterling; "The Logic of Hegel",Wallace;"The Logic of Hegel",Harris. At the end I had a glimmer of what it all meant.

On Nov. 3, 1896, I have a note of the Presidential election in which Bryan was defeated and Harrison chosen. I voted for Palmer and Buckner,Gold Democrats, with forty-three others in Bangor. On the morning of election, my parishioner,F.

In 1892 I voted for Cleveland and tariff reform, nearly as much alone.

A.Wilson,—whom I esteemed the noblest Roman of them all,more likely than most men to make a sacrifice for principle, and whom, by many conversations, I knew to be a revenue tariff man by conviction,—called to invite Mrs.Beach and myself to tea. I asked whom he was going to vote for. He answered:"Harrison. Nobody has ever been able to convince me that the government has a right to favor one class of citizens against the interests of another class of citizens; but I have large timber interests up here, and it is for my interest to have New Brunswick lumber kept out. I do not say it is a high motive; it is a selfish motive; but I shall vote for Harrison". Nothing was clearer to me than that, if Maine had had no lumber, but on the other hand a silver mine, Maine would have been practically unanimous for Bryan and Free Silver.

Things lose their apparent importance as they recede, and I have passed over an event which had some consequence at the time,viz: an address, on Memorial Day,in City Hall, on "the Consequences of the Civil War". There were other speakers and the Hall was filled by three thousand people. Obvious consequences of that war was saving the Union and freeing the slaves. These I referred to and then went on to name the loss of our merchant marine, the legacy of a "war tariff and of a currency question, and finally and worst of all, a "distinctly lower standard of public life and duty". The Bangor News had the grace to say that the address was "remark-

ıble for originality and depth of thought". It was remarkable, ın that locality, for not saying that this is the greatest ;ountry in the world and we by far the finest people on the)lanet.

On March 9,1898, I preached the Ordination Sermon for Rev Edward Henton Brennon at Presque Isle, and there is, next, ı notice of that and of five other sermons, the whole or parts of which were printed in the city papers. Preaching being my busines, it is natural that such events should have been the ones to get into my note-book.

The spring of 1898, seems to have been a prolific period with me in verse-making. I wonder if that is the season when an old man's fancy turns to making rhymes? I have a hymn,dated May 3, and sung at the Maine Conference at Saco, June 9, beginning:

Father of all love and might; (note)

also some lines dated May 13, which were printed on a folder and sent to my parishioners as a Christmas greeting ,1898:

Be with us and abide,
Thou Grace of God most free;

also an Ordination Hymn which was never used, a mere study:

In earliest time, to lowliest race
God's revelations came.

and finally, May 21, a sonnet, entitled Gladstone, which was

Note 1, to p. 151.

Hymn

Sung at Maine Conference in Saco June 9,1898.

Father of all love and might,

HYMN

REV. S. C. BEACH

Father of all love and might,
Of our souls Thou art the light;
Shadows flee before thy face,—
Heaven's ~~pure~~ radiance fills their place.

Without thee in us to shine,
Darkness is our light within;
Great the darkness, deep the mark,
When the light within is dark.

When we thee in life forget,
Stars of hope and gladness set;
~~Wander we like~~ blind of sight,—
Like to travelers in the night.

But remember thee again,
Lo, the daylight breaks amain;
Morning dawns; ~~our~~ way is clear,
And our burdens light to bear.

Father of all love and might,
Of our souls thou art the light;
Dwell in us that we may be
Inwardly aflame with thee.

EVENING

7.30 P. M. Four short addresses.....

(1) Opening address by the President, Hon. J. W. Symonds, Portland.....

(2) "*The Church as a School of Devotion*," Mrs. Marcia B. Jordan, Portland.....

(3) "*Women in the Church.*" Mrs. Judith Andrews, Boston.....

(4) "*Reciprocity between Church and Community.*" Rev. J. D. O. Powers, Kennebunk.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9

9.00 A. M. Communion Service in charge of Rev. Dr. J. T. G. Nichols and Rev. J. L. Marsh.....

Inwardly aflame with thee.

10.15 A. M. Address Rev. W. H. Ramsay, Farmington
"What is a Successful Church."

Address by Mrs. E. P. H. Estes, Bangor
"Responsibility."

Discussion

12.45 P. M. Adjournment

TRAIN SERVICE

Boston and Maine R. R.

Trains leave Saco *via* Western Division (coming from Portland) as follows:—7.32 a. m., 9.16 a. m,, 1.16 p. m., 4.04 p. m. For Kennebunk. in addition to the above, 5.53, p. m., 6.58 p. m.

Trains leave for Portland—7.20 a. m., 9.36 a. m., 11.27 a. m., 11.45 a. m., 1.59 p. m., 4.21 p. m., 7.26 p. m.

Note 1, to p. 151.

Hymn

Sung at Maine Conference in Saco June 9,1898.

Father of all love and might,
Of our souls thou art the light;
Shadows flee before thy face,-
Heavenly radiance fills the place.

Without thee in us to shine,
Darkness is our light within;
Great the darkness, deep the mark,
When the light within is dark.

When we thee in life forget,
Stars of hope and gladness set;
Then we wander blind of sight,-
Like to travelers in the night.

But,remember thee again,
Lo, the daylight breaks amain;
Morning dawns; the way is clear,
And our burdens light to bear.

Father of all love and might,
Of our souls thou art the light;
Dwell in us that we may be
Inwardly aflame with thee.

Note 2, to p. 151.

Christmas Greeting, 1898.

Be with us and abide,
Thou Grace of God, most free;
[illegible]
thee.
[illegible].;
Christmas,
1898.
[illegible]ool.
[illegible]st sweet;
[illegible]lete.
From yon celestial shore,
Angels of God benign,
Be with us evermore.

Note 2, to p. 151.

Christmas Greeting,

Be with us and abide,

Thou Grace of God, m

"Grace, Mercy, and Peace, from God our Father and Jesus Christ our Lord."

Be With us and abide,
Thou Grace of God, most free;
Let naught of earth divide
Our human hearts from thee.

Be with us and abide,
Mercy of God, most full;
Bathe us, thou flowing tide
And wash us white as wool.

Be with us heavenly Peace,
Thou breath of God, most sweet;
Bid sin and sorrow cease
And make our joys complete.

Grace, Mercy, Peace, divine,
From yon celestial shore,
Angels of God benign,
Be with us evermore.

SETH CURTIS BEACH.

Independent Congregational Society, Bangor, Maine.

From yon celestial s

Angels of God benign,

Be with us evermore.

2, to p. 151.

Christmas Greeting, 1898.

Be with us and abide,
Thou Grace of God, most free;
Let naught of earth divide
Our human hearts from thee.

Be with us and abide,
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Bathe us, thou flowing tide
And wash us white as wool.

Be with us heavenly Peace,
Thou breath of God, most sweet;
Bid sin and sorrow cease
And make our joys complete.

Grace, Mercy, Peace, divine,
From yon celestial shore,
Angels of God benign,
Be with us evermore.

Note 3, to p. 151

~~In~~

Study for an Ordination Hymn.

In earliest time, to lowliest race,
God's revelations came,
In glimpses of a heavenly ~~grace~~ grace
Too deep for speech or name.

It touched the brooding Indian sage,-
That sense of things divine,
And Moses on the desert's edge
Beheld the mystic sign.

The open eye thy wonders see
Still as in days of yore;
The listening ear hears speech of thee,
And learns the heavenly lore.

The revelations of thy grace
Thy servant bends to ~~learn~~ seek;
Show him the image of thy face!
Arm him thy truth to speak!

4
Note 4, to p. 151.

Gladstone.

Boston Transcript, May 28; Bangor Commercial May 30. 1898.

Gladstone! well art thou named the grand old man;
In length of service and in noble deeds,
Thy name is foremost in an age that leads
The ages. Thine apprenticeship began,
Rare youth! at three and twenty; in the van
Of English statesmen, so soon he who reads
Will read thy name, unspotted by the greeds
That stain the weak. Thence greatening onward ran,
Through more than sixty years, thy grand career
Of large achievements and of larger aims.
'Tis thine to leave thy battles partly won,
But thou did'st fight, without reproach or fear,
For truth, for justice, and for manhood's claims,
And thou wast, living, England's greatest son.

printed in the Boston Transcript, May 28,1898, and copied in the Bangor Commercial,May 30.

The record for 1899, begins with a poem dated Jan.13, beginning,

Christmas comes but once a year;
It is here.

As a matter of fact, it had just passed, but it was coming again and, in due season, this bit of rhyme went out on a folder, as a Christmas Greeting to my parishioners. My indulgent wife thinks it the best thing I have written,not I believe excepting the "Mysterious Presence".

The muse was quiet until Jan.25, when I received a sonnet from Sylvester,"Ambition", written by him as a college exercise. It inspired me to try my hand upon one entitled "Achievement":

Wise Archimedes, sage of Syracuse &c.

My own opinion is that Sylvester set a pace that I could not follow.

In April, I received an invitation to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon at the Commencement of the State College (now University of Maine) in June. The sermon was duly delivered, the subject being "Manhood", and was well received,Pres.Harris appearing to be pleased and saying,"it would do good". On April ~~8~~ 14, I went by invitation to Farmington to "make the ~~chief address at the rededication service~~

Note 1, to p. 152.

Christmas comes but once a year.
By Seth Curtis Beach.



Independent Congregational
Society, Bangor, Maine,
MDCCCXCIX.

Christmas comes but once a year;
It is here.
Welcome it with gladsome heart;
'Tis our part.
Cradled in the early prime
Of old time,
Comes it from a dateless age
Like a sage.
Feast of Saturn, gray and old,
We are told,
Pagan born, and then baptized—
Christianized,—
This the way came Christmas Day,
So they say.
Pagan frolic, Christian grace,
Interlace.

Druid holly round the cross:
'Tis no loss;
Mingle, mingle, old and new;
Both are true.
One is flesh, the other soul:
Life is whole.
So is Merry Christmas Day,
Full of play;
Full too of the tender thought
Jesus brought.
May it bring to all good cheer,
Far and near.
Welcome it with gladsome heart;
'Tis our part.

SETH CURTIS BEACH.

Note 2, to p. 152.

Achievement.

Wise Archimedes, sage of Syracuse,
The marvel of his age for wondrous skill
In taming nature's powers unto his will,
Invented many instruments of use,
And others for mere play without excuse.
With screw hydraulic,- 'tis in service still,-
Nile's gardens drained he of their overfill;-
Thence,after years, returned to live recluse.
King Hiero to do him homage came
And found him in his garden, like a boy,
Forgetful of his world-renowned name,
Spinning a new-made top with childish joy.
"Your pardon, sire", he said, half-touched with shame;
"One's last is greatest, be it but a toy".

chief address at the re-dedication service", of the church, said the letter. When the Farmington Chronicle came out I found that I was almost a great man; in its words, "Rev. S. C. Beach, pastor of the Unitarian church of Bangor, and one of the pillars of the denomination in the state".

In July I attended the Summer School of Theology at Cambridge, Mass. and it is evident from my notes that I had a good time, and some fun with the orthodox professers, Mc Gifford, Platner, and Pres. Hyde, who instructed us. The little encounter with Pres. Hyde will perhaps be more than enough. Pres. Hyde read a passage from a Unitarian minister, probably G.A. Allen, saying that "love to God and love to man",- the rock on which Unitarians repose,- is an inadequate basis for a church. Pres. Hyde accepted the statement with all his heart. This introduction to his lecture was extemporized, but near the end of the lecture, he read from his manuscript that the life of Christ was "rooted in love to God and man". Before we left our seats, I asked him if "to be rooted in ~~to~~ love to God and man" was of any use? "Any use?", he asked, in astonishment, "Yes," I said; "it is, you say, no basis for a church". He colored and, I should say, stammered; he finally said that "In Christ this love went out to all,- the poor, the harlots, &c.". This quite satisfied me: "I think you are right", I said, "in saying that a general love for God and man does not amount to much". There the adventure

ended. My note concludes:"Dr.Everett says he thinks I.had him".

In September, I am back in Bangor reading Spencer's Psychology and Kant's Kritik der reinen Vernunft, the latter of which I had had in my house for years unmolested. I now took it up as an exercise both in philosophy and in German, and finished it, I think, in about a year. Mrs Judd dies

I went to the National Unitarian Conference in Washington,D.C., but was called home on account of the illness of Mrs.Judd, who died on the 23d.(Oct.1899). In her there departed a noble woman, of unusually keen intelligence, faultless taste, fine spirit, and generous heart.

Feb 12,1900, I say,"Things have gone smoothely this year. Nothing happens but we jog along". Something had happened however that very day. I had preached a sermon upon spiritualism, discussing M.J.Savage's book,"Life Beyond Death", and taking for my text:"Lord,I believe; help thou mine unbelief". I declared myself a believer;"that is more that way than the other way". Strange to say, everybody, including spiritualists were pleased "so far as I have heard. Persons were saying in the afternoon, they could not make out where I stood. 'He said twice over that he was a believer, but he did not talk as if he were.' I told the audience that the business was good to let alone". Evidently I must have made it clear that my faith was weak. The sermon was printed in the Whig and Courier,copied into the Banner of Light, and kindly

noticed in "Light", a London Spiritualist paper.

On Sept.30, I preached a sermon entitled "The Fall of the Tower of Saloam", relating to the Galvaston disaster. It was printed in the Bangor Commercial, attracted much attention in Bangor and, though I would not say also from Texas to the British Provinces, yet I heard from it in both regions.

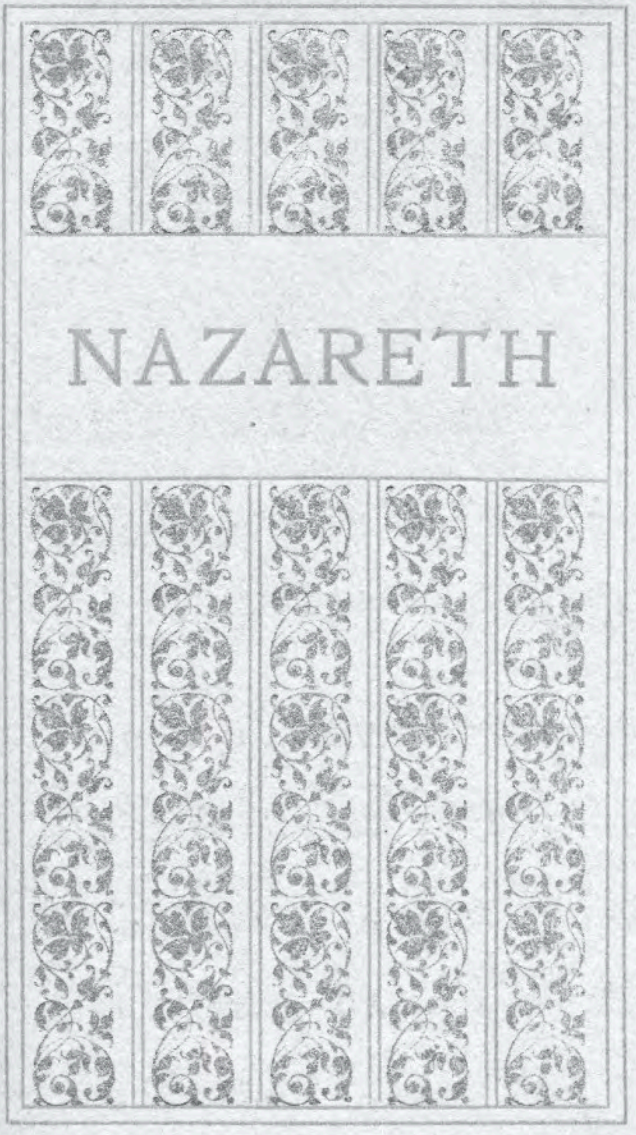
At Christmas time I sent as a greeting to my parishioners the verses entitled "Nazareth":

Thou little village,Nazareth. (Micah)

It was the most elaborately printed of anything I ever sent out, and I think the most worth while, because it says something. Prof. Ropes of the Seminary, who would not stand much for the ideas, called me "the first,best, poet of the higher criticism".

On Dec.31,I began to put my house in order to leave Bangor, by preaching a sermon on the history of the parish, which was followed the next Sunday with a history of my pastorate. The sermons were copied by the librarian of the Public Library and are in the collection of the Bangor Historical Society. They were sent to George Willis Cooke, then writing a history of Unitarianism, and he has them, if he has not lost them. They are not so full a history of my pastorate, however, as I have been giving here.

Note to p.155.



Note to p.155.

THOU little village, Nazareth,
What could'st thou say if thou hadst speech?
Where drew the blessed babe his breath,
Whose words, one day, the world should teach?

O'er Bethlehem did'st see the star
Above the manger where he lay;
Did'st see the magi from afar,
Or heard'st the angel melody?

OR, midst the darkness o'er thy head,
The silence of thy hillside ways,
Was't in a lowly peasant's bed
He came, the light of after days?

No Prophet out of Nazareth!
No king except of David's line!
In David's city born, said faith;
So seemed it regal, so divine.

THAT so it was, ah who shall say!
Who now is David that his fame,—
The lustre of an elder day,
Can give this wondrous child a name?

His lesson how to live and die,
His words of prayer, his deeds of love;
'Tis these his memory glorify
And write his name all names above.

SETH CURTIS BEACH.

INDEPENDENT CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY,
DEC. 25, 1900.

One of the distinctions which usually came to me was that of being called upon to offer prayer at the inauguration of the city government which, it may be said, generally needed the prayers of all God's people. Not so regularly, I was often called upon to "open court" when it sat in Bangor. The fee for this service was $5, and the circumstance reminds me of an incident in Dedham, where also, I often offered prayer at the opening of court, and where the fee was the same. I always studied brevity in those exercises, and once Sheriff Endicott told me that the presiding judge had said of my prayer: "Those were the fewest words, for the most money, he ever heard". But there is a story that Daniel Webster once without looking up from his paper, answered, "No". The client asked, "How much?" Webster answered, "$50". The client protested that it was a good deal of money for one word. "Isn't it worth it?" Asked Webster. "Why, yes." said the client. "Then pay it", said Webster. But perhaps I could not have convinced my client, the judge, that my words were worth their cost.

Under date of Jan. 14, 1901, I have an account of a pleasant observance of the tenth anniversary of my pastorate. First there was a parish supper and a full house. Then Col. I.K.Stetson, chairman of the parish committee, made a very happy address, speaking pleasantly of Mrs.Beach and myself. Meanwhile, the curtain of the stage was drawn up and disclosed

a pile of books, a Morris chair, which were presented to me, and a silver tea set, presented to Mrs.Beach. Gen.Charles Hamlin gave some pages of parish history, and Prof.L.L.Paine of the Theological Seminary (Congregationalist) was called upon and made, as my notes say, a wonderfully kind, appreciative, and hearty speech, shaking hands with me, in the middle of it and at the end. "It was like the right-hand of fellowship".

Prof. Paine and I were very close friends. He had not much sympathy from his colleagues in the seminary, and he spoke more freely to me, I suppose, than to anyone else in Bangor. Among other things, Prof.Paine said: Iwant to congratulate him upon his work in Bangor. I never heard a word against Mr. Beach from any man. I know him pretty well, and when you know him, you know the whole of him. He has faced the situation that he found on coming here and he has mastered it. I regard that as being something much more difficult than building up a new parish. It is a great thing to do to take an old parish and keep up the interest in its work. It is a great thing to do, and he has done it. (Bangor Commercial,Jan.19,1901). I responded to all these pleasant things as well as I could. The books presented were a set of Thackeray; ditto of Ruskin; Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks; ditto of Prof.Thomas H. Huxley. It was all very pleasant, but the great kindness expressed made the thought

of leaving the dear people, as yet unannounced, seem an act of treachery.

Under date of March 18, I have recorded a little the most amusing complment I ever received. It appears that I had a "drummer" (commercial traveler) in my audience and that he had been pleased. As he passed out, he said to the sexton, "No flies on that preacher". The text of the sermon was, "Drink Waters out of thine own cistern", from Proverbs. I was writing a course of sermons on texts from Proverbs, for the purpose of making myself make my sermons practical. I think the enterprise succeeded very well. It was my last year and I was on the home stretch. For the last three or four months in Bangor, I wrote a new sermon every week,- an unusual feat for me for so long a period.

June 11, I had a letter from Mrs. Beach in Cambridge, Mass., saying that she had decided on and had engaged a house there. As yet the announcement of my intention to resign had not been made, but the decision had been made a year before, and I had engaged Rev. Charles St. John, Secretary of the A.U.A., to open the Bangor church in September. July 8, (1901) I preached my last sermon, bade everybody a cheerful good-by, closed the church, and then sent my resignation to the standing committee, Col. J. K. Stetson, Chairman, to take effect immediately. The resignation came as a surprise to most people, and I had not dared to have it otherwise. Every minister has some devoted friends in his

parish, and how one can send in his resignation three months beforehand and go in and out Sunday after Sunday passes me. The resignation brought out many pleasant things to remember. This from Gen.George Varney might go with the opinion already quoted from Mr.Snow. Gen.Varney said to Mrs. Gen.C.W.Roberts that "he rather hear Mr.Beach preach than any other minister he ever heard". He did not care, he said, whom they got now. Gen. Varney was a man whose praise meant much.(1) See page opposite

The resignation was accepted, with the following vote and resolutions, though perhaps resolutions do not always speak the truth: (over p. 160)

(1). It needs hardly to be said that not everybody in Bangor was of Gen.Varney's opinion, or my church would have been crowded to suffocation. But it may be an honest confession that while my sermons generally failed to satisfy me, they sometimes grieved my best friends even more than myself. Mrs. Dr.Morison, whom I have quoted agreeing that the pulpit was better manned than at any other time in its history, often raked me fore and aft, as her manner was; Wilson Crosby, faithful as the desciple John, suffered like a martyr whenever I touched the blessed tariff; and Lucy True,- whose devotion would have done credit to the Martha, not to say the Mary of the gospels,- never I think liked a single one of my Easter sermons.

Bangor News, Oct. 4, 1901.

The standing committee of the Independent Congregational church held a meeting on Monday evening to take action upon the resignation of the pastor, Rev. Seth Curtis Beach, who, as was first reported in the Commercial, has withdrawn from the charge to move to Cambridge where he will engage in literary work. The following vote was passed by the committee:

Voted—That it is with sincere regret that we accept the resignation of Rev. Seth Curtis Beach, who for over ten years has been the beloved pastor of our church.

That we as individuals and as members of the parish fully realize the faithful and conscientious work which he has done during a ministry which has been the longest, with one exception, in the history of the parish. We wish to attest to his great devotion and untiring energy in all matters pertaining to our church, to his great intellectual ability and his broad interpretation of our faith. His genial and courteous manners have endeared him to every member of the parish and we realize how difficult it will be to acceptably fill his place.

That he may continue to enjoy life and happiness in whatever field he may decide to work is the sincere wish of every member of the committee.

IN EFFECT AUGUST 1.

Rev. Mr. Beach, in his letter of resignation, requested that it take effect on July 7, the last Sunday of his service, but the committee voted that it should take effect on August 1. The committee decided to ask Rev. Charles E. St. John, secretary of the American Unitarian association to preach on the opening Sunday, Sept. 15.

Mr. Beach has already taken a house in Cambridge and will remove to that city late in August. His son, Sylvester J. Beach, who graduated from Harvard college last June, will enter the medical school of that university in the fall and his second son, Reuel W. Beach, who was a member of the graduating class of the High school, will enter a Cambridge fitting school preparatory to taking a course at Harvard.

IT IS REGRETTED.

Mr. Beach's resignation from the pastorate of the Independent Congregational church is not only deeply regretted by all the members of that congregation but also by all his friends in this vicinity.

Independent Congregationalists Elect Officers and Pass Resolutions.

The annual parish meeting of the Independent Congregational church on Monday night was well attended, and much interest in the work of the society was displayed by everyone present. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

Moderator—Henry L. Fairbanks.

Clerk—Miss Frances Hammatt.

Treasurer and Collector—Joseph M. Bright.

Assessors—Charles Hamlin, Mrs. Mary H. Curran.

Standing committee—F. A. Wilson, William Engel, Isaiah K. Stetson, Miss Charlotte A. Baldwin, Mrs. C. R. Stupell.

It was voted that the standing committee be authorized to raise money to defray the expenses of the parish during the coming year. The report of treasurer Joseph M. Bright, showed a balance of $139.18 in the treasury, with all outstanding debts paid in full. Four new members were admitted into the society.

Resolutions upon the recent resignation of Rev. S. C. Beach, for 10 years pastor of the Independent Congregational church, were drawn as follows:

The members of the Independent Congregational church of Bangor, in annual meeting assembled, desiring to express their appreciation of the faithful services of Rev. Seth Curtis Beach who has been their pastor for the past ten years, do hereby resolve:

That in accepting the resignation of Mr. Beach, the society loses a faithful friend and an earnest worker in the cause of the liberal faith.

We desire to attest to his diligent and untiring work in our parish and realize that it will indeed be difficult to find a pastor who will in so many ways make his influence felt by all of his parish. To Mrs. Beach, the loving co-worker of her husband, we send kindly greetings, for all of us know how she has aided in the work of the church and in many ways has assisted in its spiritual and material welfare. May their paths be full of pleasantness in the new field of their choice, is the sincere wish of every member of this society.

It was voted that a copy of the resolutions be placed upon the records of the parish and a copy sent to Mr. and Mrs. Beach at their new home in Cambridge, Mass.

Many matters of routine business were transacted adjournment being made at a late hour. The meeting was presided over by Henry L. Fairbanks, moderator.

So closed a very happy period of my life. It had its trials and disappointments, but on the whole, it was perhaps the least troubled and the most satisfying ten years I have experienced since childhood, which always has its own reasons for being happy. Nor was I unaware of what I was leaving behind me. I never wanted to go to Bangor and I did not want to leave it; but the reasons for doing so were many and sufficient. We had been there ten years; was it not long enough? Perhaps a younger man might awaken a new interest and reach a different element in the population. The parish had lost heavily by death, and every death seemed both to Mrs. Beach and myself like taking one of our own family; Mrs. Beach "did not want to stay and bury So-and-so"; and finally both the children were to be in Cambridge at school or college, and it made us homesick to think of it.

As I review my work in Bangor, I see that much of my sermonizing had been giving reasons for the faith that was in me: Why do we say God, and what do we mean by the word? Why do right, or what is the basis of morality? The value of ideals, and their meaning, and the persuasions to belief in immortality. Besides these recurring topics,- God, duty, immortality,- I considered myself a missionary to the unbelieving, upon independence in politics, the iniquity of a protective tariff (upon which I never directly preached, but which I often hit), the proved absurdity of prohibition as a

Temperance measure, and when it came, the wickedness of the war with Spain. I fought the war until it was declared and then I let it alone. I hit prohibition whenever I was asked to speak upon Temperance. Prohibition in Bangor led to almost free selling of liquor, with the hands of the city tied, so that no modified method or experiment could be tried. It was prohibition or nothing; and prohibition was a form of nothing. What seemed to me desirable was local option at least for the cities, and then high license or low license, or the Swedish system.

Protection to American industry was too sacred an idol to attack directly, but it should have been called protection to the manufacturer, not the laborer. The lumber camps in Maine are manned by New Brunswick laborers, who come in duty free and underbid native laborers. The manufacturers reap the benefit.

Upon independence in politics I exhorted at every election, and apparently with some result. I remember one of my standing committee, Capt. H. N. Fairbanks, who boasted that he never voted for a democrat "and when he did, might he lose a finger". I lived to see him join a citizen's association, bolt a Republican nominee for mayor, and vote for the Democratic candidate.

I have said nothing of the health of the family in Bangor, a subject which filled so large and painful a space in

the Dedham period. I think it may be said that we were all in better health in Bangor, though we had some sore experiences there. The boys had their frequently recurring tonsilitis, Mrs. Beach slipped on the ice and broke her wrist, and I discovered some internal organs hitherto unknown to me. Good-by Bangor; accept my grateful memories; you used us better than we deserved.

Wayland.

Our residence in Cambridge was short and uneventful. I had intended to take some courses in philosophy, but did not and time hung on my hands rather heavily. Sylvester was in the Harvard Medical School and Reuel in the Brown and Nichols fitting school, and the chief luxury of life was that we had the children at home and saw them night and morning.

I have a record of preaching in several vacant pulpits in the winter of 1901-2,- the first I very well remember, at East Bridgewater, in a pouring rain, with an audience of nineteen people, and it was the pleasantest Sunday I had experienced since I left Bangor. That, I suppose, was a consequence of doing again one's habitual work. Jan.5 and Feb.23, I preached in Wayland, and on the 24, 1902, received a letter from the standing committee asking me to assume the pastorate for one year: "The committee have no doubt that a longer continuance would rest entirely with you". I accepted the proposition, and am here to-day (1907). Since then, very little has happened to require mention. My Wayland parish has the peculiarity of granting its minister a vacation in March when, ordinarily, he has little use for it, and is most comfortable at home. In ~~1903~~ 1903, Mrs.Beach and I made a pleasant visit of two weeks in Washington, D.C. We left a brown earth in Way-

"Corona Praemium"

...Class of 1863...

40 YEAR RE-UNION

Union College

1863—1903

UNION COLLEGE

40 Year Re-Union

CLASS 1863

TUESDAY JUNE 9th, 1903

9 A. M. Meeting of Class at College Register's Office.

10.30 A. M. Annual Meeting of the General Alumni Association.

12 M. Visiting the Class Tree

12.30 Calling upon the president and faculty of the College and Mrs. Colonel Peissner.

1.15 P. M. Alumni Dinner in Memorial Hall.

3.30 P. M. Joining with the Class of 1903 in Class Day Exercises and in Smoking our Pipe of Peace.

5 P. M. Leave for Albany to attend Banquet of the Class.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 10th, 1903

9 A. M. Meet at Register's Office of College to join in the procession of the President, Trustees, Faculty and Alumni to attend the Commencement Exercises.

8 P. M. Attend President's Reception.

10 P. M. Attend Senior Class Reception in Memorial Hall

...Fortieth Anniversary Class of 1863...

BY SETH C. BEACH, CLASS 1863

Tune: Auld Lang Syne.

WE come again, we come again,
The boys of Sixty Three!
To-day we will be young as then,
As light of thought and free.
We'll sing our college songs anew,
We'll shout with joy and cheer;
Life shall be new as hearts are true
On this our fortieth year.

Believe not forty years have sped,
Say rather forty days,—
Since, mists of hope about our head,
We trod those classic ways;
Since in the confidence of youth
We left that mimic life,
Knights-errant we of Right and Truth,
Courting earth's fiercer strife.

Stern foes we've met on every field,
But more of friends than foes;
The years have brought an ampler yield
Of blessings than of woes:
Then sing our college songs anew,
Then shout with joy and cheer!
Life shall be new as hearts are true,
On this our fortieth year.

Living Members of the Class of 1863

...June, 1903...



Atwood, A. Watson	Law	1327 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
Austin, Charles S.	Railroading	Indianapolis, Ind.
Barner, Bradford	Business	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Beach, Seth C.	Ministry	Wayland, Mass.
Beattie, George A.	Ministry	Middletown, Ohio
Conant, Hermon	Business	2137 Stout Street, Denver, Col.
Conde, Sanford C.	Manufacturing	231 W. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Cary, Edward	Editor N.Y.Times	New York, N. Y.
Dubois, Jacob W.	Medicine	Maryland
Easton, Charles Locke, Hon.	Law	229 Broadway, N.Y.City
Fearey, Thomas H.	Electricity	Quincy, Mass.
Harkness, Richard A.	Prof. of Latin	Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa
Heysinger, Isaac W.	Medicine	1521 Poplar St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Hickock, H. T.	Teacher	Roseville, N. J.
Hulbert, Eri B., D.D.	Ministry	Dean Theological Dept. Chicago University, Ill.
Johnson, James G., D.D.	Ministry	Farmington, Conn.
Kirkpatrick, Andrew Hon.	U.S. Dist. Judge	Newark, N. J.
Loomis, Benjamin	Ministry	Scotia, N. Y.
Martin, Bradley	No business	4 Chesterfield Gardens, Mayfair, London, W. Eng
Murdock, Thomas S.	Medicine	Northville, Mich.
Palmer, Stephen	Ministry	Grand Lake, N. Y.
Parker, Amasa J., Hon.	Law	Albany, N. Y.
Patton, Frances T.	Editor N. Y. Sun	New York, N. Y.
Roberts, Isaac E.	Medicine	13th & Martin Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
Roys, Charles	Teacher	Washington, D. C.
Russell, Solomon W.	Law	Salem, N. Y.
Stewart, George W.	Law	Wales, Mass.
Sawtelle, George B.	Medicine	Malden, Mass.
Serviss, John A.	Civil Engineer	Engelwood, N. J.
Smith, William H.	Ministry	Unionville, Conn. dead
Waterbury, Homer S.	Farmer	Polo, Ill.
Wright, John, D.D.	Ministry	383 East 9th St., St. Paul, Minn.
Yates, James	Business	Kansas City, Mo.

Snow

land March 18, 1903 and awoke next morning in Washington to see shrubs and flowers in blossom in a park opposite us, in Washington. Thanks to two friends, Prof. Sylvester Dwight Judd, of Georgetown University, and Mr. Bernard Janney, Superintendant of Schools, we saw, I fancy, most of the things of interest to the tourist, including President Roosevelt, into whose reception of 186 Indiana school teachers we were smuggled. Prof. Judd showed us his University, and Mr. Janney the Lee mansion and the National Cemetary, drove us up the Potomac to Cabin John's Bridge, and dined us. We made the trip to Mt. Vernon ourselves. Did we see the Congressional Library? O, yes, but we did not read the books.

Following my Bangor custom, at Christmas time, 1902 I issued to my parishioners a greeting ~~as follows:~~ beginning:

Hosanna, hosanna,
Glad tidings of joy! (Note)

In 1903, Union College conferred upon me the degree of D.D., not from merit I am sure, but because of the insistence of my classmates, Hon. Charles Locke ~~Emmi~~ Easton ~~Eaton~~, of New York city, and Gen. Amasa J. Parker of Albany. The granting of a degree is presumably always evidence of something; in this case, it is the evidence of having a few friends who wanted to honor me, and could do it. The Commencement was the fortieth anniversary of my graduation, and I wrote for our class reunion a song: "We come again &c.".

Note to p. 165.

The Child Jesus

HOSANNA, hosanna,
Glad tidings of joy!
Hail, hail, son of Mary,
Hail, thou wondrous boy!

MADE like to his brethren,
But nobly their chief;
Man of joy, man of sorrows,
Acquainted with grief,

FOR joy set before him,
Endured he the cross;
His life gave for many
Nor counted it loss.

Note to p. 165.

GREAT leader, blest teacher,
He brought the earth peace;
Strife and hatred be ended,
And wickedness cease!

HOSANNA, hosanna,
Glad tidings of joy!
Hail, hail, son of Mary,
Hail, thou wondrous boy!

SETH CURTIS BEACH.

Wayland, Mass., Christmas, 1902.

te 2, to p. 165.

Fortieth Anniversary, Class of '63, Union College.

We come again, we come again,
The boys of Sixty Three!
To-day we will be young as then,
As light of thought and free;
We'll sing our college songs anew,
We'll shout with joy and cheer;
Life shall be new as hearts are true
On this our fortieth year.

Believe not forty years have sped,
Say rather forty days,-
Since, mists of hope about our heads,
We trod these classic ways;
Since in the confidence of youth
We left that mimic life,
Knights-errant we of Right and Truth,
Courting earth's fiercer strife.

Stern foes we've met on every field,
But more of friends than foes;
The years have brought an ampler yield
Of blessings than of woes:

Note 2, to p. 165(continued).

Then sing our college songs anew,
Then shout with joy and cheer!
Life shall be new as hearts are true,
On this our fortieth year.

At Christmas I again sent my parishioners a greeting, entitled,"A Light in Galilee". (April)

The Wayland people are not demonstrative and I should not in general know what they thought of a particular sermon. I have a note under date of Jan. 17,1904,as follows: "Sermon on Hopefulness. Text,Zech. ix,12:'Prisoners of hope'. It seems to have been much liked. Reuel was the first to say, 'good'; then Sylvester and the mother. Mr. A.W.Cutting said with emphsis he enjoyed it and had all my sermons this winter. They had made church-going pleasant". I do not mean to say I have not had other appreciative expressions, many of them.

Dec.13,1903, I have the manuscript of my"Daughters of the Puritans" ready and have had some experience with publishers. Feb.19,1904, I go to Augusta, Maine to give an address at an installation service, and March 13,1904, to Bangor to preach during a period of trouble with their new minister, and there were in the audience,it was said,"a hundred more than for many months". I was given a kind of ovation, and it seemed like going home. At the South Middlesex Conference in First Parish Church, Cambridge, March 30, I was appointed to conduct a devotional service, and made a short address upon Happiness; after that nothing seems to have happened in ~~18~~ 1904, till Dec.22, when I have a poem, entitled,"Eye hath not Seen".

Note to p. 166.

150-H1046

A Light in Galilee

For many a day and many a year
The faithful conned the prophet's word,
And dreamed the blessed day a-near,—
The promised day of Christ, the Lord.

Still over Galilee, the night
Hung dark, the Gentiles' Galilee,
From out whose darkness yet great light
~~The wistful eyes must see.~~
The eager hearts were in haste should see
But not with observation came
The blessed light so long foretold:
A purer heart, a nobler aim,
Fulfilled the prophet's vision old.

It burned, as on the ages roll,
An inner fire with kindling ray,
Till in a gentle peasant's soul
It burst to flame, and there was day.

"Blest are the pure in heart," he said,
And now the gracious Christ is born;
"Let them that mourn be comforted":
Behold the light of Christmas morn!

Seth Curtis Beach.

Wayland, Mass., December, 1903.

Note 2, to p.166.

I put in this experiment in translation for what it is worth, but I refrain from laying down any rules for translating Italian into English verse:

Dio e il creato.

Dovunque il guardo io giro,
Immenso Dio, ti vedo;
Nell' opre tue t'ammiro,
Ti riconosco in me.

La terra, il mar, le sfere
Parlano del tuo potere;
Tu sei pertutto e noi
Tutti viviamo in te. P. Metastasio.

Turn where I will my gaze,
Great God! thy hand I see;
Thee in thy works I praise,
I feel thy touch in me.

All things thy power proclaim,
The earth, the ~~xxxx~~ sky, the sea;
In all thou art the same,-
Our life, it is in thee.

Dec. 30, 1903.

Note 3, to p.166 The substance of things hoped for.

Eye hath not Seen.

They lie beyond our feeble ken,
Nor eye hath ever seen
The gracious things God hath in store,
Beyond the adamantine door,
For all the sons of men.

Nor ever listening ear hath heard
From heaven authentic word
To stay the splendid hopes that seem
So true, and yet so much like dream,
By which our souls are stirred.

Into the night we walk by faith,
Yet not with bated breath;
We want but God, or wise or kind,
And faith, no longer void or blind,
Sees life must conquer death.

Our seed upon the soil we throw
And reap the grain we sow.
'Twould disappoint us if our field
Returned for toil no frugal yield;
With God it must be so.

Note 3 to p.166 (continued).

"Tis not for naught He planted here
Souls that we hold so dear.
In our poor, halting husbandry,
Think not we are more wise than He,
To save the ripened ear.

Reuel thought the phrase,"adamantine door", was great. The event of this period were all poems, if by courtesy they can be so called. The Christmas poem for this year, dated, Dec.24,1904, "The Madonna and Child", (Noël) I fear nobody appreciated so much as I did myself. "No Waste" is dated Dec.30,1904 "The Many Mansions", Jan. 10,1905, and "The Crescent Moon", Jan. 17,1905. (Printed in 'The Antiochian', March 11 1905) The dates have no significance except to show that my poetic impulses, if I can be said to have had any, or myimpulses to try my hand at poetry, have come by fits and starts. This period seems to have been one of my fits.

On Feb, 26, the church was closed for the unseasonable and awkward winter vacation, and Mrs.Beach and I went to Bangor for the installation of Rev.A.R.Scott, where we had such a revel among old friends, that Mrs. Beach was quite done up in three days, and was glad to get away to Augusta, and then to Portland, where life was scarcely less strenuous.

For the ministers, the chief function of Anniversary Week is the Berry Street Conference, so called,- no laity and no reporters. It is a great distinction to read the essay, and next to that, to preside. To my total and great surprise, I was called to the chair, and I do not wonder that I made a note of it with the date,May 23,1905. On May 25, I attended the dinner of Antioch students, and read a poem,entitled,"Antioch", which has already been given,(note to p.44). Naturally another

The Madonna and the Child.

I love the beautiful story
Judean shepherds told
Of gracious things they witnessed
In the wondrous days of old;

How to them on the lonely hill-side,
Watching their flocks by night,
There came a chorus of angels,
Clothed with celestial light;

How they chanted in heavenly music
A hymn to the Prince of Peace:
"Now born in the city of David,
Whose kingdom shall never cease";

How in unwonted splendor
Rose a star in the eastern sky,
And how it went before them,
Nor paused in its course on high,

Till above the city of David,
Dropping a silver ray,
It showed them a lowly manger
Where the blessed baby lay.

Note to p. 167 (continued).

Then they fell on their faces and worshipped,
As the custom was of old;
And thither came the magi
Bearing incense and gifts of gold.

And these worshipped the blessed baby,
As the ~~angels~~ shepherds had before;
Then ~~shepards~~ shepherds and magi went homeward,
Telling it o'er and o'er.

But the mother heard not the angels
Chanting in fields afar,
Nor, brooding over her treasure,
Saw she the silver star;

Nor ever did she a story
To any soul impart
Of the things she saw in vision
And pondered in her heart.

But sweeter than angel music
To her that baby's voice;
His smiles, than stars more radiant,
Made her mother heart rejoice.

To'her by far more wondrous
Than aught old legends teach
The child's first word, half-uttered,
In that old, forgotten speech;
Nor the magi's gifts and incense
So filled her heart with joy
As one step on feet unsteady
Of her first-born, winsome boy.

Would the mother had told her story!-
But the swift days onward ran,
And the child grew strong before her,
In favor with God and man.

Then her bosom swelled with gladness
Such as only mothers know,
And she thanked the Giver of children
For such blessings here below.

Note 2, to p. 167

No Waste.

'Tis said no smallest grain of sand,
Howe'er by billows tossed,
No snow-flake on the desert plain,
By any chance is lost.

So nature, thrifty mother, keeps
Each slightest element
Of earth beneath or star above,
Age after age unspent.

It is a blessed parable
For thee, O troubled heart;
The symbols speak like whispered words
That priceless truth impart.

Thrifty is she of things of sense
And thriftless of the soul?
Part of her store wise nature keeps,
Keeps she not then the whole?

Boldly 'tis said the dust endures:
How know we but by faith?
And by that same bold faith we say,
The soul tastes not of death.

Note 3, to p. 167.

. Easter, 1905 .



The Many Mansions

"The many Mansions" was found in the pocket-book, or diary perhaps, of an orthodox lady, (a friend of Mrs. Gardener,) in Calais, Maine, after her death, and read at her funeral, in 1907. It was probably cut from the Bangor Commercial, two years before. It is the finest compliment ever paid to a poem of mine. S. C. B.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you."

"In my Father's house there many mansions are;
I would have told you if it were not so":
What other words were ever heard so far
Or comforted such depths of mortal woe!

Somewhere a Father's house, a heavenly home,
After earth's day is o'er, life's race is run!—
Refuge where weary hearts at last shall come,
As toilers homeward turn at set of sun.

Vision or dream of the insatiate soul,
Sweetly it lures the heart like beacon-fire!
Beyond the course there seems to shine the goal,
And hope at last is born of fond desire.

We dare to hope, and in that hope rejoice:
"Dear Master, is it true? And dost thou know?"
Then down the ages comes this tender voice:
"I would have told you if it were not so."

SETH CURTIS BEACH.
Wayland, Mass.

4

Our minister, now God bless him,
He gladdens our hearts each year
With news of Christ and his master
The old, old story so dear.

We are grateful, and trust he will
Abide with us for long,
And may each and all grow
better
For his sermons and his song.

M. S. Cutting Jr.

Note 4, to p. 167.

THE CRESCENT MOON.

See yonder where the crescent moon
 Hangs low adown the west,
Silent and motionless, alone,
 Poised as it were in rest.

Only a sickle-blade of light,—
 Bright silver touched with gold,—
Against the leaden vault of night,
 Darksome and bare and cold.

Soft color wed to perfect form,—
 Fair jewel of the sky,
Thou hast for me a double charm,
 Beauty and mystery.

SETH CURTIS BEACH, D. D.
Wayland, Mass.

LOCALS.

A number of Normal students took the teachers' examination at Xenia recently.

Prof. J. P. Miller and daughter spent Sunday with Prof. and Mrs. L. S. Hopkins, of Troy, a few weeks ago.

It is probable that the college will have a new bell soon. The present one is badly cracked and has anything but a musical tone.

Mr. and Mrs. Wahlater very pleasantly entertained those who participated in the play, Quo Vadis, and the faculty and students, at the Opera House, Feb. 28.

Rev. B. F. Clayton and Mr. John Marlatt are spending a few weeks in Texas. If they are favorably impressed with that state, it is probable that they will locate there.

O they told her not to worry
 Or sit up late to cram
Or have a sense of flurry
 In writing her exam.

And so she did not worry
 Or sit up late to cram,
Or have a sense of flurry
 And—she flunked in her exam.

—Selected.

A PORTRAIT EDITION

Daughters of the Puritans

A GROUP OF BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES



By SETH CURTIS BEACH

BOSTON
American Unitarian Association
25 Beacon Street

CONTENTS

I. Catharine Maria Sedgwick
II. Mary Lovell Ware
III. Lydia Maria Child
IV. Dorothea Lynde Dix
V. Sarah Margaret Fuller Ossoli
VI. Harriet Beecher Stowe
VII. Louisa May Alcott

¶ The originals from which the portraits have been reproduced are the best obtainable. Each is surrounded by a colonial frame in color, to give a proper setting. ¶ The sketches themselves are quite out of the ordinary run of conventional biography, and there is more than a chronicle of dull fact running through the pages. Even to those well familiar with the subjects of the book, this volume, through the manner of treatment, will be a source of pleasure, while to those less informed it will convey much information in the most delightful style of biographical writing.

Size, 5¼ x 7¾ inches; pages, 286; price, $1.50 *net*, $1.60 by mail

ONE OF THE PORTRAITS



Catharine Maria Sedgwick

DAUGHTERS OF THE PURITANS

By Seth Curtis Beach

A FEW PRESS COMMENTS

"The effect of this volume is that which is produced by the massing of—let us say, roses. These remarkable women have been assembled by an artistic hand in a resplendent galaxy." —*Outlook.*

"The writer of this paragraph feels like thanking the Unitarian Association for placing such a delightful book as this before him. The author of 'Daughters of the Puritans' is unknown to the critic, but, whoever he is, he possesses a clear, lucid style that makes his work absorbingly interesting. No one can take up any one of the seven biographies in the book without reading it to its final word. There's a lot of information in these sketches, too, and they serve the purpose of a history of the noted women named,—a history that can be read through in half an hour." —*Cleveland Town Topics.*

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Published by the

American Unitarian Association

Boston

June, 15, (1906)

poem followed, ~~xxx~~: "Things not Seen", of which my classmate, H.G. Spaulding had the extravagance to say: "The last fine stanza is worth putting by the side of the closing lines of Blanco ~~Xhitex~~ White's sonnet on 'Night and Death'". That may mean that the thing was worth doing. On July 31, I put my ~~h~~ house in order for Christmas by writing a poem: "The Nativity."

In November, the American Unitarian Association published "The Daughters of the Puritans", and the sale of the book, I had reason to know, kept ahead of the book-binders. About 750 copies were sold during the holiday season. The notices of the book were generally very flattering. This, from The Outlook could not be improved, from my point of view: "The effect of this volume is that which is produced by the massing of,- let us say roses. Memoirs of all these remarkable women have been separately published. Here they are assembled by an artistic hand in a resplendent galaxy". That is as much as I should think of saying myself. In 1906, the remaining sheets were bound up with portraits and sold,- I hope they were sold,- as a new illustrated edition, by the scrupulously honest Association. I shall be glad if a real new edition is called for, because I want to correct some of the spelling.

In April 1906, began another short poetical era. On the 19th, I read a short poem at a flag-raising in Wayland:

"Now give our banner to the breeze &c."

Things not Seen

We look at things that are not seen,
The great apostle said,
Who walked by faith with soul serene,
God's peace upon him shed.

Such grace is high for you and me,
Our hearts so weak and blind;
Too dear to us the things we see,-
The treasures here we find:

This bright, glad world in which we dwell,
Its summer skies so clear;
The gracious homes we love so well,
The face of friends so dear.

How strange that other eyes should view,
With cold indifference,
These forms, like shrines to me and you,
That thrill our every sense!

But eyes see not the memories
That clothe our place of birth,
And all too deep for sight the ties
That give to souls their worth.

Note to p. 168 (continued).

There is a world within the breast
Which, though unseen, we feel;
And there life's deepest things and best,
Our throbbing hearts reveal.

What though no eye hath pierced the screen
That holds the future hid?
We feel the touch of things unseen
And we are comforted.

Since life's brief day hath yielded more
Than all our eyes could see,
We trust to God for gifts in store
In his eternity.

HYMN

For an Installation.

From open heaven the message fell:
"Speak to my people Israel
That they go forward":so 'tis told
In Holy Writ,sublime and old.

And still that voice divine is heard,
Still now as then the quickening word
Is forward, forward,people,- all
Obedient to the heavenly call.

Thy servant,pilgrim staff in hand,
Heard at thine altar thy command;
Thy gracious purpose to fulfil
He comes dear Lord to do thy will.

Give him the fitting word to speak
To guide the strong,uphold the weak;
Roll back the ancient tide of sin
The reign of law and love bring in.

Dec. 23. 1921. S. C. B.

Waitōtara, Dec. 31. 1920.

I have worked this month for The Christmas Greeting is, this year, of a high order. It has tempted me to try my hand. But this is the best I have been able to do.

1.

We send love tokens Christmas Day.
To friends both far and near;
But this my message to say
I hold you still most dear.

2.

Now let the angels come again
And sing their songs of Peace;
Spread over the earth Good Will to men
Till hate and envy cease.

3.

The Christmas Bells are ringing,
The children Carols singing,
And the Day of Days is here
Let us raise our souls to meet it
And enlarge our hearts to greet it
As it fills the world with Cheer,

And this for the New Year!

The Old Year's gone or going,
Bearing its sheaves away,—
Harvests not all our sowing
But its sorrow or joy, as it may,
But the New Year comes in glory,
Fair White, without Spot or Stain;
The bright is another story,
But we'll dream our dreams again.

The candles
Ride, Sep
Another.

HYMN

Dedicated to the Theodore Parker Fraternity.

"Wist not that I must be about
My Father's business?" words devout
And wise from lips of tender youth
Instinct with righteousness and truth.

His Father is our Father too
Whose gracious work we all might do
Had we that sweet child's wondrous love-
His sense of God within, above.

~~Give the Thought, the will, the work Your~~
~~Be kind, be faithful, have a heart~~
Give us O God the will, the heart (heart)
To share ~~another's~~ sorrow; do your part

To make this old, sad world anew-
A dream of heaven on earth come true.

Life's wounds to heal; life's joys increase
~~To end the rage of hate and strife~~
Bring more near a world at peace
And ~~take their venom out of life~~:

We give our minds, our hearts, our powers,
To this, the Father's work and ours.

Feb. 11. 1921. J. L. B.

HYMN

Written for Watertown Chapter,
Unitarian Laymen's League.

[Tune—Aurelia]

A voice above the tumult
 Of Pharaoh's trampling host
Spake from the open heaven
 When every hope seemed lost:
"Say to my people Forward"—
 This tale our Scriptures tell:
"Say to my people Forward,
 Go forward Israel."

Yet speak the heavenly voices
 And Forward still they say;
Go forward to the duty
 That waits your hand to-day;
Whate'er the foe besets you,—
 What danger 'neath the sun,—
Know that man's greatest peril
 Is duty left undone.

Forward for love and duty:
 This be our motto then;
Forward in faithful service
 For God and fellowmen!
Heavy the sad world's burden
 And Helpers still are few;
As servants of the Highest,
 God grant our part we do.

S. C. BEACH

"Go forward"
Exodus ch. 14, v. 15.

Feb. 9, 1922.

THE NATIVITY

"Where should the Christ be born?"
King Herod asked,
As 'neath a show of scorn,
His fear he masked.
The magi answered
"In Bethlehem";
For so old seers had said
'Twas shown to them.

Two thousand years roll past,
When critics came,
Who forth such wisdom cast
As fits their name:
"In Bethlehem? Why not
In Nazareth?
Or was the tale forgot
That not a breath

Of things so strange to see
As now we read
Was breathed in Galilee
For all to heed?"
So prates the learned crowd,
A skeptic lot,—
But others cry aloud
And spare them not:

"Why should we further look?
Enough for them
They in the holy book
Read Bethlehem".—
Let those who will confute
And beat the air,
Crying in vain dispute,
"Lo here, lo there!"

So Christ is born to-day
Within the breast,
Let critics have their say,
Our souls may rest.
Angels would come again
And sing their lay,
Were Christ in hearts of men,
New-born to-day.

SETH CURTIS BEACH,
Wayland, Mass.

Christmas, 1905.

"OLD GLORY."

Now give our banner to the breeze,
The star-lit sheet unfold,
Made by a thousand memories,
More rich than cloth of gold.

Our fathers stained it with their blood,
The price of liberty,
And followed it through fire and flood,
To leave their children free.

Grim-visaged War: then smiling Peace,
Like sunshine after rain;
And still the flag, as years increase,
Waves over town and plain.

Be thou a battle-flag no more,
Oh emblem of the free!
Float where thou wilt, on ~~land~~ sea or shore,
Henceforth, bear Peace with thee.

S.C. 2

and on the 29th, finished some lines read at a memorial ser-
in Kings Chapel, Boston, in May
vice, for the Unitarian ministers who had died during the
year, a service which I had been asked to conduct:

"Forever with the Lord". (Hall)

and under the same date, some nonsense read at an Alpha Del-
ta Phi Convention in Portland:

"When you travel, take a sermon &c".

This is my last poetical achievement to date (March 19,1907),
and I do not think of anything since that I have done or said.
There is but one thing more for me to do, and I am in no
special hurry to do that.

Stern foes we've met on every field,
But more of friends than foes;
The years have brought an ampler yield
Of blessings than of woes.

So I said in my class song, and with me it has been true.

te to p. 169.

Forever with the Lord.

Lines read in King's Chapel, Boston, at a memorial service for ministers who have died the past year, May 1906.

'Twas to the living said:
"For ye are dead;
Your life is hid with Christ in God".
Dead to the world, to sin,
The lust within,
Was meant, the wayward path we've trod.

And 'tis a blessed thought,
With comfort fraught,
To know that God is ever near,
Shut from us by no bar,
Nor ever far
To seek, since he is with us here.

But may not love and faith,
In face of death
Which takes our best beloved from sight,-
Death which is death indeed,-
May they not read
These words with comfort, hope, and light?

Note to p. 169 (continued).

Yea, for the dead are his!
And sweet it is,
When bowed beneath affliction's rod,
To feel those seen no more
Have gone before,
To hide their life with Christ in God.

These soldiers of the cross!
Not for their loss,
Death touched them with his magic spell.
We bring no sad adieu,-
We hold it true,
That safe with Christ in God they dwell.

Note 2, to p. 169.

Alpha Delta Phi.

Rhymes at the Alpha Delta Phi banquet, Portland, May 6, 1906.

"When you travel, take a sermon":
'Tis the parson's prudent rule;
No one knows what chance you'll come on,
You perchance may save a soul.

One must sure observe this maxim,-
Thinking to myself, said I,
When a dim foreboding racks him,
Or a state of nerves attacks him,
Meeting Alpha Delta Phi.

If you go to Maine a stranger,
There's another maxim set:
Lest you there fall into danger,
Carry with you something wet,-
Don't forget!

This to parsons, though they wander
Into Maine, does not apply;
Counter to the current slander,
Trust me, parsons are not dry.

Note 2, to p. 169 (continued).

Pardon this too long digression,-
'Tis too much the parson's way;
Parsons never, sad confession,-
Say the thing they meant to say.

Glad I am I'm in this army,-
Be this spoken clear and plain;
And may no mischances bar me,
When the clans report again.

To our noble founders greetings,
Be their shadows ever nigh,
Brood they o'er a thousand meetings,
Blessing Alpha Delta Phi.

Sylvester Judd Beach.

Sylvester was born, in Dedham, Mass., on Village Avenue, in what was then known as the "Bates house", April 7, 1879. I have a letter written by me to Mrs.Judd announcing the event. This letter will be found attached to p.83,in my first manuscript book of autobiographical notes. It says the baby was born "quarter before one", date as above. He was a little thing, according to the mother's memory weighing six pounds. He was christened on Whitsunday following, according to Dedham church records, June 1, 1879. He was so small, at that time, that when the mother held him in her arms for the christening, the congregation thought she had a young kitten, or so they said afterward.

I have no notes for the first two years of his existenc and cannot say how we managed to live with him. In his first years, while not large, he was a plump little fellow, in my partial fancy really very pretty, and with a voice like a silver bell. Of course it was not like a bell at all, but it was very sweet and musical. At least this was the way it seemed to his parents, who if they had taken him to a baby show would have expected to have been awared the first prize by any competent tribunal. Allowance must be made for the fact that he was the first baby, or the first that lived. The actual first was a nine-pounder, and could not be born

alive. Sylvester evidently wanted to be born alive, and so reduced his size to the capacity of a little mother.

A reminiscence, just when he was beginning to talk distinctly, is this. At a service on "Children's Sunday", the Sunday School was seated in the gallery to sing their carols and Sylvester, in the care of the maid, with them. It was hoped of course that he would keep quiet, but when I rose to begin the service, he sang out with the little voice I have tried to describe, "That's my papa". Everybody was amused, but it did not break up the service.

Sylvester thinks now that he has a poor memory, but I h have two or three entries, the first I have at all, which seemed to me to show remarkable memory for a child. Jan.16, 1882, I record that we called with Sylvester at Mrs.William Fisher's. Mrs.Fisher's children had two small music boxes, one of them blue, with which Sylvester played, and which he wanted to carry off. Feb.20, Mrs.Fisher called and, not knowing the importance of blue, gave Sylvester a brown music box. It did not satisfy him and he asked for the blue.

Feb. 28, 1882, Sylvester asked his mother where his other tin horse was. She could not remember. "Alfred Hewins" he said, "has my other horse". Five months before, little Alfred had been at the house and had carried away one of Sylvester's tin horses. Of course that was an experience to stamp itself upon a child's memory, but Prof. Royce says

that all memory is a matter of "attention".

The following, I put down as "a case of good observation, reason, and memory": We were returning from Augusta ~~in~~ June 2, 1882. Sylvester had apparently seen the hack-man tie on the trunk and, the 6th, after we settled down at home, he asked his mother: "Did they put a strap round the trunk so it would not fall off?"

With these I will put an incident a year later. He had seen aunt Affie's house in Portland, on the above trip. In October, 1883, we were making the trip again, and Sylvester asked his mother if aunt Affie's house was not like Mr. Hale's (of Dedham). She said, "Yes; why do you think so". He answered, "Why shouldn't I think so, if it is?" There may be nothing astounding in these feats of memory, but they indicate no deficiency.

March, 1882 (date not more definitely given), his mother was trying to have Sylvester blow his nose. Said, should I spat him? He answered yes. I did it very lightly. No blow of nose. Should I do it again? He said yes. I did it so he felt it. "Gently papa", said he.

The next incident was recorded May 23, 1882, but it occurred six months earlier. His crib was in his mother's bed-room, on the ground floor. She had dressed him in the morning and let him out into the kitchen. He made for the dining-room and locked the door behind him. His mother heard the lock snap, and suspected mischief. She made haste to the

other dining-room door, into the hall, but before she reached it Sylvester had locked that also. The next thing heard was the crunching of lumps of cut sugar. His mother tried to t tempt him with a bunch of grapes, but grapes were nothing compared to sugar (they help to fix approximately the date). I went out on the verandah and saw him through the window, sitting in his mother's chair, with the sugar-bowl drawn to the edge of the table and his arms around it. He seemed to be perfectly happy. I got a screw-driver, though what I could have done with it is more than I know. However he supposed that something was about to happen, and jumped down and opened the door. His mother welcomed the prodigal to her bosom.

May 24, 1882, we were dining at uncle Joseph's in Augusta. Oranges were served for dessert and in large pieces. Sylvester could not quite manage them. He said:"My mouth is too small".

Driving through Augusta, on the same visit, May 31, Sylvester asked,"What lamp-post is that?" I said, a street lamp-post. "Whose lamp-post?" I hesitated:"What shall I say? "Say something", he said.

Sept. 4, 1882. Reading in my slippers, Sylvester tried to tease me by rolling down my stockings. When I would not pay attention to that, he got an empty bottle, filled it with gravel, and was perfectly happy when he emptied the con-

tents into my stocking, and I had to hobble out, take off the stocking and shake out the gravel. "Did I put some gravel in your stocking?" he exclaimed in great glee.

For nearly a year in 1882-3, Sylvester had a trick of calling himself by other people's names. He was Mrs.Gardner; the maid was Mrs. Coolidge. For months, he was Mabel Cooke and the maid,Florence Cooke. To complete the illusion, I was sometimes Mr.Cooke and the mother,Mrs.Cooke. He was often Bessie Whipple, his then little Portland cousin. "To night (Nov 20,1832), a man came to bring me some oats, and asked Sylvester his name. He was Emma Lithgow, a variation upon Mary Lithgow, the name of his doll,- his mother's before him.

I have already given an account perhaps sufficiently full,- though I could add many details,- of the illness of Sylvester and of his mother in the winter of 1882-3. Sylvester seemed croupy, Friday, Dec. 22, 1882. On Saturday, he kept his bed reluctantly, and "Why am not I well; I am tired of sick". Considering what was coming, that was early to be tired. His mother broke down Jan.3. That was the twelfth day of the siege, and she had not slept an hour without waking once or more. The fever was supposed to have turned(Sylvester's illness had been declared typhoid fever), and his mother had gone to bed for a good sleep. She woke with a shriek in a couple of hours, and for weeks was a more serious case than Sylvester. Happily he slept quietly

till day-light. Of course his first cry was for mamma. I feared a scene both with him and with her. But I sat down by him and said,"Mamma is sick. She will not be able to see you to-day and you must not call for her". He seemed to take it all in, was sorry mamma was sick, said he would not call for her, and he did not call her again till she was so far recovered as to go into his room.

Jan. 5, he seemed more like himself, was bright and full of talk, and made rhymes, of which this is one:"I'll be well by and by, and eat cranberry pie". He said,"I don't like you to go, because somebody don't come",i.e. nobody comes. Aunt Thusa, his day nurse, told him he must not cry loud, because it would make mamma cry. He told me of this and said, "I said no,no; I must not cry; and I didn't cry". Jan. 18, his wristers had been put on him, and were a world too large. I thought they must be his mother's. "No", he said,"they are mine. My wrists used to be plump; why are not my wrists plump now, papa", with a pathetic quaver in his voice.

He began to go out for short drives in the first warm days in April. The last of April, he was taken with measles and was in bed for two weeks. Where he got those measles was as much of a mystery, to his mother more, than where he got his typhoid fever. Aug.22, when this note was made, I say, he is very well, though delicate. His mother has mostly if not quite recovered.

October 17,1883, Sylvester has a cold in the head and says "baba" for mamma. His mother says "baba" after him. He explains: "I do not say "baba"; I say mamma. It is my nose that says "baba".

After a visit to Augusta in October, 1883, Sylvester did not want to return to Dedham. He said time and again that he was not going back with us. As we drove to the house from the Dedham station, he said:"I am glad we are coming if we have got to come, but I should like to have stayed at grandma's".

Aug.20,1884, Sylvester tells his mother that he "eats so much he does not have so much appetite as he ought to have."

Mrs.Beach and I were visiting my sister in Marion, the date is uncertain. We had gone for a drive. He always considered driving a tiresome pleasure, and had been left behind. He played in the dining-room with a long stick which he was flourishing as a whip. It went through a window, to the destruction of a pane of glass. When we returned, Sylvester was nowhere to be seen. We were told what had happened, that he was around not long before, but no one knew where he was then. When his mother went to her room to take off her wraps, she found Sylvester in bed, punishing himself as he thought his mother would have punished him, if she had been there. It was an extreme penalty for misconduct to put him to bed. I have the record under date, May 12,1884, that, Mrs.Hewins calling with Alfred and Margaret, Sylvester threw a stone

which hit Alfred and presumably made him cry. Sylvester was sent to the nursery. Alfred was soon playing happy as ever, but when I went for Sylvester I found him under the bed, broken-hearted and in tears. "There was soon observed a little blood-shot blotch on one of the eye-balls, which remains to date". This was four days later.

Jan.13,1885. Mrs.Beach had sent a silver paper cutter to a silver wedding, and when she appeared dressed to attend the function, with her best fan in hand, Sylvester asked, "Has ~~th~~ that got to be sent away, mamma?" "No this has not got to be sent away. Why?" "Because every pretty thing has to be sent away", he said pitiously.

Here is a letter from Mrs.Beach to Miss Arathusa Hall, dated Feb.25, 1885. I saw it and copied it before it went: Dear aunty, What would you do With such a boy as Sylvester? I just now heard an exclamation from Nelly, the nursery maid, who was on her way down stairs with both hands filled with chamber-pails. I went out and found ~~and found~~ Sylvester had taken a mug of water and poured on her back as she was going down. "Don't tell on me", he said to Nelly. I said, "Come here". "He flew to the back side of the bed. "You had better come", I said; "if you don't come for me, you'll have to come for papa". "I know what you are going to do; you are going to put me in that chair". "Yes", I said. "I know what I am going to do; I am going to clock it". Whereupon, he emerged from the back side of the bed, took down a clock

from the mantel, carried it to his father's study, and sat down in the chair of penance. He knew that he was to sit there ten minutes, and thought he would have the amusement of watching the clock. I presently heard him carry the clock back into his room. "Did you sit there ten minutes?" "Just ten", he said.

Yesterday, he said Reuel would rule (rûel) the house". He is constantly making plays upon words. We think that in his fun and brightness, he must be like father. We ~~are~~ were certainly, neither of us were bright nor very funny when we were little. -------

Your niece, Frances.

The following from aunt Thusa, not apparently in reply to the above, was written from Cambridge, April 9,1885, when Reuel was about six months and Sylvester about six years, of age: "Dear Fanny, I am delighted to get these little missives from you, and especially as they give so good accounts of that precious baby. I think all indications are that he will equal the other boy, and that is saying more than I expected could be. There is genius of some kind in the first one. I don't know what turn it will take.------- Sylvester's mind is wonderfully active. The last morning with me, he said he did not want to have me go, and why could not I "stay and marry papa". I said papa could not have two wives. And "why","why" ad infinitum. He was looking at the buttons on the skirt of

my dress. He said, what I knew was true, that they were not just the color of the dress. I "must take them off and take off those covers and put on them pieces of my dress". I was struck by his observation of color, and the means to be taken to remedy it. He observed the lace covering the bows of my cap, and was rather puzzled about it,- wanted to know if I could not get them out. Once when I had lace over a bow, he said, it had a veil on. ---- With love, Aunt Thusa.

July 25, 1885, Sylvester breaks silence and says, "Papa, God is in the trees, and in the world, and everything else. I know that and the teacher did not tell me". With this goes a saying recorded on the same page. I had been exchanging with Rev.F.H.Jenks of Canton. Would I exchange with Mr.Seabury(of Dedham,Congregationalist)? Mr. Seabury's people would not like to have me preach for them. "Why?" They did not believe as I did. "What do they believe?",he asked with great animation. "Well, they believe that Christ was God", "So do I", he said;"God is everything. When I get big, I am going to the Orthodox church. I am going to be an orthodox minister".

He had often said he was going to be a "Carfenter",(carpenter), so I reminded him. "Who has it the best, a minister or a carfenter", he asked. His mother said she thought a carfenter, since he could own his house"."Why couldn't a minister own his house?" "Well, he might lose his parish and have to go somewhere else." Sylvester thought a moment and then

said,"Papa, when I get to be a carfenter, I'll build you a house and put it on wheels, and put it on a railroad track. You can own that."

In July 1885, I went to Wiers,N.H., to read a paper at the "Grove Meeting", and took Sylvester along for an outing. On Saturday, July 31,playing with another boy, Sylvester received a severe blow from a croquet mallet, on the side of his head, just missing the temple. He was very feverish and restless all night. I was lucky enough to get a physician, Dr.French of Concord, to attend him the next day. The doctor said there was a concussion of the brain, which might go hard with an older person, but which he thought would not be serious with a child. He was able to be moved the next day, to Laconia where we passed the week at the Willad Hotel, and I preached for Mr. Pardee the next Sunday, after which we returned to Dedham, no worse for the experience. When Sylvester "came to himself", he said,"Papa, that croquet mallet was awful hard". In Dec. 1885, Sylvester was transferred with the rest of the family, goods and chattels, to the Waters House, on Washington St.,Dedham. It was a raw month in which to move. Everybody took cold, including the children. One saw the wisdom of the Bible injunction,"Pray that your flight be not in the winter".

In May 1886, just before I sailed for Europe, Mrs.Beach and I went to Marion,N.Y., and left Sylvester with his aunt

Julia, on a farm. He was delicate, and had been since his typhoid fever, more so than before. I have a note that his weight, May 23, 1886, was thirty-seven pounds. He remained with his aunt Julia until September, when she brought him to Dedham to have his throat operated upon,- adenoid vegetations removed. So says a note made in 1899. I remember the removal of those things well enough, by Dr. Hooper, but could not now have given the date. Two weeks later, according to my notes, she took him back with her, much against his inclination, but it was hoped that the climate would be better for him than in Dedham, and known that it could not be worse. He remained nearly a year, until August 1887. From that date until in June 1888, he was in Dedham, when again, he went to his aunt's in Marion, returning the last of August with Emma Browne of Dedham. I remember very well, in my impatiance, boarding a train in Boston and meeting the party at Fitchburg. It will appear that in 1886-8, Sylvester was a little more his aunt Julia's boy than he was ours.

In a diary that went through Europe with me, I have a note dated, Marion, May 21, 1886: Sylvester says he wishes I would stay here (at Marion) with him. He doesn't see how he can stay alone with both mamma and me gone. There are few children here to play with. "There is no fun",he says,"to waddle about on a farm. -----If you asked me politely, perhaps I should do it sooner". May 25: "Sylvester is left behind. When his mother and I were about to start (from Marion)

she kissed him good-by. He was playing with the little Croucher boys and sent a kiss to me, saying he had not time to go to me". That was the easiest way to get past the trying moment and I fancy he thought so. If he had known that I did not want to go abroad more than he wanted me to, it probably would not have comforted him. I was as miserable as he at the moment, but we both felt better later.

My sister said that he made perfect slaves of the little Croucher children, or rather mere beasts of burden, it being his favorite sport to harness them to a child's cart and make them draw him. He quite declined to change places with them, or one of them, and be the horse part of the time. He preferred always to be the driver and ride. It is greatly to be hoped that he will be able to run that end of the business to the end of life. It will be easier so.

Time sometimes hung heavily upon him, especially Sundays, always a dull time on a farm. A letter from my sister in January 1887, quotes Sylvester saying, "Nobody need make any Sundays for me. When I want one, I'll make it myself".

Winter in Dedham was a hard time to get through. When at home, Sylvester generally had to have his Christmas tree in bed. I remember when he came home from Exeter at Christmas, he brought a (c) Charming German story in which the Christmas season was made to smell of seed-cakes and glitter with tinsel and wax candles, and Sylvester expressed regret that

his Christmases had never had any seed-cakes and wax candles. But he had forgotten. He always had his Christmas tree and I have driven miles, with great pleasure, to cut an evergreen in somebody's woods and his mother took equal pleasure in decorating the tree with everything surely except perhaps the seed-cakes. What is more to the purpose perhaps, Sylvester was never too ill to enjoy his Christmas tree thoroughly, and more than repay the parents for their trouble. He had a large capacity for enjoyment if he had half a chance. As I write this, I remember a quotation from him in one of my sister's letters: "Fun and I came together seven years ago, and we have never been separated". It was his disposition to use his opportunities to have a good time as he could. I remember a birthday party, when we lived on village avenue, hence when he was five or under. He was ill as usual, and a party was impossible, but a little neighbor, Ruth Loring, was invited in, and a table set for them, a birthday cake prepared, and he was happy as a child could be. He talked about his "birthday party" for days before and after it.

The winter of 1887-8 was harder than usual with Sylvester, since in addition to the usual infelicities, he had whooping-cough, of the hardest kind. I have a note of Jan. 25, 1888, saying, "Both children have whooping-cough. Sylvester began coughing New Year's day. He coughs much less than formerly, but not less violently". Violently! His cough was al-

ways a paroxysm. He would stand straight up in bed and throw himself headlong. It was necessary to be at hand to catch him or he would be as likely to strike the bedstead, or a table, or a chair, as miss them. It was a confining life for me for six weeks, night and day, but especially nights. Dr. Hodgdon of Dedham attended him, and tried all new-fangled inhalations upon him. The manipulation of them certainly made a world of trouble, but afforded scant relief.

In June, Sylvester went to his aunt in Marion again. I have a note, dated Sept.3, 1888, which says that Sylvester returned to Dedham, Aug.30. "This is the third summer he has spent there (Marion). He is a thorough Marion boy. He likes the farm; he talks the language; he accepts the politics, is a hot Republican, 'blows' for Harrison and Morton, hates the South, goes protection strong. He begins school to-day. He has been to school about three terms in all, one in 1884 at Miss Fessenden's private school, one in 1885 at the Dexter school, and one last fall at the Ames. School last year was interrupted at Christmas by whooping-cough. As Sylvester began to improve, he began to read like a student, taking strongly to history. Among other things, he read Fisk's abridgement of Irving's Life of Washington. Also "Little Arthur's History of England," which made him curious about Roman history. "He wanted to see", he said, "what tey did before he was born". I got him Miss Sewall's Rome, which made him want a history of Greece. I got Miss Sewall's Greece, and

he read the Rome and Greece together in alternate chapters.

There is no mention here of Shaler's First Book in Geology and as the book came out in 1884, the incident I am about to relate may have happened earlier by a year. I was always in a hurry with the boy, and kept him stocked up with a book a little beyond his youthful capacity. I gave him an illustrated edition of "Pickwick" when he may have been six. He could not read it then, but he liked to have it read to him, and by the time we got to Bangor, the covers had been read off, and the volumes had a new binding.

I had bought the boy the charming book of Prof. Shaler and Sylvester had read it with interest and delight. One day I was writing a sermon and wanted to say that every grain of sand is a crystal, perhaps to show the Lord's attention to details. I looked through all my text-books and encyclopedias, treating of Crystalization, in vain, to find authority for such a statement. At dinner I told how I had wasted a ~~me~~ morning to find whether a grain of sand was a crystal, and Sylvester immediately said, "It is papa", got his little Shaler book, and showed me where the statement is made. He may have been eight, but could not have been more than nine years old. I doubt if he knows as much about sand to-day.

When, in 1887, at the age of eight, he began to go to the Ames School, he learned the manly art of swearing, and greatly delighted in the accomplishment. He eagerly picked up every

~~choice epithet that he heard~~

choice epithet that he heard and delighted to bring it home to rehearse to his mother. He would come into the house, find her, and roll off the latest blood-curdling phrase he had heard. It pleased him doubtless better, but otherwise it made no difference, if she was in the parlor entertaining the most fastideous ladies in the parish. All the same, he would plant himself in the door, and with beaming countenance give his exhibition of the perfectly charming things he had learned at school. The ladies would be horror-stricken, and thought, beyond question, that the minister's son was a lost soul,- the more so because the mother paid no attention to the child's remarkable salutation, but sent him away to wash his hands, or to find the nursery maid. Once arriving from a trip to Boston, at the Dedham station, he and his mother found two men at the Dedham on the platform talking earnestly and swearing copiously. Sylvester heard them and, apparently to show them that he could do as much, planted himself before them, and consigned them incontinently to perdition. The men stared in amazement, and disappeared. Through all this the mother maintained as deaf an ear as possible, and Sylvester soon gave it up the sport.

Of the year 1889, I have no notes concerning Sylvester till the following beginning of a fairey tale, which is entitled, "Tommy's Dream", is written in his child's penmanship, and on which I pencelled the date June 1889. "Once there was

a little boy and he went and lay down in the shade, out of doors,and was going to sleep, when a little man, no bigger than his thumb, came and said he wanted him. (The little boy's name was Tommy). Tommy went with the little man. The little man took him to a cave and gave him a lantern". This was evidently "to be continued in our next". It was probably Sylvester's first attempt at a story.

In September 1890, we left Dedham and moved to Rochester, N.H., a change not agreeable to any of us. The children found themselves transplanted from little friends with whom they had grown up, to a land of strangers, and we did not remain long enough for them to form any friendships. Sylvester went to school one term, perhaps part of a second. I think he was very well while there. I only remember two incidents with which he was related. I remember fitting myself and the boys out with skates and we all went skating on Thanksgiving morning, at least until I fell on the ice, nearly cracking my skull. The other incident was a ride which Sylvester took to his sorrow. He had boarded a passing sled from the country and, much against his will, he was carried off a mile or more, to the great alarm of his parents and his own grief when he had to trudge back on foot. The Rochester period ended March 21, and does not need a large space in Sylvester's history. To all of us,Rochester was a bridge between past and future,either of which was pleasanter.

On March 5,1891, we found ourselves quartered in Mrs. H.S.Griswold's pleasant home on Broadway.Bangor, where Sylvester (for the second time), and I think Reuel, had measles, or German measles,- something to remember the place by. The first of May, we took possession of the house, then No.9, High street, opposite Hammond Street Church, which remained our home while we lived in Bangor. Sylvester, it will be seen, was just past twelve years old. He was sent to Miss Newman's private school and began Latin. He also had music lessons of Miss Mae Silsby, was to practice an hour and a half each day in fifteen minutes installments, and spent most of his time, as he would have said once,"clocking it", i.e. running to the window to look at the church clock, to see if the time was up. At the end of the lessons, I took the stand that, when he had any more music lessons, he would ask for them. In.about four years, he began to call his parents hard names because they had not made him learn music.

In July, the family went to Intervale,N.H.,for our vacation, Mrs Beach and Reual by rail. I had fitted Sylvester and myself out with the old solid-tyre bicycle of the period, and Sylvester had become quite an expert bicyclist. I had less time and less skill, and knew about as much about the machine as about an air-ship. We started however to cycle across the country to Intervale. We got on very well for twenty-five miles, but just beyond Newport, Me., the second day

out, I had the misfortune to smash up my wheel and to land myself upon a ledge of rocks. With my damages and bruises, we were laid up at Newport from Saturx Friday until Monday, and I had time to write an account of the trip in doggeral verse. There are more than a hundred lines of it which may be found in the first book of "autobiographical" notes. But here is a specimen:

I'll tell you a tale of a bicycle run,
In the summer of eighteen ninety one,
From Bangor to Intervale, just for fun.
We were, boy and man, a party of two,
To trust to our wheels and our heels to get thro'.
So on the sixteenth of July the month of July,
We tied up our bundles, he and I,
Turned the key on the door, and took to the road,
To try what travel would be in that mode.

The tale grows more exciting, but I think I can guarantee that the other lines are no better. With another breakdown, the bicycle party reached Skowhegan by team, and took a train via. Portland, for Intervale.

In September, Sylvester returned to Miss Newman's school and, in December, he was sent to his mother's uncle John L. Cutler's plantation at Quitman, Georgia, for the winter. He went as far as Savannah, Ga, in charge of Mrs. Russell Morison, on her way to Florida. My first note concerning him is

is dated May 21, 1892 (1892), when we had a card from him written May 18, at the Palaski House, Savannah Ga, on his way home. He arrived on June 4, it "is very well, and says we do not know how glad he is to get home". We took a short vacation at Katahdin Iron Works (Aug.1-15), and Sylvester goes with Rev.A.L.Chase to Spruce Pond, sees two bears, and catches fifteen ~~bears~~ trout himself.

I have a copy of a letter,dated Sept. 2, 1892, from Mrs Laura C.Jewett, who had had Sylvester as a private pupil during the summer:"He knows his Latin so far as he has gone very well. He is sensible and intelligent and, by being a ~~so~~ good student, can take a high rank. I know of no boy in our schools who is so far advanced in books (general reading?) as he is, of the same age".

A note Aug.30, says that Dr. Swett, our Bangor physician, recommends an inland situation and a steady winter for Sylvester, and Mrs. Beach and I are at Foxcroft, investigating the academy there. He was finally sent to Kent's Hill school where as a note,Sept.5, says I "left him to work out his destiny, and have been homesick myself ever since". Dec. 25: Sylvester "at home for the day, and very well". That was encouraging, considering that he had so often had his Christmas tree in bed. He was also very happy with the school at that time. He grew less so as time went on. He was the youngest, or among the youngest, in the school, and he had "never

been in a place before where he was not the minister's son", a fact that had counted for something, but in a Methodist school, it was no advantage to be the son of a Unitarian minister. Before the second term had ended, he had ceased to be happy; the table, according to him was fearful; the heating was as bad; and in March he wrote home that he was very well and "the white patches in his throat were no worse". Of course his mother despached me after him by the next train. He was in bed at home for several weeks. In the fall of 1893, Sylvester entered the High School in Bangor, as a Sophomore,i.e. in the second year of the course. He was often laid on the shelf by his old infirmities, as a note dated March 11,1894, will show. It appears that the second day of the (winter) term, he came down with grip, and a month later with tonsilitis, and next with winter cholera. On this March 11, "he was looking thin and white", and I took him to Randall's Camp for a week in the Maine Woods, with R.W.Sawyer and his sons. It appears that the party took four hundred trout on this expedition. His marks for the year are very creditable. For the three terms respectively: Latin, 95,95,95; Geometry,90,90,95; Greek,95,95,98; General Exercises,91,85,94; Deportment (2d and 3d terms),88,88.

There was never any question about his going to college but while to me college meant Harvard, but Sylvester,influenced by the tendencies that prevailed in the Bangor High

School, wanted to go to Bowdoin. I did not debate the question with him, but at the Commencement season, I invited him to go with me to Cambridge. My notes say, "Attended Commencement exercises with Sylvester. (We were both smuggled into Saunder's Theatre, he with the freshmen, and I with the Alumni). Met Sylvester Dwight Judd, graduating cum magna laude. Sylvester enjoyed his taste of Harvard much, and said the trip paid". What was perhaps more curious was that we never heard anything more about Bowdoin". I asked him what he had enjoyed most. He said,"seeing Dwight".

On July 23, the whole family, including my sister Julia, went on a trip to Kineo (Moosehead Lake), and on Sept. 7, to Bar Harbor, Sylvester of course included.

I have no note again until April 14,1895, when Sylvester is confirmed, with Ralph P. Stevens, G.Bradley Hardy, Oscar A. Shepard, and Grace Hubbs, and Eulalia Estabrook. I had canvassed the parish for recruits, but had said nothing to Sylvester, because I never wanted to worry my own children. There is a story that a grateful son of Prof Josiah Royce,was overheard exclaiming to himself,"What it is to be Josiah Royce's son!" I never wanted my children to feel so badly the affliction of being the minister's son. But Sylvester knew about the Confirmation class, and spoke of joining it. He said that if he were not confirmed then, very likely he would never be, and some day, he might regret it. I said,

"My son, you see that I am not going to compel you, but if you do it yourself, it will of course please me". At the last meeting with the class before Easter, I had spoken, among other things, about Christ and what he could do for us. As he and I returned together, he said to me (even the spot where it was said is distict to me),"Now,papa, I don't want you to say much about Christ next Sunday, because I don't think we know much about him",- a Unitarian boy certainly.

A note July 6, 1895, says that Sylvester and George B. Moody sailed from New York on the steamer California, for Glasgow for a bicycle trip through Scotland and England. He left Bangor June 24, stopping in Cambridge, Mass., and taking Preliminary Examinations for Harvard. In 1896, he graduated from the High School in Bangor, third on the Honor roll, two girls ranking above him and I believe both Irish girls. He got even with them by saying that they "had only girl studies". The same year he took his "finals" at Harvard, passing without conditions, and with credits in Elementary Greek, English, and French. Partly owing to delicacy of health, he was sent to Phillips Exeter Academy for the following year. He came home for a short vacation in April,1897, intending to select a declamation and prepare an essay for competition for prises; but he was ill with what was called acute catarrh of the stomach, but what in the light of later events was presumably gall-stones. A fornight later, he had another

attack called grip, or a cold with grip symptoms. At the urgency of Proff. Tufts, he gathered himself together and wrote a paper in competition for the Merril prize. He was awarded second prize. He was an honor man, took a scholarship, and had the Prophecy at his graduation.

On Nov.2, 1897, I have a note which is interresting, considering what happened a little later. It says,"Sylvester entered Freshman at Harvard this fall, has been well so far and very happy". Thinks Cambridge a great place for study". The next note on Jan. 11,(1898) is in a different strain: "Sylvester has been ill in bed since Nov 29". Quite a history of the case can be found in my note-book of the period. He was yellow with jaundice when he came home, and it was my duty to give him a bath in boracic acid and water every day. From Jan. 22 to Feb.4, he had teribble attacks of pain, and hypodermic injactions of morphine were frequently administered. In his easier and more lucid moments, he liked to listen to reading, and even would accept a sermon. I had just finished one entitled "The Consolations of Rationalism". The subject was suggested by one of Rev.O.B.Frothingham on the same topic. I gave Mr. Frothingham's "consolations", and then tried to find others and better. Sylvester listened to the sermon and then said,"The only consolation of Rationalism is morphine" Not till March 31, were gall-stones discovered. Dr. Swett said that from their size they may have been years in forming.

- perhaps eight.

April 13, he had become a comfortable invalid, and his mother took him to Boston to the Massachsetts General Hospital expecting he would be operated upon. He was examined by Drs. Potter, Cabot, Cutler, and two or three others. The conclusion was that the gall-stones had disappeared themselves. He was sent to Cambridge where he had tonsilitis, took French, and slowly recovered. In 1898, he returned to his class on his credits, except one course, which he had to make up. In 1899, Sylvester wrote, in his English course, a sonnet which seemed to me very fine. I have it under date, Jan.21:

Ambition.

One night an angel held beside my bed
A tablet black, where writ in gleams of light,
Like phosphorescence on the sea (sea) at night,
Stirred by the paddle's dip, old names I read.
"Here you see written those", the presence said,
"Whose lot you ever thought unduly bright.
Choose him whose place you wish. It is to-night
The will of God to put you in his stead".
With eager joy, I scanned the roll, but found
Not him whose place quite satisfied. The gay
Had narrow aims; the great in self were bound.
The angel smiled: "Each in his bare to-day
Dreams of a morrow, which success has crowned;
We ~~love~~ [illegible]



DR. SYLVESTER J. BEACH.
Speaker at Augusta Board of Trade Banquet.

losis ... ista ... in Augusta, ... t... subject treated by Dr. Sylvester J. Beach, who spoke in part as follows:

One of the greatest proofs of progress in public hygiene is the fact that boards of trade are realizing that this work is actually a commercial and economic problem.

To understand the problem of tuberculosis, it is necessary to understand the difference between the tubercle baccilli and the organisms causing other diseases. The tubercle baccillus is a germ that intends to live and thrive. It kills its victims slowly and multiplies rapidly during the long course of the disease. If checked in its course, it is able to live for a long time on nothing, and thus has been more successful probably than anyone else in solving the high cost of living. It can thrive in almost any part of the body, and also lives happily in many domestic animals. In short, it has every facility for being universally prevalent.

It is probably true that more cases of this disease exist in this city and county than we have been aware. It is also true that conditions here are far more favorable for the control of the disease than in many other localities where almost miraculous results have been obtained. In Massachusetts the death rate from this disease has been cut ... two since 1850, largely from work done in the big cities under the most unfavorable circumstances. The effective weapons have been a free dispensary and a district nurse. The dispensary is in charge of the medical men of the town. To it patients can go for examination and advice. The district nurse goes into the homes of the patients, enabling each one to carry out the directions received from the physicians, adapting them to the individual home. It is to carry on these methods here that the Augusta Anti-Tuberculosis Society has been organized.

In this town our abrupt hills give us natural drainage, and almost all our houses have open spaces around them, giving the two natural enemies of the tubercle baccillus, sunshine and clean, dry air. Furthermore, there is little destitution and most of our patients can afford the simple means necessary for the treatment of this disease. It is a notorious fact that tubercular patients do better in the winter, and most of our climate is winter. We can expect with advantages of situation, climate, sunshine and air, much better results than have been obtained in crowded, dark and dirty cities.

Aside from the humanitarian phase, this work is a matter of dollars and cents. If the figures given by the Board of Health in the last two years of their report are followed, and we value human being in the prime of life at $1500, which is certainly not high, the annual loss to this town has been about $30,000. A reduction in this death rate of only 1-10 would save $3000, and it is estimated that $2000 will carry on our work. From the point of view, then, of health, money and humanity, we should give this new society our best support.

We love what future our own hopes display".

This is the last note my books show of Sylvester. Since this date, he ought to have the material to complete his record. He graduated with his class in 1901, practically doing the work in three years, his first being something worse than lost. He entered the Harvard Medical school the same year and graduated, cum laude, in 1905. In the last year of his medical course, 1904, he entered the Boston City Hospital as an "intern" on the surgical service, and graduated in Nov. 1906. He passed the medical examination in Maine, in February last, and is now,(March 24, 1907), at the Lying-in Hospital, Boston Mass.

Married Oct. 7, 1909 to Harriet Louise Harris.

Margaret born Jan. 19, 1912

Howell Williams, b. Feb. 19, 1915; d. Sept 23, 1915

Edmund b. March 16, 1917

Dr. Beach to Leave City To Practice in Portland

Dr. and Mrs. Sylvester Judd Beach and children, Margaret, Howell and Edmund, left Augusta yesterday morning for Portland, where they will in the future, make their home.

Dr. Beach has purchased a residence on Cape Elizabeth which he and his family will occupy in the fall. For the summer, they will be at Delano Park, Cape Elizabeth.

Dr. Beach has opened offices at 776 Congress street, Portland and will limit his practice there, as he did through the latter part of his stay in Augusta, to the eye.

Through the 13 years he passed in Augusta, Dr. Beach took a prominent part in the professional, charitable and civic activities of the community.

A graduate of Harvard in 1901 and Harvard Medical School in 1905, and after serving as house surgeon of the Boston City hospital, Dr. Beach came to Augusta in 1907. He rapidly built up a large practice and established himself in state-wide prominence through his varied activities, particularly in connection with public health work.

Something of his activities can be gathered from the fact that he was visiting surgeon, eye and ear, Augusta General hospital and Gardiner hospital, fellow of the American College of Surgeons, president of the Kennebec Medical Association in 1913 and secretary of that organization since; trustee [illegible] Library and Cony Female Academy; director Augusta Health Center, member of legislative committee, Maine Medical Association, 1915-19.

Dr. Beach was active in the organization of the State Department of Health, has been a member of the Public Health Council, State of Maine since 1917; was chairman of the joint committee on health centers and vice president of Maine Public Health Association, as well as a contributor to professional periodicals and the inventor of several pieces of apparatus and of diagnostic devices which have earned national prominence. During the war he served on the Medical Advisory Board.

In the departure of Dr. Beach, Augusta loses to a nearby city a man who has worked steadily and effectively for the public good. The State will profit by his moving to a larger and wider field where he will continue his professional and public health activities amid surroundings that will give the broadest latitude to his talents.

Letter in acknowledgement of $15 toward a fur overcoat. Nov. 4,1907. (Copy)

1879
2 5

Augusta, Maine.

My dear Aunt Sarah:

Mother has told me of your generous gift. This is the first time that we have been driven to take up a collection to buy clothes. It is never too late to begin, and I am more than grateful. The weather down here already makes me feel the need of a coat. People are beginning to slip on the ice on our door-steps.

Augusta is nice, and Dr. Crooker keeps something for me to do. Aunt Nina is very kind, and likes to have me around. I sort of take the place of a cat. The church has taken a mean advantage of my piety, and made me Superintendent of the Sunday School.

So glad that you enjoyed Wayland. There is no better place in October.

With many thanks and much love,

Your affectionate nephew,

Sylvester Judd Beach.

Tuesday.

Reuel Williams Beach.

Reuel was born in the "Bates house", as it was then ~~cal~~ called, on Village Avenue, Dedham, Mass.,at seven in the morning, Oct.9,1884, and according to his mother's memory, he weighed seven pounds. He was christened in the First Parish Church, in Dedham, as shown by the church records, June 14, 1885, and named for Reuel Williams, late of Augusta, Maine, his maternal great grandfather. My first note upon him, dated Aug.23, 1895, says: "He was not very well nursed. Neither mother nor child prospered, though both lived. Nurse left at the end of six weeks. The woman engaged to take care of the baby, proved incompetent, let it take cold, took cold herself and was dismissed. The baby was sick, the mother over-exerted herself, and a professional nurse was installed for eight weeks. The mother was carried down in arms for the first time, the day before Christmas. She slowly improved, and the nurse was discharged the middle of January. In April, the baby got new cold, had convulsions,- nine or ten in twenty-four hours,- nurse again for two weeks. Baby and mother, happily at this writing, Aug.23,- very nicely. Reuel had eczama, face,hands, and body, very badly from one month old to six or seven. Mostly free now at ten months".

I remember the convulsions in April very distinctly. It was a beautiful but delusive day in early New England spring, and here was a child six months old who had never sat for his

picture. We had not been able to show our distant friends how beautiful he was. The fond parents took the infant in a carriage and drove to Hyde Park to a photographer. We had a terrible twenty-four hours after it. We had never seen a child in convulsions before, and never wanted to afterward. The child might die any minute, or he might live in such a state that we would wish he hadn't. I think it was the most anxious moment,- moments, hours,- we ever had over Reuel.

My notes on Reuel's early years are very meagre. They ought to be, and could be, supplimented by the mother's memories. In December,1885, we moved to the "Waters house", on Washington st (Dedham), when Reuel was a year and two months old. My next note concerning him is Jan.25,1888, when both children have whooping-cough, Sylvester severely. "As yet Reuel is not sick with it, though he coughs very hard; but he does not lose flesh, strength, ~~max~~ spirits, mischief, nor good-nature." On July 24, 1888, I have the following: Reuel is out walking with his mother. There is a puddle,from a recent rain, on the side-walk. She quickly steps between it and him. He thinks a minute and then looks up, saying,"What is that man doing up there?" She looks up to see—no man at all. Meanwhile, he dodges into the water, and walks the whole length of it. Sept. 4, 1888, I have this note. Reuel wished to retire from the table. "Bestuse my dinner", he said to his mother. That is a variation upon "betuse", his original

form for 'excuse'*.

I have no note upon Reuel during the period when I was traveling for the American Unitarian Association. Life was strenuous, and I was absent from hime much. I remember that he was as zealous as the rest of us in founding the church at Rochester,N.H. He was an unconscious instrument in a birthday party for him, Oct.9,1890. The party had two objects, to conciliate the younger population of the neighborhood, and collaterally, to draw together some children who might be enlisted in a Sunday School. The audience at each service was faithfully counted. Every member of the family counted the attendance, but on the quiet, except Reuel, who, unless he was strictly attended to, would stand upon a settee as the people gathered, and point with his extened arm and finger to each new arrival, that there might be no mistake in his enumeration. He did his part in the enterprise, as indeed he has always done in church and Sunday School.

He was six and a half years old when, in March 1891, we went to Bangor. For two months, Mrs. Harriet S. Griswold, just leaving for her annual refuge in Florida, gave us the use of her fine residence on Broadway. May first, we took possession of the house, then numbered 9 High Street, and Reuel entered the Union st. School in the primary department. His mother soon had him out of that and placed him in the Pond st.intermediate, under Miss Winifred E. Taylor, a fine teacher, who evidently fell in love with him, though not without

some discrimination. She, as I remeber it, pronounced him one of her brightest luminaries, but careless, very apt to go wrong when he knew better; i.e. to miss a word when, if he attended to business, he could spell it correctly. But she forgave his sins, adopted him as one of her favorites, and followed him up with good advice and other attentions, for ten years, or until we left Bangor, taking him to pic nics, on excursions, to the Opera House, and making him Christmas presents with an open purse. There was a standing controversy between Miss Taylor and Mrs.Jewett, who had tutored Sylvester, as to which of the boys was the brighter and more hopeful. It was a case where, as Pope says, "each believes his own".

At a parish sociable, how early in our Bangor experience I do not quite remember, Reuel pleased himself by stepping from the stage, in Memorial Parlors, upon the grand piano. The piano was covered to be sure, but it was very sacred in the eyes of some of the ladies, and hardly to be walked upon, in the minds of any who had reached years of discretion. Mr, Wilson Crosby, who saw the performance, gently protested: "I would not stand on the piano, my son." Reuel responded: "I am not your son nor your grandson; I am Mr.Beach's son". But I think he got off the piano, as the matter was not reported to me till long afterward.

I remember two of his mother's tragedies, the first of

which may have occurred in the Dedham period. when Reuel was perhaps three. We were spending a vacation at Intervale N.H., and I was I think at Wiers, for a Grove Meeting. In the evening there was music and perhaps charades in the hotel parlor, and Reuel had been allowed to sit up beyond his bed-time. He generally considered his mother, but on that occasion, he ~~s~~ stubbornly refused to retire for her persuasions, threw himself upon the floor, and kicked. There was of course a scene. The mother could not lift him, was mortified, and at her wit's end. The virtuous ladies commented upon the dreadful spectacle. They would not allow a child to act in that manner; it was a spoiled child evidently. The comments much increased the mother's discomfeiture. How the tragedy ended I cannot say, but it was the first and last break of the kind known, I think, in the family.

The following incident is later, certainly in Bangor and probably in the summer of 1892, when Reuel was between seven and eight. He was taking piano lessons of Mrs.Thomas Hersey and was one of her star pupils. There was to be a recital at Mrs, Hersey's fine home, a farm a mile out, and Reuel was arrayed in a new velvet suit made for the occasion, or perhaps for dancing school the winter before. In the interval before the function began the children were out playing upon the ample grounds. They appear to have found a hen's nest and to have amused themselves by throwing eggs at each other,

Reuel's span-clean velvet suit took the contents of one egg, or more. He also found an open kitchen-drain and tumbled into it. In the state consequent upon these misadventures, his mother found him and started home with him on foot. I believe a kindly milk-wagon picked up the weary and disconsolate travelers and landed them at their own door.

A note of Feb.25,1895, concerns the whole family. Mrs. Beach was to read a paper in Boston (Jamaica Plain),at a meeting of the New England Branches of the Women's Alliance. A letter from Miss Rebecca Barker said,"it was the paper of the day". She visited in Deham and Cambridge,Mass., and then went to Rochester,N.H. to address the ladies of the Church of the Unity, which she had done so much to create; and then to Portland and Augusta. "Meanwhile", says my note, "Reuel has been in bed with a cold now four days, since Friday inclusive, to whom I had a doctor to-day, and Sylvester has gone to bed to-night with three handkerchiefs about his neck and forehead. Still I hope we shall pull through without calling the mother home, which I should very much regret to do. I write her that things go on very much as they do when she is here, which is true, so far". During this siege, having to be Reuel's nurse, I began to read him David Copperfield. He was very much pleased with the story, until the disappearance of little Emily, when he distinctly and definitely refused to hear any more of it. I am not sure that he ever res

resumed the story.

If Reuel began to attend dancing school his first winter in Bangor, as presumably he did, he would have been seven years old. He was a graceful dancer, according to the frequent declarations of his mother, "light as a feather", and he had, in good measure, his choice of partners. His favorite partners as I remember them, were Ruth Stetson, Margery Prentiss, and Pauline Webster, and when he could not dance with one of them or all of them, he was unhappy.

A note dated Sept. 12, 1896, says, "Pleasant summer. July 15 to Aug. 15 at Julia's in Marion, with Reuel. Reuel enjoyed every moment". It is a little singular that he "enjoyed every moment", because he had lessons an hour or more every morning and made up a year of seventh grade work, skipping from sixth to eighth. Feb. 2, 1897, I have a note as follows: "Reuel read the Tempest this evening in Rolfe's edition. It was his first reading of Shakspere. Feb. 3: is reading Othello. He wants to be a clerk in Bugbee & Co.'s book-store,- wants to be a book-publisher, wants to write books. He has as much enthusiasm over books as the other boy".

Reuel's marks for 1896-7 were for the first, second, and third terms, respectively: spelling, 91, 87, 87; arithmetic, 100, 55, 85; geography, 96, 98, 98; grammar, 72, 94, 79; history, 80, 93, 83.

Reuel early began to think about the choice of a profession. One morning, his mother was dressing him, and he asked,

"What will I do when I get big?" "O,I don't know; preach I suppose", said his mother. Reuel replied very emphatically, "The earth! I shall never be the man to preach". ~~As shown above~~ This was after we went to Bangor, but presumably in the first year; I have the date somewhere. As shown above, Feb.2, 1897, he wanted to be a book-publisher, but apparently he was wavering, and thinking more kindly of being a minister. June 13, I have a note which says,"Reuel is reading naval history and stories,- has been saying that he should be a navy chaplain. He has also been having theological discussions with Harold Hennessy (Catholic), and Harold Stetson (orthodox). All this explains perhaps the warmth of the following. He said to his mother, 'I will be a minister if it kills me,by gosh'". This shows that the ministry was at least at that time being considered.

In the fall of 1896, he skipped a year in the Grammar School, as has been said, and much to the disgust of Mary Snow, the efficient superintendent. In 1897, an attempt was made to skip the ninth grade, also to the disgust of the superintendent, who thought she knew how to block the operation. Reuel was coached during the fall term by Miss Ware, and took examinations for the High School in January. He had prepared on ninth grade and on first term High School work. Whether he could have passed on that work will never be known. He was re-examined on eigth grade work, which he had once passed but had now forgoteen; and was thrown down. ~~He~~

But the mother, who was engineering this fight, was not so easily beaten. Reuel was sent the rest of the year to Miss Newman's private school, and he easily entered Sophomore in the High School, in Sept 1888. That was the class from which he had been thrown down, the year before. He and his mother had won out.

Feb. 12,1900, I have this note:"Reuel at this moment tumming upon the piano. He is a bright boy and a good boy. He keeps well, with his school work,- Cicero, Xenophon, and the like; takes piano lessons, singing lessons, and belongs to the Festival Chorus. He talks little about his choice of a profession, but occasionally drops a note which indicates that he still holds to the ministry. For example, the other day, he asked if Latin and Greek were not useful for the ministry". Reuel finally quite settled down upon the ministry as a profession, and adhered to it till after we left Bangor. Someone asked him why he wanted to be a minister, and he answered laconically,"The Life". Well, the life of a minister is in some respects almost ideal, and Reuel's answer showed an appreciation of that side of the profession. To his brother, teasing him about it and asking the same question, Reuel answered, more bluntly,"None of your business". It was not so good an answer, but perhaps as much as the manner of the question deserved.

Reuel was always very much interested in the work of the church and Sunday School, and certainly felt himself one

of the chief spokes in the wheel. In his earlier years, he was a more or less docile pupil, but as he grew older, he often advised me what to do, or what to make others do, or told me how he would conduct a parish. When he was not a pupil, he taught a class, when the organist was absent, I think he played for the singing though not often, and I dimly remember that he once or more led the reading of the Sunday School service. Rev.Samuel A. Eliot long remembered, and often referred to, an incident when he was preaching for me in Bangor. A small dog came into church, ran round the house and finally mounted a vacant pew, placing his fore feet on the back of the pew, and faced the congregation. It amused the people, but no one knew what to do till Reuel, perhaps prompted by his mother, got up, went half round the church to the dog, and carried him out, returning to his seat, sober as a judge, as if such adventures were a customary part of the service. It gave him a reputation for efficiency and nerve.

So much of a churchman was Reuel, that I always regretted he was not confirmed, at the proper time. But it never seemed practicable to form a class of youngsters of his age, and so he missed this proper initiation into the church.

The last notes I have concerning Reuel are in 1901. June 21, he attended his clas banquit and responded to a "toast: 'class-day'". "He told two or three stories and brought down

the house". June 22,"Reuel graduated at the High School, had a part entitled,Trusts, did well and had many compliments". June 24,"Went with Reuel to Cambridge, whither Frances went on Wedensday,the 19th, to attend Sylvester's Class Day and Commencement, and to hunt a house". June 28, "Mrs.Estes called to leave roses, and said,'Mr. White (Principal) says that since he has been in the High School, no other boy has had so good an influence in the school as Reuel. Asked in what particular, or how, he could not,(or did not) say, but such was the fact". I think this is the last reference to Reuel in my note-books.

He graduated from the High School on the honor list, as Sylvester had done before him. He passed his examinations at Harvard, but took the next year at the Brown and Nichols School in Cambridge, and entered Harvard in 1902. I shall not undertake to give his personal history at college, but in a letter sent to me when in Washington with Mrs.Beach, and post-marked,March 21,1903, he enclosed the following hymn, almost his only attempt at poetry:

Spirit of God,most high,
Our everlasting shield,
Be thou our guard by day,
In forest and in field.

Assuage our pain to-day;

Cool thou our parched lip;
Fill with thy heavenly peace
The cup from which we sip.

We are but mortal clay,
Fashioned by thy right hand;
Dust unto dust we return
At thy august demand.

In the letter accompanying the lines, he says,"At about twelve, I went to bed, and without thinking about it at all, composed three stanzas of a hymn. Then I got up, wrote them down, and then went to sleep. It's as smoothe as Washington st. pavement, with an extra big jolt where you hit the car-track. I give you my oath that I had taken nothing". I ~~thou~~ thought the hymn very fine, if the last line but one were rubbed down a little. How would this do:

We, dust to dust, return?

In the fall of 1903, Reuel had six stories accepted by the Harvard Advocate, and was elected to the board of editors. In 1904, he "went out" for the Crimson, and was taken on the editorial staff. In 1905-6, he was President of the Advocate Board. He graduated,cum laude, with "honorable mention" in Chemistry, in 1906. He was a member of the Mandolin and Banjo clubs, playing the guitar, and of the Signet and the Stylus: also of the Papyrus club of Boston.

Two summer vacations, he traveled with a musical troup, which he only partly enjoyed, but came to know the New England sea-shore, the White Mountains, and the Adirondacs. The vacation after his Junior year (1905), he spent very ~~ple~~ pleasantly in Germany, taking in the Liberal Congress of Religions, at Geneva, Switzerland, a hasty Swiss trip, the Rhine, and Paris. After graduating, he went to work at the University Press, in Cambridge, where he now is (March 27, 1907).

Married to Ruth Wolcott Stetson
Nov. 19. 1909.

Boy baby born June 26. 1912.
d. June 28. 1912.

Boy baby born Feb. 9. 1914 1930 name Curtis
Barbara b. mar. 3. 1917

Bonne Année!

The year has gone, as a passing dream,
And left thee memories fair and sweet,
That long will linger, tho oft they seem
Like the withered leaves we crush under feet.

The new year comes: may it bring to thee—
However high thy hopes aspire,
However far thy goal may be—
Fulfilment of thy heart's desire!

R. W. B.

New Years, 1908.

BEACH.

See for the early Beaches American Ancestry,vol.7, also Histories of Wallingford, Ct., and Goshen,Ct. The History of Goshen is very full concerning the Connecticut descendants Richard and Thomas Beach, original settlers..

"History of the Town of Goshen,Ct., by Rev. A.G.Hibbard 1897", gives the original Beaches or "pilgrims", as follows: Richard, in New Haven 1639; John, in New Haven, 1643; Thomas in New Haven, 1647. "It is certain that Richard and Thomas were brothers, and there is a great variety of evidence that John was the brother of the other two". p. 418. Richard removed to New Jersey. He left children, Benjamin and Azariah in Connecticut.

The children of John, the "pilgrim", are given in Hist. of Goshen, but not traced further. However, Moses Sperry Beach (s. Moses, Moses, Thomas, John), fourth generation from John, married Lucretia, dau. of Elihu Yale, in 1796. Moses Yale Beach, s.Moses Sperry and Lucretia, bought the New York Sun in 1835. His son, Joseph Perkins Beach owned an edited the Sun, during the Civil War. (American Ancestry,v. 7).

Thomas Beach,.the third of the "pilgrim" brothers, was in New Haven,Ct., in 1647; m. Sarah Platt in Milford, 1652; settled in M. 1657-8, d. in M.,1677. Children: Sarah b.1654 John,b.1655; Mary,b.1657; Samuel,b.1660; Zophar, b.1662,-

removed to New Jersey, ancestor of Rev. David N. Beach, D.D., Pres. Bangor Theolog. Sem.

John Beach (s. Thomas), b. 1655; went to Wallingford ~~1677~~ 1673-4, one of original members of W. Church, deacon, d. W. 1709. Children: Lettice, Mary, Hannah, Thomas b. 1686, m. Hannah Atwater; John, b. 1690; Samuel, b. ~~1692~~ 1696; m. Phebe Tyler; ancestor of the family in Litchfield and probably in Hartford (Hist. of G.). Caleb b. 1699, m. Eunice Tyler, 2d, Margaret Preston, 3d, Hannah -----.

Caleb Beach (s. Thomas, John), b. Wallingford, 1699; m. May 26, 1726, Eunice Tyler; (2) Oct. 4, 1733, Margaret Preston, (3) Hannah----. He d. Goshen, Jan. 3. 1761. Children: Sarah, b. Wallingford, 1728; Caleb, b. W. March 10, 1732; m. Nov 19 1756, Lois Preston, in Goshen. Child: Jotham b. G. Aug. 26, 17 1757. He removed to New Ashford, Mass (about 1760-1). Hezekiah, b. 1738, Wallingford. Removed to New Ashford. Joel, b. Torrington; Margaret.

Caleb (2d), (s. Caleb, John, Thomas) m. Lois Preston. He died, New Ashford, 1781; Lois d. New Ashford, 1794, in 56th year. Might be, probably was, Lois, dau. b. 1737-8, dau. Eliasaph and Hannah Mott Preston, according to Hist. of Wallingford, p. 887. Children: Jotham b. Goshen, Aug. 26, 1757. Eunice Baxter (m. John Baxter, New Ashford records; (2) Harmon, Charles T. Beach remembers her as aunt Harmon). b. probably, Goshen, 1759; Mandy b. probably, Goshen, 1761; (Moses) Tyler,

b. probably, New Ashford, 1763; Archælus (Archelaus), b. New Ashford, probably 1765; Lois b. New Ashford, probably ~~17~~ 1767; Ruth, b. New Ashford, probably 1769.

Tyler and Lois Brown published Aug.1,1790,(Mr. Cooke). Lois ~~Brown~~ was a widow, with two children, Rhoda and Lucy. In New Ashford records, Tyler appears as Moses T. with the following children: Rhoda Brown Beach, b. June 26, 1785; Lucy Brown Beach b. Jan.15, 1788; Harry b. July 4, 1791; Augustus b. April 28, 1793; Polly b. July 15, 1795; Tyler M b. April 14, 1798; ~~Lois~~ Louis (for Lois) b. Mar. 17, 1800. m. --- Bently (letter fr. C.T. Beach, Jan. 24. 1907). Of these, Rhoda and Lucy were step-daughters of Tyler, or Moses T. According to letters from Charles T. Beach (s. Augustus, Moses Tyler), Moses Tyler migrated with his family from New Ashford, Mass. to East Otto, Cattaraugus Co., N.Y. in ~~1822~~ 1821. His sister, Ruth, married Spaulding, accompanied or followed him. Mrs. Yaw knew her. Luther M. Beach, my father, was of the party. Augustus ~~graduated at~~ entered Williams College, ~~in 1821~~, and preached, as a Baptist minister, in Pittsfield, ~~about 1830-6~~ 1822–1834 (Hist. Pittsfield). Later he settled with the rest of the Moses Tyler Beach family in East Otto. He built a large, two storey farm house in which his son, Charles Tyler Beach, now lives at the age of eighty-one (1907).

Tyler Moses Beach (s. Moses Tyler) had two children, Mary Jane, m. Ambrose Yaw, mother Ellen Beach Yaw, (m. Goldthwaite), and Robert, living at East Otto N.Y. and 3 sons.

Dec. 14, 1907. Charles Tyler Beach, of East Otto. N.Y. has sent me a letter written from East Otto Nov.20,1828, by Phineas Harmon to Augustus C. Beach. Phineas was son of "uncle Harmon", as Charles T., calls him, who married Eunice Beach, it would seem, after the death of her first husband, John Baxter. Whether Phineas was her son is not clear.

The letter is verry well written and expressed. The writer is on a visit from Mass.,(New Ashford?) to Otto, to look at some property. He is a guest of Moses Tyler Beach, whom he calls "uncle". It is seven years since the Beach migration to Cattaraugus. "It is now ten minutes after seven by a clock that stands in the corner of the room next the road. Uncle has just taken his candle in his hand to go to the mill where he has a comfortable stove;there he grinds the bread stuff of the surrounding population, discusses the politics of the day, recommends a suspension of lawsuits, advises his hearers the course of honesty and fair-dealing, and would they regard his admonitions they many of them would rise from the penury in which they live in consequence of lawsuits. I attended the election held here the first Monday of this month and never was so fully impressed with the import of the term patriarch as on that occasion. The electors were almost to a man young and they regarded him with such reverence and respect, it reminded me of the good old days of good old Jacob. Being supplied with votes (ballots) he

dropped in those for State, County, and district officers, 2
the one for magistrate being for Tyler (his son), he observes to the board of inspectors that it was customary to lay the bill on the table, but he should put his under, and cast it under the table. According to the ideas I have of that good man, uncle Tyler may be called a Cattaraugus Wilberforce, for he regards the people of this vicinity as his children, and they seldom, let their circumstances be what they may, apply in vain to him. Aunt sits in the corner smoking in her peculiar manner, you know how it is. She stil retains her characteristic anxiety to have all around her wide awake, active, and thorough, and she is so herself, as far as her health will permit, and if all would harken to her advice, business would go on. She goes by the general appelation of mother, which is not unappropriate. Her health as well as uncles is poor; but still don't spare themselves at all. Uncle started his mill this morning at two o'clock, and aunt often has her breakfast ready before sunrise. Mary sits opposite the stand upon which I am writing, in her knitting posture. She is still delighted with books and reading, makes those her associates who are best informed and most sincere in their pretentions. With so few faults herself, it is irritating to the highest degree to discover them in others. The firm of Beach and sons(Harry and Tyler Moses) have 23 head of cattle, and sheep, hogs, and poultry. Tyler M., the postmaster, traps sucessfully for foxes, manages

~~(The rest of this interesting letter is chiefly devoted to a description of the country).~~

lawsuits occasionally for his neighbors, and pettyfogs more or less every day, perfectly easy and contented, the happiest man within the circle of my acquaintance."

(There follows some account of the settlement of the Spauldings and other members of the tribe, a description of the country, and depredations of squirrels, minks, foxes, an even wolves. The "Tyler Moses", was the father of Mrs. Yaw, grandfather of Ellen Beach Yaw. The letter is valuable as showing that Moses Tyler Beach was "uncle Tyler" to this writer, and not "uncle Moses". That touch makes me confident that my father's "uncle Tyler" is correctly identified with this patriarch of Otto, now East Otto, the Cattaraugus Wilberforce.)

Archelaus Beach (s. Caleb, Caleb, John, Thomas). (my grandfather) Intentions of marriage with Rhoda Moore published Aug. 24, ~~1~~ 1788. Children of Archelaus and Rhoda: Amanda, b. July 28, 1789; Anna, b. Aug. 27, 1790; Atwater, b. April 7, 1792; Clarissa, b. Oct. 7 1793; Sheldon, b. June 27, 1795; Aaron, b. June 8, 1797; Preston, b. March 12, 1799; Luther Markham b. ~~M~~ March 11, 1801; Jotham, b. April 26, 1803; Harriet b. Feb. 26, 1805. (my father; — d. c. 1861)

Of these, Anna m. Miles Beach, ancestry unknown, lived in ~~St. Laurence~~ Jefferson (?) Co. N. Y. ("Black River Country"), Atwater and Jotham lived in New Ashford, Atwater had sons, Hosea and Porter; Hosea had two daughters, one Edna, m. Baxter, son Warren, living in New Ashford. Porter had a son Elmer P., living in New Ashford (1907). Clarissa m. Samuel Gregory, two daughters, Melinda and Jane. Harriet m. Joseph Comstalk, 2d, Samuel Gregory, after death of Clarrissa. Sheldon and Aaron d. in Michigan; left children; Preston d. in Cheshire (?), Mass., left three daughters.

Luther Markham Beach (s. Archelaus, Caleb, Caleb, John, Thomas), b. New Ashford, Mass. March 11, 1801, d. Marion N.Y. Nov. 20, 1846, m. Mar. March 25, 1827, Angelina Elizabeth Curtis, b. July 11, 1806, d. Oct. 7 1891. Children of Luther and Angelina, Julia Anne, b. Jan 26, 1828, m. Caleb Olin Skinner; d. May 25, 1890. Mary Jane, b. Feb. 26, ~~b. Feb 26,~~ 1832, d. May 24, 1858; Seth Curtis, b. Aug. 8, 1837, m. Frances Hall Judd, Augusta, Maine, Nov. 17, 1869.

Three children of Luther and Angelina died in infancy, Charles Hanchett (named for mother's brother Charles H.),b. Aug.6,1830,d. ~~in~~ " ~~infancy~~ "; Harriet Amanda (named for father's youngest sister Harriet, and oldest, Amanda), b. Dec.30,1833, and Samuel Archelaus,(first name presumably for Samuel Gregory, husband of Clarissa; second name obviously for Luther's father),b 1839.

Julia Anne Beach dau. Luther and Angelina, b. Jan. 26, 1828,d. May 25,1900,m. Caleb Olin Skinner,1857 (?). Children Mary Adela,b. 1859; m. Herbert Deyo Dec.5,1884,d. Mar.17, 1892. One child:Ethelbert Charles, b. Dec.4,1885.
Raymond Beach Skinner (s. Caleb and Julia), b. June 9, 1863. m. Kate S. Deyo June 5,1894. Kate b. April 30 1867. Children Frances Adela b. April 6,1895; Agnes Julia b. Jan. 16,1901.
Ellen dau. Caleb and Julia b. Jan.1,1867,d. in infancy.

Mary Jane Beach,dau. Luther and Angelina, b. Feb.26, ~~1833~~ 1832,unmarried, d. May 4,1858.

Seth Curtis Beach,s. Luther and Angelina, named for Seth Curtis, his maternal grandfather, b. Aug.8,1837, m. Nov. 17,1868 1869 ,Frances Hall Judd,b. June 28,1847. Children: son, ~~still~~ still-born, April 17,1876; Sylvester Judd, (named for maternal grandfather),b. April 7,1879; Reuel Williams,(named for maternal ~~great~~grandfather), b.Oct.9,1884. Curtis Seth Son Beach son of Reuel

Letters from Rollin H. Cooke:

Pittsfield, Mass Dec. 12 1903.

Mr. Seth Curtis Beach,

My dear Sir,

I enclose the line of Archelaus Beach, which seems to me to be proved by probate records. It would seem that probate records would settle the parentage of Lois Preston. The date of birth of Lois, b. 1737-8, fits the wife of Caleb Beach. I presume that the latter's grave is in the New Salford cemetery, but there are several stones on which inscriptions are so worn as to be illegible, and as he died in 1781, the chances are that one was placed over his grave.

Probate records show that adm. was allowed on estate of Archelaus Beach, of New Salford,

Letters from Rollin H. Cooke:

and although called insolvent, there was a distribution in 1811, of the real estate to Rhoda, the widow, and to the children. In the distribution of personal estate each child received a dollar and fifty two cents. I do not feel so very certain about Rhoda Morse. The publication of intention of marriage Aug 2-4, 1788 calls him Archibald Beach, probably in error, and her name looks about as much like Moore as Morse. Would you care to go to the expense of a trip to Wallingford? I will see if our land records show when Caleb Beach came to New Milford. It is quite like that Archelaus was born in Goshen, although I do not think records there show the fact. If this is worth a few dollars to you I should be very glad to receive it. Hoping that it will be of use, I am yours very truly, Rollin H. Cooke

Letters from Rollin H. Cooke:

Thomas Beach, b. Eng.— d Milford, Ct 1662,
m 1652, Sarah Platt, b. Eng.— d 1670,
dau. of Richard Platt, of Milford, Ct.

Mr. Beach was a brother of Richard Beach, one of the signers of the original compact of the New Haven Colony in 1639, and lived for some time in New Haven, settling in Milford about 1658
(His widow m 2nd Miles Merwin)
He had 5 children. The second was

Dea. John Beach, b New Haven, Ct, 1655, d. Wallingford, Ct. 1709 m ——— (probably about 1678)

He went to Wallingford, Ct 1672-4, and was an original member of the church there in 1675, and was made a deacon later.
He had eight children. The 8th was

Caleb Beach, b. Wallingford, Ct. Jan. 12-1700, 1699.
d Goshen, Ct Jan 13-1760—1 m. May 26, 1726,
Eunice Tyler, who d Jan 10, 1733.
He m. 2nd, Oct. 4, 1733, Margaret Preston.
He m 3rd— Hannah —



1737-8 Caleb Beach 1st-
"located in Winchester (Ct), in
that part which joins Goshen
and Cornwall. The first framed house.
The stone Chimney has been restored
in an artistic manner, a bronze
tablet placed on it, by the Winchester
D. A. R., stating the fact. I send you
this little view of it. It is on the State
highway between Torrington and
Norfolk. And is in the valley between the
Winchester and Goshen hills."
Letter from Mary E. Beach of
Goshen, dated Aug 1. 1914.

Letters from Rolin H. Cooke:

He was "of Goshen, Conn., when he had a right in the township of Winchester, Conn., by deed of May 21, 1750, and he built the first house in the town, but returned to Goshen, where he died. In his will he names his "present beloved wife Hannah," and gives to his sons Caleb and Hezekiah, his "plough irons, and drag teeth, and plough chains," two thirds to his eldest son Caleb, and one third to Hezekiah.

He had five children. The 2nd by 1st wife was

Caleb Beach, b. Wallingford, Ct. March 10, 1732 d. New Salford, Mass. 1781, m. in Goshen, Ct. Nov. 19, 1756, Lois Preston, who d New Salford, Mass. Feb. 4, 1794 in 58th year

It is quite probable that Lois is the one b. Feb 3, 1727-8, dau of Elisaphh and Hannah (Nott) Preston, acc to the Hist. of Wallingford, Ct. page 887. Her gravestone is in the cemetery of New Salford, Mass

1784
1755
1739

Letters from Rollin H. Cooke:

3

His widow, Lois, was admrs on his estate Sept 4, 1781, and guardian, Nov 5, 1782, to children Archelus, Amanda, Lois + Ruth, the two first choosing her.
Dist. was made April 14, 1783, to the widow, Lois, and to the heirs

Jotham Beach
Eunice Baxter
Maudy Beach
Tyler Beach
Archelus "
Lois "
Ruth "

Of the above, Jotham was b. Goshen, Ct. Aug 26, 1757, and d. New Ashford, Mass Aug 8, 1797 in 39th Yr and had a wife Mary.

Letters from Rollin H. Cooke:

Pittsfield, Mass Dec 19, 1903

Rev. Seth C. Beach.

My dear Sir.

I have asked Mr. Baxter if he can tell about Tyler and Moses T. Beach, but presume he can not. I should be inclined to think they were not the same.

"Moses T. Beach's Record" gives his seven children all in one place in the book.

Tyler Beach & Louis Brown pub. Aug. 1, 1790 *

Tyler Beach had an ear mark for cattle recorded June 10, 1786.

Caleb Beach did not serve in the army in the Revolution, but he was one of a committee of correspondence elected at a town meeting June 7, 1775, at which the first vote passed was "to abide By the doings of the Continental and provential Congresses."

* That would entitle you to membership

Letters from Rollin H. Cooke:

in the Sons of the American Revolution, just as much as army service. Jotham Beach, the oldest son of Caleb, served as a soldier.

If you conclude to fill out papers for the S. A. R, let me know, and I will write you a letter certifying to that town appointment, and presume it will answer as well as a certificate from the town clerk, and cost you nothing.

I have had a friend go to the land records in Springfield, and when he reports, I will advise you at once

I think I gave you the age of Rhoda Moore, at time of death, 87, as given on the gravestone, which calls her "wife of Archelaus Beach.

Hoping that my work has been worth five dollars, I am, yours very truly,

Rollin H Cooke

Letters from Rollin H. Cooke:

Pittsfield, Mass Dec 23 1903

Rev. Seth C. Beach,

My dear Sir,

Please accept my thanks for the five dollars enclosed in your favor of the 22nd inst.

I do not find any deed in Springfield to Isabel Beach before 1765 and I have looked here since that date.

The absence of records of that period is one of the most common things in the world. It is exasperating but can hardly be helped.

I have heard from Mr Baxter and he quotes his grandfather as authority for the statement that his grandfather was Archibald. For all that it was Archelaus. Probate records prove it, and I think I have sent you all they show.

Letters from Rollin H. Cooke:

Mr. Baxter can not get around those.
I shall ask him to call the next
time he is in town.
When I get further light I will report.

Sincerely yours,

Rollin H. Cooke

From letter of Charles Tyler Beach, East Otto Cattaraugus Co. N.Y., dated Jan. 24, 1907:

Chapter II.

From History of Cattaraugus Co.

Moses I Beach, with his wife, and sons & daughters mostly grown up, emigrated from New Ashford Mass. in October 1821. Moses purchased the improvements of Josiah Baker on lot 11 township 5, range 7, who had been in about two months, and had chopped and logged about three acres, and rolled up a log house, which was not completed.

Baker had elm bark peeled for the roof, and it was soon enclosed and they took possession. He built a saw mill in 1823, and a grist-mill in 1824. The first of each in the town.

He was the first Post-master of the town, and held the position eight years.

Religious services were held at the School-house at which he was accustomed to read Westleys sermons. He also built the first framed house in Tyler N. Beach on lot 12. He was elected town clerk upon the erection of the town and also a justice of the peace.

Rev. Augustus Beach a son of Moses T. born in Mass in 1793. was a graduate of Williams College, an intima friend and co-worker of George N. Briggs William Loyed Garrison Gerrit Smith, and others, in the Anti-Slavery movement and the temperance cause He died in this town April 21. 1878. aged eighty five years.

Letter of Charles Tyler Beach continued:

Chapter III.

I was born in Pittsfield Mass. Feb. 21. 1826. Am nearly 81. and you about 70. Lived there ~~Hree~~ 10 years. My father was a Baptist Minister, built a brick church in the villiage, and was Pastor 14 years. It burned down and George N Briggs placed a cross on the new one, which some thought to much like a catholic Chimen.

We used to visit relatives in New Ashford. Uncle Harmon & Cousin Phineas, passing through ~~Lanesboro~~ where Dr. Tyler & Geo. N. Briggs lived.

The next 10 years we lived in Oppenheim, near Little Falls, Herkimer Co. among Mothers relatives and the Cousin Browns.

I had a brother five years older than my self who died there

of enlargement of the heart.

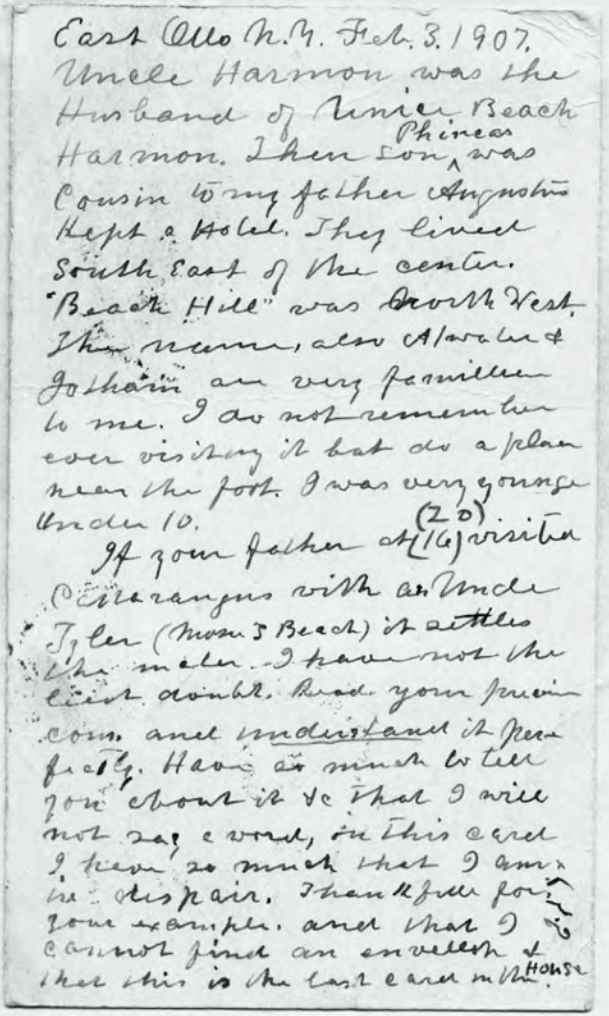
Mother had two brothers, Geo & Charles. She named us George Augustus, & Charles Tyler.

There was a Union Meeting House there, and so the built another at Ingham Mills out of Limestone quarred in sight of the church.

He preached at home one Sunday and in the Ships neighborhood in the afternoon The next Sunday at Ingham Mills, and in the evening St Johnsville.

We lived on a place of a Colonel Brower who fitted up a school room. And we had a select School in the winter season. 14 or 15 in the family mostly deacons children. Captain Benjamin Hall clerk of the church in Pittsfield sent his two boys to him to be trained summer & winter

Card from Charles Tyler Beach:



East Otto N.Y. Feb. 3. 1907.
Uncle Harmon was the
Husband of Annie Beach
Harmon. Their son, Phineas was
Cousin to my father Augustus
Kept a Hotel. They lived
South East of the center.
"Beach Hill" was North West.
The names, also Alvarado &
Gotham are very familiar
to me. I do not remember
ever visiting it but do a place
near the fork. I was very young
Under 10.
If your father at (20) (16) visited
(Etc. ranges with an Uncle
Tyler (Mom's Beach) it settles
the matter. I have not the
least doubt. Read your previous
com. and understand it perfectly. Have so much to tell
you about it &c that I will
not say a word, in this card
I have so much that I am in
despair. Thankful for
your example. and that I
cannot find an envelope &
that this is the last card in the House

Home of Charles Tyler Beach at East Otto,N.Y,, built

father,Rev.Augustus Beach.



Letter from Mrs. Mary Jane (Beach) Yaw, Dec. 26, 1906:

Coovia California
(Covina) Dec 25th 1906

My dear Mr Beach -
my daughter -
Ellen Beach Yaw sent
me yesterday a little
memorandum or history
of the Beach ancestors.
I remember hearing my
father speak of some relation
coming west with him &
was sorry he had not
kept track of him - your
father I think, my father
Tyler Mason, married Lydia
Barlow who died leaving
a son William Augustus
afterwards he married

Sarah Clark, my mother who died in Cal. I have one brother Robert Clark who lives on the farm my father had when he came to East Oleo, Calaveras County. Grand father Beach (Moses Tyler) gave my father his choice, to go Wabash College or take a farm. he chose the latter & came west with an ox team in to a wilderness. The nearest Post Office 10 miles away & no road excepting by blazed trees. My father had Typhoid fever - lost his hair & was bald ever afterwards. He taught school 8 years but where - I do not know. I think honor in the east I have heard him say he used to read sermons &c the people & was chorister for some time. I was born in 1884 - Jan 12th which makes me 78 years old very soon. if — Uncle Augustus - was a Baptist minister - at one time a millerite, he lived to be 87 - he has one son living Charles T. Beach. who lives at East Oleo Calt Co. he is in his 80th year. Harry Beach has one son left all the others have passed

ne. I married Ambrose S. Yaw who died leaving me with three sons & two daughters. Ellen Beach Yaw is my youngest. You may have heard things of her. She sang in Boston the 17th and Cleveland the 18th. Her train being delayed at Albany she had to get a special at Buffalo & arrived at Cleveland at 4 o. clk. She dressed on the train for the concert & had a very enthusiastic house. I like California very much & hope to spend the rest of my days here, will be pleased to hear from you at any time. Very sincerely Yours Mary J. Yaw

William Beach, a mystery. He could have been the son of Jotham, son of Caleb, if Jotham had a son William. This William was born in 1782 when Jotham was 25 years old. See next page.

Williamson N.Y. Feb 14th 1904

Dear Sir yours of the 6th at hand, & have been looking up some about so not find any thing back of Grand father His name was William Beach. as I remember Father used to say he was Married in Vermont and moved to Canada where they stayed through life there is one Grand Son on the old homestead his name is George Beach & have one Aunt living in Port Village Province of Que her name is Mrs Candiel Martin she is the only one left of the 14 Children

Father had three Brothers
that have died in ~~mississ~~
Canton missis and left
Familys Ashley Martin
and Jesse Reach you may
learn something by writing
to Jesse O Reach Canton
Fillmore Co Minn

yours truly
Ashley Reach

(Son of Augustus in
Civ Ex. 228).

Wm. Beach Family Record.

Births

Wells.	Beach	was	born.	August 8th 1806
Jotham	Beach	was	born.	April 24th 1808
Electa	Beach	"	"	October 6th 1809.
Ashley	Beach	"	"	February 29th 1811
Martin	Beach	"	"	Aug. 14 1813.
Eliza	Beach	"	"	May. 12 1816
Lucy	Beach	"	"	Jan. 19th 1818.
Augustus	Beach	"	"	May 19 1819.
Permilia	Beach	"	"	Sept 19. 1820
Jotham.	Beach	"	"	July. 18. 1828
Jesse	Beach	"	"	Oct. 13. 1826
Henry	Beach	"	"	Sept. 14. 1829.
Candace	Beach	"	"	April. 4 1834
Orilla	Beach	"	"	July. 14 1838

Deaths

Jotham.	Beach	died	Sept - 4 - 180
Lucy	Beach	"	Aug - 4 - 183
Orillia	Beach	"	May - 21 - 184
William	Beach	"	Aug - 4 - 185
Orilla	Beach	"	July - 22 - 1862
Wells	Beach	"	Jan - 4 - 1882

Deaths.

Jotham Beach died March 1888
Augustus Beach " Nov. 11 1892
Henry Beach " 1895.

Father
William Beach was born Dec. 28d 1782.
died Aug. 7th 1855

Mother
Orrilla Mason was born Sept. 4th 1789.
died July 22d 1862

William Beach and Orrilla Mason were married Oct. 6th, 1805.

Caleb Cenrtice (his own spelling) was apparently son of "Samuel Centice the weaver" of Hebron Ct - from Southhold L. I. Died given him, in Hebron Ct. May 3, 1703 - See back Z p. 229.

Deaths.

Beach died March

Beach " Dorcas

Beach "

Father

William Beach was born Dec. 28, 1782

died Aug. 7th 1855

Mother

Orvilla Mason was born Septbr

died July 22d 1862.

William Beach and Orvilla Mason were

married Oct. 6th, 1805.

The Curtis Family, according to records of Charles Hanchett Curtis, late of Marion, N.Y.

Caleb Curtis b.Oct. 26, 1703;d. 1798, age 75 yrs,29 days. Name of wife Jemima. Daniel s. Caleb and Jemima, b. May 15, 1735; d. 1817, age 82 yrs, 28 days; m. Abiel, dau. of Zachaeus and Nancy Hanchett. Children of Daniel and ~~Abie~~ Abiel: Abiel b. Nov. 9,1762; Daniel b. Dec. 9, 1764; Zachaeus Hanchett, b. Dec.14, 1766; Philo b. Jan 11,1769; ~~Polly~~ Mary b. Feb.27, 1771; Polly b. Sept.26, 1772; Huldah b. Nov. 8,(1773); Seth b. April 11, 1775,d. 1777; Seth b. Nov. 24, 1778; Caleb b. May ~~8~~ 15,(1780); William b. May 3, 1783; Billy b. Jan. 31,1786.

Of these, Seth was born in New Canaan, Ct., according to family tradition. I have seen Daniel, Seth, William, and I think,Philo, all supposed to be from New Canaan, Ct. and, in my boyhood, living in New York,Wayne Co. or Steuben.

Seth Curtis m. Mary Anne dau. of Pardon and Elizabeth (Corbin) Case.

Case family:

Job Case m.Mary Gifford. Pardon,s. of Job and Mary (Gifford), b. Aug. 5, 1752, m. Elizabeth, dau. of Peter and Elizabeth (Milk) Corbin. (Tradition says that Elizabeth Milk was an Irish lady). All these people were doubtless from Ct. Children of Pardon and Elizabeth (Corbin) Case: John, Cynthia, Warren, Abner, Ruth, Peter, Henry, Mary Anne.

Samuel Curtice, known as The Weaver, settled in Hebron, Ct., (Hebron), died dated, Hebron May 3. 1703.

Caleb Curtice of Hebron, b. Oct - 26. 1703. son. of Samuel. Moved to Sharon, Ct. about 1745. m. Jemima. Children Caleb. Jemiah, Daniel. Nathaniel, Sarah. b. Registered in Sharon. Ct. Nov. 14. 1737; Abigail (dito) Nov. 26. 1744; Ruth (dito) b. month 26. 1749.

Daniel b. (probably, in Hebron,) Ct. May 15. 1776,
m. Abiah Hanchett. of Suffield "; ~~in~~ Jan. 7. 1762.
from dau. Thomas Hanchett of Suffield. 1688, Scotch
son. Seth, ~~b~~ in family of (2; b. Nov. 24. 1778.
Mary, Angelina. m. Fulton m. Beach

Children of Seth and Mary Anne (Case) Curtis: Albert Root, b. 1804; Angelina Elizabeth b. ~~Marion~~, (~~then Williamson~~) July 11, 1806, m. Luther M. Beach Mar. 25, 1827; Daniel b. Nov. 1, 1808; William Barlow b. Oct. 22, 1815; Charles Hanchett b. April 6, 1818; Julia Anne b. July 3, 1820; m. Mark Hopkins.

Children of Albert Root Curtis: Asa and Albert, of whom the latter was in the Civil War, and a prisoner in Libby Prison. Children of Angelina (see above p. 212). Children of Daniel, Mary Anne, m. Thomas M. Clark, Marion N. Y.; Charles Darwin; Daniel, a physician Rochester, N. Y. Charles Hanchett Curtis, m. Lucy Rowley; one son : Charles Roy Curtis m. Grace Pierson June 27, 1900. Marion N. Y. Julia Anne, m. Mark Hopkins, Children: Florence, b. 1851, m. Victor Clumm; Frank, b. 1855.

Children of Victor Clumm and Florence: Frederick ~~Hopk~~ Hopkins Clumm b. Jan 16, 1872; Julia b. Nov 5. 1884. Children of Frank Hopkins: Claude, ~~he~~ b. 1877; Arthur b. ~~188~~ 1884.

From letter of J.O. Curtis, 573 Broadway N.Y., July 12, 1906:

"I suppose you know your Curtis branch, from Southold, Long Island, was for two hundred years, and by numerous descendants today, written Curtice. ----- There were five distinct Curtis families in Conn. They setttled in Windsor, Stratford, Weathersfield, Wallingford, and yours in Hebron. I am from the Stratford family".

573 Broadway Ny

May 13/06

Rev Jeth C. Beach

My dear Sir

For sometime past I have been spending all my spare time in compiling the genealogy of the Curtis family. Have been told you can give me some records that I lack. Will you not kindly help me by answering enclosed questions & return to me & any other Curtis information you can give would be thankful for. In my researches have frequently run across your name, and in the early days the Curtis' & Beaches frequently inter-married in the old town of Stratford Conn. Are you of this family.

Thanking you in advance for your trouble

Very truly

J. O. Curtis.

Can you give address of anyone who would be interested in my work?

573 Broadway Troy

July dear Mr Beach July 12/06

Many thanks for your kind letter and the records therein. Some I had. I suppose you know your Curtis branch - from Southold, Long Island, was for two hundred years and by numerous descendants today, written Curtiss and it seems a pity, after all these years to change the spelling, as well as to dispense with the old honored name of Caleb, don't know one of the name today.

There were five distinct Curtis families in Conn, they settled in Windsor - Stratford - Wethersfield - Wallingford and yours in Hebron: I am from the Stratford family. As I am compiling the genealogy of all - so you can see what a job I have. Had I known, would never undertaken - it is a sort of endless chain. Do you know C. Roy - well enough to prod him in my behalf - have written him, but he don't reply - the most annoying part of

a word like mine is, that many who can supply a missing link, will not do so. Can you give any further record than what you sent of Daniel & Abiah's children Huldah d "Nov 5 1775 aged one year", but the others - did they marry &c Who was Julia Curtice of Sharon (d Oct 5 1893) who m Feb 1 1821 Joseph Dayton & Jan 8 1794 son Rev Benj. & Mary (Dayton) Beach. He served 1812 & d Dec 18 1874 - Among Daniels chil- & I notice you give Mary - Polly. As these names were synonymous, I presume Mary died an infant. The Stratford Curtis' came from Nazing, Essex - England Among my records I find the marriage there on Nov 17 1627 of Marie (Mary) Curtis & John Beech - also an ancestor of mine, Josiah Curtis of Stratford m 1698 Mary d of Benj & Mary Beach of Stratford.

Hoping to hear from you soon

Very truly

J. A. Curtis

621 Broadway NY
Aug 14

Dr Sir

In reply to yours would say, that I have not published. My records of the Long Island Curtiss, (to which family you belong), are collected & arranged in a book 8x5 & cover 74 pages of records & 9 of index which comprises 251 of the name and 116 of places & names of those who married into the family. Some of the lines are incomplete, yours is complete. If you want the complete family record as I have it as above, will send to you for $25 - would not undertake to collect again for ten times that - if only your direct line is wanted, will send

for last $.

Yours Truly
J. A. Curtis

Sung at the First Session of the International Congress of Religious Liberals, 10 a.m., Sept. 24, 1907, Tremont Temple, Boston.

HYMN

(*Written for this service*) TUNE: "FEDERAL STREET"

Kingdom of God! the day how blest,
When to Thy fold as to their home,
From north and south, from east and west,
Thine own of every name shall come!

Day of the Lord! thine hour draws nigh,
We see the radiant dawn afar;
The light of truth illumes the sky,
Resplendent as the morning star.

Not ours the noon, but ours the dawn,
The prelude to the full-orbed day;
And ours to bid the clouds be gone,
And give the light unhindered way.

All glory, gracious God, to Thee!
We lift our eyes unto the hills,
And lo! the blessed prophecy,
By Thy strong arm, its course fulfills.

SETH C. BEACH

Variation, line 1, stanza 2:
The day, the promised day, draws nigh;
which J.V.Blake says is better.

Original form of last stanza, most of my friends prefer, by much:
From east and west, o'er land and sea,
We meet at morn upon the hills,
And lo! the blessed prophecy,
By our own hands, its course fulfils.

~~Index~~

To Ruth -

A Merry Christmas to my daughter Ruth!
Volumes of meaning in that lovely name;
The Fair in Hebrew; English 'tis the same -
The Merciful; gift that crown her youth;
Besides, unfathomable eyes, the soul of truth, -
Eyes like the stars aglow with purest flame,
Or waters that to Heaven, whence they came,
Reflect a sunbeam, as a lake doth.

Ye jolly Sprites that gave Thanksgiving day,
Which came too late and too soon slipt away,
Ye arbiters of fate who often cheat
The most deserving of their random meet,
Be good for once; your talents well employ
On Christmas Day, and give the dear girl joy.

Maryland. Christmas. 1908.

Steamer letter to Ruth.

My dearest Ruth, in Fancy's eye,
I see you on the rolling tide,
While Mother Carey's chickens fly
About your ship in circles wide—
Or narrow: makes no difference
But for convenience of my rhyme;
Let's hope the birds to sailors' sense,
Are omens of a pleasant time.

Reuel and "Mrs. Bird" have gone
Out for a stroll, the Lord knows where;
I, more sedate, keep house alone,
While they, light-minded, take the air.

Here's hoping you have sunny days,
With not a ripple on the seas,
As tenderly upon your face (phaze),
Plays the light-fingered vernal breeze.

Give to your mother best regards;
My love remember to Jeanette;

And you! how can I say in words,
How much on you my heart is set!

Wayland, Sunday Evening, March 21, 1909.

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One Article of Faith

To the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER:—

On page 11 of your valued paper for April 9, at the close of an article, "Free Thinkers and Unitarians," the question is anxiously asked, "What is a Unitarian?" This means, presumably, not how a dictionary would define "Unitarian," but what the name stands for with us who have inherited it as the designation of a church fellowship.

When the Unitarian Club of Boston was organized in 1882, a layman present at the first informal meeting said to a fellow layman, "Unitarianism has always meant to me thirty-six inches to the yard." It is safe to say that this is a statement of one article of faith which is essential to any hearty welcome to our fellowship. Other articles we all hold, but I know of no other which we would equally insist upon as essential to our fellowship, or even our respect.

WATERTOWN, MASS. S. C. BEACH.

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(Photo by Bachrach)
MISS EDITH NICHOLS

Members of the Junior League and Vincent club presented to society during the season 1921-22 with Miss Nichols are interested in her engagement to Mr. Lincoln Fitzell, Jr., of San Francisco. The fiancee, whose mother is Mrs. Edward H. Nichols of Pinckney street, received her degree from Byrn Mawr a year ago and is now studying at the University of California, where Mr. Fitzell was graduated.

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"Unitarianism" and the Reformation" in "Unitarianism: its Origin & History" published by S.S. Society 1848. p. 101.

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